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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY WARE, JR., D.D.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
LONDON:
CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, 121 NEWGATE STREET.
1846.

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

HENRY WARE, JR., D.D.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
LONDON:
CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, 121 NEWGATE STREET.
1846.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS uniform edition of the Works of the late Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., has been prepared at the request of many of his friends, under the permission, and for the benefit, of his family. No one of the latter being in a situation to undertake this duty of commemoration, the peculiar relations which had subsisted between their deceased relative and his successor in the pastoral charge of the Second Church appeared to them a sufficient index to an editor who would esteem the selection of himself, for such an office, another mark of friendship, and who would not regard the labor — so far as he might be adequate to its performance — in the light of a burden. Another might have been found who would have discharged the duty more satisfactorily, but none who would have undertaken it more readily and affectionately.

All the manuscripts were put into my hands in December, 1845, with liberty of making a selection of such as it might appear desirable to publish; care

being used to conform, as nearly as possible, to the supposed intentions and wishes of their author. The most useful, the most interesting, the most characteristic, and the most finished of these manuscripts I have felt myself fully authorized to use, under the close restriction, as to *quantity*, which Mr. Ware's well-known delicacy of feeling and soundness of judgment imposed.

From the works already published, which are quite numerous, I have selected the most valuable, and, at the same time, the most suitable to these volumes.

The labor bestowed upon the selection, revision, and printing of these writings of my beloved instructor and predecessor, is a slight offering of gratitude and veneration to his memory; and if the volumes, when finished, shall appear to have been not unworthily edited, I shall unfeignedly rejoice.

CHANDLER ROBBINS.

BOSTON, 15*th April*, 1846.

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THE

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOTHAM ANDERSON,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

"I have been young, and now am old."
"O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The following chapters are republished, with very slight alterations, from the "Christian Register," where they first appeared as they were written from week to week. The author has been gratified to learn that they are thought to be of good tendency, and has consented that they shall appear in the present form, although his plan is far from being completed. Whether it will be carried on to a completion or not, depends upon circumstances which cannot be foreseen. In the mean time, it will be a subject of grateful rejoicing to him, if his humble fragment shall be the means of doing any thing for that personal religion, which is the first and greatest concern of man.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOTHAM ANDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE lived long enough in the world to exhaust all its pleasures, and to be more than wearied with its cares. Like other old men, I look back upon a life of mingled joy and sorrow, light and darkness, and take an equally melancholy satisfaction in the remembrance of each. There is one light, as I look back, which I see shining every where; brighter than the sun of my prosperity, and casting the rainbow of peace on every cloud of my adversity; and that is the light of God's love. I cannot remember the hour when I have seen it hidden. O that I had always honored and loved it as became his child! And even now, when the infirmities of age are stealing upon me, and, to the outward eye of man, nothing remains for me but toil and sorrow — even now, that love is not withdrawn. It has lighted up, as I may say, a torch of hope, which dissipates all the present clouds of earth, and scatters the thick darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. He who was the guide of my youth, is the strength of my age. He who was my sun at *the noon of life, is my* shield at its close.

Why should I fear for the future, when the past, though checkered with ill, is yet one continued testimony of divine faithfulness?

Methinks, as I draw near the tomb, I am as much tranquillized and gladdened by my remembrance of the past, as by my hope of the future. And why should I not be? For my faith in the promises is always the clearer and brighter, when I think of my experience of past faithfulness; and my hope is never so steadfast, as when it is supported upon the arm of memory. It is when I reflect on the joy and peace of days gone by, that I feel most able to trust those which are coming. It is then that

> Religion bears my spirits up,
> And I enjoy a blessed hope.

I cannot remember the time when I had not a sense of religion, and a fear of God; and I have no doubt that it is owing to my early and habitual impressions, which became interwoven in my soul, as a part of its very fabric, or constitution, that I have enjoyed such quietness and steadfastness throughout a long pilgrimage. Little do parents consider, while they are forming their infants' hearts and characters upon other principles, and teaching them to act by other motives, how difficult they render a subjection to religious motives afterward, and how they subtract from the sum of their religious enjoyment. Were all mothers like mine, how greatly would the obedience of the young Christian be facilitated, and the peace of his pilgrimage insured! I love to dwell on the memory of that honored woman. My earliest recollection of her is in the act of teaching me to pray, — when she every evening took me on her knees, and, clasping my little hands, made me repeat after her my childish petitions. Methinks I still see the beautiful expression of her maternal eye, and feel the kiss, full of affec-

tion and piety, with which she closed the service. At such times, she would explain to me the purposes of prayer, and teach me to love the good Being, who gave me father and mother, and made me happy. It was her practice, also, to seize the moments when my young heart was overflowing with cheerfulness and good-will, to remind me of the Father above, and direct my gratitude to him. Thus his image became associated in my thoughts with all that was gladsome and delightful; with every satisfaction and every enjoyment. It was mingled with all my remembrances of maternal fondness; and the love of God grew upon the same branch with the love of my parents. I sought to please him, I feared to offend him, I loved to speak of him, and to him, in the innocent openness of my young heart, and to regard him, in all respects, as I did my parents. Thus there was nothing of severity, or gloom, or dread, in my early religious feelings. I knew nothing of the dislike of religion, which I have seen in many others. The judicious piety of my parents made it a delight to me, and not a burden. I saw it mixing with all their thoughts and pursuits; most evidently the ingredient of life which did most to make them happy; never casting a gloom over them, never arraying them in sternness, nor driving away innocent pleasures; and thus it found its way to my heart, and — blessed be He who has supported me! — it has never left my heart, or ceased to be its joy and peace. I have much inconsistency to be ashamed of, and many sins to lament; but — thanks to my pious parents, and the grace of God! — I have never failed to find religion a pleasure, and never withdrawn from my father's God.

O that parents would but take a hint of wisdom from this, and treat the young immortals committed to them as if they were indeed immortal! *I* have no children. It

hath not pleased my Father that I shall leave my name behind me. I cannot, therefore, repay to my own offspring the debt which I owe to my parents. I can only entreat others to do it. And I do most earnestly solicit them to drive austerity from their religious teachings, and to make the idea of God not only one of the earliest, but one of the *happiest* of the infant mind. Let it be presented, not rarely, with ceremony, and on occasions of sadness and alarm, — as if a fearful object of dread, which shuns all that is happy, — but let it be a familiar thought, beloved, because always connected with happiness, and to be feared only by those who do wrong.

Thus passed the years of my childhood — happier were never known. I was made early familiar with the history and truths of revealed religion, and taught to act, every day, from a regard to them, before any other motive. My parents were very seldom known to employ other motives with their children than those of religion; and the consequence was, I was always made to inquire, *Is it right? Will it please God? Would Jesus approve this? Is this doing as I would be done by?* — till such questions formed the standard of my conduct, just as, *What will people think? Is this genteel? Is this for my interest?* are the inquiries which decide the men of the world. They referred me, on all occasions, to the life and example of the Savior, and taught me to contemplate, with admiration and delight, the purity, benevolence, and piety, of that holy pattern. They tried to make it my ambition to imitate him; and never shall I forget how I was sometimes affected by the earnest and feeling manner in which they told me the wonderful story of his love and sufferings, and urged me to begin young and follow him.

Such, in general, was something of the system of parental instruction to which I owed so much; for it gave me a

religious propensity, which, in all the after struggles and sins of life, I never lost. Truly, God's greatest blessings are pious parents.

CHAPTER II.

In the account which I gave, in the former chapter, of my religious education, I rather described the method of my parents, and the design they had in view, than its actual effect on myself; for I can by no means think that I at any time became altogether such as they wished to make me. But assuredly their labor was not lost; for the seed which they so faithfully planted, and assiduously cultivated, never has died, however feebly it may have flourished. The trunk has grown old, and begins to decay; it will soon fail; but there is hope that it "will sprout again, though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground," — that it will spring up with new vigor and eternal beauty in the garden of God.

My childhood passed like that of other children who have tender and watchful parents, and has left as few distinct traces which are worth recording. The waves of time have flowed over the track which my little boat made, and I can discern its path no longer.

I was in my fourteenth year when I lost my mother. This is one of the events which made a lasting impression. She had been, for a long time, gradually wasting away, and I had seen the anxious countenance and manner with which my father watched her. But a boy, even of thirteen, is not likely to understand or realize such signs, and I remember I had no foreboding of the coming calamity. But, at length,

I observed an altered tone in the morning and evening prayer of my father, which impressed me. I began to suspect the truth. I observed more narrowly. I discovered that the form was wasted, the cheek had grown pale, the eye had sunk, and disease had made a fearful onset, while my childish eyes had been blinded. And I do not wonder that they were blinded; for the calm and cheerful manner of my mother was unaltered, and she spoke and smiled as she always had done. But I now saw the truth, and every hour served to make me see it yet more plainly. My solicitude soon betrayed itself, and then my father summoned resolution to speak upon the subject to his children. The others were younger than myself. They were frolicking in all the unapprehensive lightness of childhood, when he called us around him. There were four of us. The youngest sprang upon his knee, and playfully put her lips to his mouth; while the rest of us, who perceived the emotion upon his face, gazed upon him, and gave him our hands without speaking. As soon as he could command himself, "My children," said he, "God has given you a good mother; but he is about to take her away from you. You will not see her much longer. She is visited by a disease which is hurrying her to the grave, and we can do nothing but weep, and give her back to God. But we must not weep," said he, bursting into tears, "for she is only going home; going to be happy, which she has not been here. It would be wrong to mourn, for she is only going to sleep a sweet sleep; and we shall all, by and by, sleep too, and then shall all rise together, if we have been good."

Not many days after this, my mother called me to her, as I sat in the chamber, and, kissing my cheek, "You are old enough," said she, "to know what death means, and to learn a lesson from it. I am soon to die. I have known it

for a long time, and have perfectly prepared my mind to meet the event. I have no longer reluctance or fear. And now, my dear son, while I speak to you, perhaps for the last time, hear my parting counsel. I have tried to teach you your duty, and to fill your mind with religious principles. Do not swerve from those principles. They are my support now, they always have been my support. You will need them as much as I do. And if you would cherish them, and have them strong, I charge you never pass a day without prayer. Promise me this, and I shall feel easy." I kissed her hand, and bowed my head; for I could not speak. She put her hand beneath the pillow, and, taking thence a locket, containing a braid of her own hair, she gave it to me. "I do not know," said she, "that departed spirits are acquainted with what happens to the friends they have left on earth; but if they are, I shall never cease to watch your life with maternal solicitude. Think of this whenever your eyes meet this memorial of my love. Reflect that perhaps I see you, and remember the promise you have made me; or, if not so,"—she added in a voice of inconceivable expressiveness,—"reflect that *God* sees you, and bears witness whether you keep that promise or not. My dear son, farewell! A mother's parting blessing is on your head; and do Thou, O Father, bless him, and make him thine!" She kissed me again, and sunk back exhausted.

It seems as if I still heard her voice, and gazed upon her composed, but animated features. And it is one of the joyful anticipations of my approaching removal from earth, that I shall again see that face, and be united to her pure spirit, never to part more. I had no spirit, after this, to leave her side, or to engage in any occupation. I was suffered to remain near her, to see the gradual approach of dissolution, and to witness the *tranquillity and cheerfulness* with which

Christian faith can await the appalling summons. She was too weak to say much, but sometimes gave a word of encouragement, admonition, or blessing, to those who were near her; and after she became unable to speak, she still looked unutterable things, and smiled upon those who did her any little offices of kindness. All was peace, within and without; and gently, at last, did she sink asleep in Jesus, without a groan or a struggle, and with an expression upon her face, as if she had already caught a glimpse of the glory to come.

There are some who would keep children from the chamber of death, and remove from their minds, as soon as possible, the impressions which sorrow may have made. They little consider the natural buoyancy of the mind, and the tendency of all feeling to pass away from a young heart. My father was one of those who think that the solemn impressions of such a season should be deepened, and pains taken to make them lasting. He thought that much might be done to give right views of the value and purposes of existence, and to get ready that frame of mind which is best fitted to meet and endure the changes of the world. By his conversation, therefore, and instruction, for a long period, he kept fresh the feelings to which this sad event had given birth. He did not converse a great deal in the formal way; it was not his habit, and he rather avoided it, from a persuasion that it was not an effectual mode of addressing young persons. I do not think that he ever made a long harangue to his children upon any subject. His custom was to seize moments when their minds were cheerful and at ease, or when any remarkable event had excited their attention, and, by a few concise, pointed remarks, sometimes by only one single emphatic expression, convey the important lesson. He would then leave it to work upon their minds. And it would often happen that the words would

sink down into their hearts, and never be forgotten. I can recall many examples of forcible sayings thus uttered, which were of great use to me afterward; but I am certain that the same sentiment, diluted into a formal speech of fifteen or twenty minutes, would have made no impression, and been altogether lost.

Upon the present occasion, he pursued his customary course. He spoke seldom; and because seldom, I dwelt the more upon what he did say. I forgot nothing. And as he directed my reading, and the whole occupation of my time, I was, for a long season, prevented from returning to the sports of childhood, or regaining the frolicsome disposition of boyhood.

CHAPTER III.

The education of his children now became the favorite employment of my father. His parish was in a small and retired village, and his parishioners of that humble class who require nothing more of their minister than an affectionate interest in their welfare, and the plainest instructions in the plainest truths. His duties as a minister, therefore, were not burdensome, and afforded him ample time for the superintendence of his children's education. He was a man of excellent understanding, and admirable love of learning; and well do I remember how delightful he made those years of instruction, by orally communicating the various knowledge with which his mind was full. It was the dear wish of his heart that I should follow him in the ministerial profession; and, while he strove to give me settled principles of religion and habitual devotion, *he strove zealously*, also, to store my

mind with every variety of knowledge that could adorn and strengthen it. He had a great abhorrence of an ill-educated ministry, and kept me from college till I was eighteen, with the express design of teaching me many things which he thought I could not learn there. But I doubt not that he was, at the same time, influenced by the wish to gratify himself, by so pleasant an occupation of his lonely and widowed time.

As the time approached when I was to go to college, it became necessary to provide some additional means for supporting me there. A country minister may manage with his children at home pretty well, for they may aid him on his little farm. But it is not so easy to support them abroad. It was, consequently, necessary that I should try to earn something for myself. A school was found for me in a town thirty miles distant; and I left home in November, to spend the winter in this new and anxious employment. My little wardrobe and a few books were tied together in a handkerchief, and slung over my shoulder with a stick; and so I trudged along, as many greater men have done.

This winter was an important one to me, as it left its traces upon my whole after life.

I was a very bashful young man, wholly unaccustomed to the society of men, and quite ignorant of the world. Great, therefore, were the sufferings I endured, both in school and out of school. I was anxious, from principle, to do my duty; but, from timidity and inexperience, I failed to give perfect satisfaction. My own anxiety exaggerated my deficiency to my own view, and often did I wet my pillow with the tears that were wrung from my oppressed heart. Such trials, however, did me good, as they helped me in learning to face the world, and cast me more exclusively on my religious convictions for support and happiness. I have always

found that seasons of removal to strange places and new duties, have been those in which my faith and sense of duty have been most rapidly improved. When all others were strangers around me, I went the more frequently to God, as a Father and accustomed Friend.

But what I remember particularly in this season is, the trial I underwent in learning the stress that was laid upon the differences among Christians. My father, as I have said before, lived in a retired village, to which the noise of the polemic world did not reach; and whose inhabitants, happy in the simplicity of good and holy lives, felt no interest in the *questions of words*, on which the faith and charity of so many are suspended. They read their Bibles, attended public worship, and lived soberly, righteously, and piously in the world. There was nothing among them of the pride either of orthodoxy or heresy. My father held, himself, and was laborious to instil into his people, the most enlarged charity toward all. He was disgusted at the spirit of narrowness and bigotry, which he had always seen accompanying a vehement zeal for particular forms of faith. He therefore rarely alluded, either in preaching or in conversation, to the differences among Christians. He seldom even named the names of theological parties. And thus it happened that, strange as it may seem, I grew up almost ignorant that there were parties in religion, entirely unacquainted with their badges of distinction, and with none of that prejudice for and against names which is often the earliest lesson in religion. It had not escaped me, in the books which fell in my way, that there had been divisions and strifes in the church; but I saw and heard nothing of them in the world around me, and I felt as though nothing of them existed.

On the evening of my arrival at my new quarters, I was greatly struck with the *tone and language* of my host and

hostess in speaking of religion. It was different from any thing I had ever heard before, and it puzzled me. Mrs. Hilson was so frequent in her scriptural allusions and phrases of piety, as to introduce them, sometimes, very improperly and irreverently; but in her husband there seemed constantly a half-suppressed sneer, and disposition to throw ridicule on the subject. Both were so different from the serious, manly, intelligible, and reverent manner in which I had always seen the subject treated at home, that I was not a little perplexed to know what to think. One of the school committee, who was also deacon of the church, came in, during the evening, to see the new master, and give his instructions. As I was too diffident to talk much, and the deacon had but little to say on the business of my profession, the conversation took a turn but little different from a catechetical lecture. After many common-place questions, such as an inquisitive stranger naturally puts first, Deacon Lumbard inquired what were the opinions of my father. I felt ashamed not to be able to give a direct answer, and waited for him to put the question in a different shape. "I mean," said the deacon, "is he Arminian or Calvinist?" This question was hardly more intelligible to me than the former; but, thinking it would never do to say I did not understand him, and feeling tolerably confident that I should speak the truth, I replied, "I believe he is an Arminian." The deacon gave a *hem!* of surprise, and walked across the room. Mrs. Hilson dropped her knitting, and fixed upon me a look of sad concern; and her husband stopped poking the fire, and turned round with a half-merry stare, as if to know whether he had heard aright. I felt my face color suddenly all over, and I thought I must have made some dreadful blunder. No one spoke for some time. At length the deacon said, "*An* Arminian! — We don't think much of Arminians

here." The tone of his voice went to my heart, and the sound of it rung in my ears for weeks. I never had before witnessed this abhorrence of a name; and such a crowd of feelings rose within me, that I could do nothing but remain silent and confused. Mr. Hilson relieved me by saying, "But, deacon, there may be some good men amongst the Arminians." "That's more than you know, or I either," said the deacon. "But you think it's possible they may be saved, don't you?" rejoined my host. "It is not promised," replied the deacon; "it is not in the covenant; and as they do not hold the true faith, they are certainly in a dangerous way. I should not expect I could be saved myself, if I was one of them." "But all things are possible with God," said Mrs. Hilson, mildly. "True," said the deacon; "and if any of his elect be in this error, he will snatch them from it before they die."

The course which the conversation had thus taken led to the statement of all the tenets of Calvinism, to which I listened with amazement, sometimes mingled with horror; for many things were so new and strange, so apparently contradictory, so repugnant to my most cherished feelings of religion, that I seemed to be in some region of romance, rather than among Christians. Of one thing I felt certain, that if I had wrongly called my father an Arminian, at least he was not a Calvinist. But what is there so much an object of horror in an Arminian? Why so difficult for him to be saved? I was lost in the perplexity of my own thoughts.

Before the deacon went, he proposed to join the family in prayer. He first read the eighth chapter of Romans, and then poured out a long and earnest prayer, of great vehemence and minuteness, in which I was made an object of special supplication. The *loudness and fervor* of this act of

worship, so different from the calm and subdued tone of my father, thrilled and agitated me with a new feeling; and when the deacon, as he went out, put his hand solemnly on my head, and, with an affectionate emphasis, wished me God's blessing and success in my new office, I was overpowered, and burst into tears. I cannot pretend to explain my feelings. They were a chaos of confusion. I was young, every thing was novel, my situation was such as to render me uncommonly susceptible, and religion was presented to me in a form altogether new, and with something inexplicably solemn in the manners of its professors. Those who have been ever placed in a situation in any measure similar, will understand something of the feelings which kept me many hours awake that night, and will easily perceive that I could come to no conclusion, except that of writing to my father, as soon as possible, to inquire what was an Arminian, and what he himself was. Being quieted by this determination, and comforted by my prayers, I at last fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

Under some circumstances, the feelings I have named would soon have passed away, and my mind have returned to its usual state. But my situation was such as to keep me agitated and harassed in spirit for a long season. I have always, however, seen cause to rejoice in that trial of my faith, and to render thanks to my heavenly Father, who thus established, strengthened, and settled me in the true and living way.

It was expected of the master that he should pray in the

school, morning and evening. I knew it to be the custom, and had been greatly disturbed in the anticipation of being called to its performance; for, as I have said, my natural diffidence was extreme. As the time drew near, the dread of it weighed upon my mind with an oppression which I cannot describe; and when the moment came, upon the first morning, my resolution failed me, and I commenced the ordinary business without a prayer. This, however, was no relief, for I felt that I had done wrong. My conscience severely reproached me, and for several days I was made wretched by the struggle to overcome what I thought a sinful timidity and shrinking from religious duty, which could not fail to bring upon me the heavy displeasure of God. At length my religious sense of duty got the victory, and on Saturday morning, I, for the first time in my life, addressed my Creator in the presence of fellow-beings.

I was so engrossed by my own feelings in this affair, that it had not occurred to me that I might draw upon myself the displeasure of the village. It had not even suggested itself to me, that what was done in school was known abroad. I returned to my lodgings at noon, happy in the triumph I had gained over myself. I was hardly seated, when a gentleman entered, who was introduced to me as Mr. Reynolds, the minister of the parish. He saluted me coldly, and, after a momentary pause, began the conversation by saying, with some sternness, "Young man, I understand that you do not pray in your school. The duty never was neglected before in this town; and if you are not sensible enough of its importance to attend to it, you are unfit for the place. How can we expect a blessing on our children, if God be not remembered in their instructions? and how can he be fit to teach, who will not seek wisdom from above?"

This unexpected address *confounded* me, and, after all

that I had suffered in my mind, was more than I could sustain. I burst into tears, and, as well as I was able, stated the exact truth. Mr. Reynolds was not a man to appreciate the diffidence which had caused my error, and he rebuked me for yielding to it. He expressed his satisfaction, however, that I had conquered it. "I have heard of your father," said he, "though I do not know him personally. I am not solicitous for the acquaintance of those who are not perfectly sound in their views; and I am not surprised that the religious faith, in which he has educated you, is too weak to overcome your fear of the world. Nothing but the genuine gospel can subdue that false pride of the natural heart. But I trust you will learn better. God has sent you here at a propitious season for the interests of your soul, and I do not doubt you will find it blessed to you. There is a powerful work of grace going on amongst us. The Holy Spirit is evidently in the midst of us, and there is a great rattling among the dry bones. Our meetings are frequent, full, and solemn. You must attend them, of course, as many as you can, and you will see such operations of divine power as are wonderful to behold."

Much more, and more earnestly, he talked on this topic, and at length pressed me with close and trying questions respecting my own religious opinions and experience, and drew from me a minute account of negligences and failures, which he represented to me as glaring and dangerous defects. My conscience was a tender one, and easily joined in accusations against myself. I had a horror of displaying myself to greater advantage than the truth, which led me to conceal almost every thing in my religious character which he would have approved. I could not bring myself to speak of those secret exercises of my spirit, which I accounted sacred to the inspection of Heaven. Mr. Reynolds argued

warmly, and warned me earnestly. His tone of expostulation was powerful in itself, as well as new to me. I felt it to my heart's core. My timid spirit shrunk and trembled. He left me in a state of amazement and anxiety, which robbed me of the perfect possession of my faculties for the remainder of the day.

In the afternoon, when, of course, I was unengaged, several friends of my host called in, who were interested in the religious state of the village, and made it the subject of their conversation. They talked of the meetings which had been held, of the cases of those who had been affected, and described at length the situation and exercises of some of the converts. A wholly novel scene was thus unveiled to me. Religion and religious feelings were presented in a new light. And the eagerness with which the matter was discussed, the breathless curiosity and sympathy expressed in the eye, the flushed cheek, and the impatient attitudes of speakers and listeners, were calculated to make a deep impression upon a novice like myself. The comparison of this exhibition with what I had always seen, and reverenced, and loved, as true religion, perplexed and distressed me. I could gain no peace, after many hours of anxious thinking, but by remembering that longer observation would teach me what was right, and that it was my duty to wait patiently. I gave myself, therefore, to the reading of the Scriptures, and, at length, laid myself down calmly to await the opening of the Sabbath day.

On this occasion, and on thousands since, I have derived peace from prayer, when every thing else conspired to vex and distress me — a proof of itself, that devotion of spirit is the essence of true religion, and that he who has this cannot be lost to God, nor be a stranger to his favor, however he may err in controverted *truths*.

CHAPTER V.

It is impossible for me to follow minutely my recollections of this memorable winter. They would fill a large volume, instead of the few sheets which my trembling hand is able to write. It must suffice to say, that the new scenes into which I was thrown, continued to be occasions of severest perplexity and anxiety for many weeks. I had been bred religiously, I had been scrupulously conscientious, I had thought myself a lover of God and man, and had rejoiced in the hope of heaven. But my religion had been noiseless and secret. I had seldom conversed respecting it, except at particular moments with my father. I had never been excited by crowds assembled, nor had I ever been conscious of any extraordinary change in my dispositions, or feelings, or life. I had gone on quietly from childhood to youth, conscientiously, but calmly, and with no display of zeal. I had seen in my father precisely the same operation of religion which I had witnessed in myself, except that it was far more perfect. I had thought this the true Christian character; and although often I had sighed over my imperfections, yet I never had suspected that I was wrong in principle.

But if what I now saw and heard were the genuine exhibition of religion, then I had been entirely and wofully deceived. If I must believe what was perpetually urged in my ears, then I was only a hypocrite, without Christ, and without hope. Nothing can exceed the distress with which this thought was attended. Many nights did I pass sleepless and weeping with uncontrollable anguish of spirit. I became almost unfit for any duty. My thoughts preyed on my health, till my robust body wasted under the torture of the mind, and my cheek was pale and sunken.

For why, thought I, should I not believe all that I see and hear? I cannot deny the existence of the sincerest, heartiest religion here. Earth cannot contain a purer and meeker spirit than my hostess possesses; and where is there more real and actuating piety than in Deacon Lumbard, though he be a little narrow? and where a nobler benevolence, and more solemn concern for Christianity, than in Mr. Reynolds, though he be a little rough? and then how general and deep is the religious impression that prevails — how serious, how anxious, how devout is the whole village — how indefatigable in teaching and learning — what a sense of the evil of sin, and dread of the divine displeasure! — and not my own father could discover more anxiety for my good than my friends do here.

Yet, while I thus looked with reverence upon the zeal and piety I witnessed, I could not listen to the representations of gospel doctrine, which were perpetually made, without a certain horror. This, I was told, was an infallible sign of an unrenewed heart; and this served to aggravate my distress. I never had studied controversy, nor heard it preached; but my father had always implied something very different from what I now heard, and I could not reconcile the representations I now met with the impressions I had received from the Bible. My blood chilled when I heard the arbitrary decree of election announced, and connected with it the joy of the righteous in the sufferings of the wicked. I was most distressingly bewildered in the contradictions about depravity and accountability, irresistible grace, involuntary faith, and changes, rung, without end, on justification, adoption, sanctification, and imputation. It was a wilderness to me; I turned on every side, and could find no relief. If I had only seen these things in books, I should have passed them by as *wild speculations*. But I found

them filling the minds and thoughts of men, whose religious zeal was more imposing to my mind than any thing I had ever met with; men whom I honored and loved, who treated me with assiduous kindness, and who assured me, with the earnestness of the most solemn asseveration, that they built all their religion and all their hope on these doctrines, and that they could conceive of no salvation on any other ground. Thus beset, what could I do? Who would wonder if I had yielded?

I at length told those who had interested themselves most warmly in my behalf, that there was but one course for me to take, namely, to examine the Scriptures anew with fresh care, and abide by the result. To this proposal they warmly assented, not doubting, as they said, that the Holy Ghost would teach me; and they left me, with solemn prayer, to pursue this design.

I look back to the execution of this purpose with highest gratitude and satisfaction. Every leisure minute found me at my Bible, and the morning often broke while I was yet studying. Earnest were my prayers for light, and sincere my wish to be instructed; and He who heareth prayer heard me, enlightened me, and gave me a happy confidence in the result of my labor. My opinions became fixed and grounded on the sure testimony of God; and I no longer felt embarrassment at the very opposite representations of gospel truth which were prevailing around me. They could still sometimes blind my eyes, for a moment, with the dust of metaphysical subtlety; but the breath of the divine word soon blew it away, and I saw clearly.

I now became tranquil and happy. My cheerfulness of spirit returned, and with it health. My anxieties ended in a serene and settled peace, no more to be disturbed by the tumult round about me. I came out of the trial in every

respect the better for having passed through it. My opinions were more clearly defined and more solidly grounded. My devout feelings were become deeper and more ardent; while, at the same time, my intimacy with the sentiments and characters of those who differed from me gave me a juster view of them, and a more real regard for them, than under any other circumstances I could have attained. This has been of incalculable benefit to me through life. I have been preserved by it from a great deal of false and censorious judging, and enabled to discriminate between the merits and weakness of my more orthodox brethren, so as to maintain for them a sincere respect and unchanging charity. And I have always found that those are least bigoted, who are best acquainted with those whom they oppose. Nothing destroys uncharitableness and censoriousness so certainly as an intimacy with the habitual feelings and characters of men of other sects. Bigotry is the offspring of ignorance.

Such was the end, and such, in few words, have been the consequences of the scenes which I have described. But my trials were not yet over. My own mind was satisfied, but others were dissatisfied; and I was doomed to endure coldness, reproach, suspicion, and alienation from many who had been forward to instruct me, and who had professed the warmest and most disinterested friendship. I was made the subject of village gossip and scandal; a thousand false and calumnious reports were spread abroad; and I became little better than a heathen and a publican to the zealots, who, a few weeks before, seemed ready to sacrifice even their lives for me. But of these things I must speak in another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The trials to which I alluded in my last chapter, as coming upon me in consequence of my decision in regard to religion, were of several sorts. I can name them but in few words. I had supposed that all who professed a friendship for me, and had so zealously interested themselves in my behalf, would rejoice with me in the relief of mind I had gained, even though they might have wished that my conclusions had been nearer to their own. But in this I was disappointed. From the moment it became known in what manner my concern of mind had terminated, and that I was not to be *brought out* as a convert, after their fashion, there was a manifest change in the manners of many toward me. Instead of cordiality, I found coldness; instead of a welcome, I met a repulse. And I soon found that all their zeal for my soul's welfare was little more, at bottom, than a desire to have the *éclat* of the schoolmaster's conversion; that there was a grievous disappointment, not at the danger in which my soul was placed, but in this frustration of a party object. I had too much proof of this to fear that I charge them wrongfully.

But this was not the case with all. Some were truly and benevolently afflicted for my own sake. Amongst these was my excellent hostess, Mrs. Hilson. I had all along held the most free communication with her; she knew the whole state of my mind, and acted toward me the part of a mother. She was too gentle and meek to be bigoted; but, as all her own rich treasures of religious comfort and hope were built on the doctrines she had been taught, and as they were dearly associated with every pious and benevolent sentiment of her soul, she, very naturally, could conceive of no real religious

happiness from any different source. When she found that I could not draw from this, she was troubled, for she thought there was none other. She did not question my sincerity, but lamented my blindness in not seizing what, from *her own experience*, she knew to be the only secret of happiness. Wiser persons than she have made the same mistake, of trying all others by their own experience; while, in fact, men's experiences differ as much as their faces.

I shall never forget the kind and tender interest she expressed toward me, to the last day of my residence in the village. She was in all my solicitudes a faithful friend. To her I could unbosom myself without restraint, and find relief from her sympathy. Our hearts could feel and pray together, however we might vary in our creeds. And to the last of her life, while her friends and my friends were zealously accusing each other of corrupting the whole gospel, she ceased not to feel that there might be Christians who were not Calvinists; and I, for her sake, have always been able to see the spirit of the gospel reigning, even among those whose speculations were most hostile to its truths. Indeed, who that has ever formed an intimate acquaintance beyond the narrow pale of his own sect, does not feel the wicked meanness of that bigotry, which confines piety and salvation to those who agree with one's self?

"I still hope," said Mrs. Hilson, the evening before I returned to my father's house — "I still hope and trust that you will see reason to think differently."

"I pray that I may," said I, "if I am wrong. I have no wish but to learn and follow the truth; and I say, sincerely, that I think I could, in a moment, embrace any opinion which could be proved to be of divine authority. You have yourself seen how anxious I have felt, and how diligently I have sought."

"Certainly, certainly," she replied; "you have done your duty well, and I think God will not leave so sincere a soul in darkness. It is this that makes me sure you will, by and by, be brought right. We must wait his good time."

"But why," said Mr. Hilson, who was a blunt, good-natured man, "why, Betsey, should you wish Master Anderson to change? I am sure there is not a cleverer, honester man, nor a better master, to be found. And as for his religion, he's as serious and prayerful, and studies his Bible as hard as any of them, though, to be sure, he is not for making such a noise about it. Now, to my mind, this is the right way; and I am sure that if any body could make me a Christian, it would be just this Mr. Anderson; and his quiet sort of religion, now, would do more to work upon the minds of one half the people here, than all the stir that's been made this winter. Why, there's a great many been driven away from all kinds of religion, by the confusion we've had about it. I believe I should have been, myself, if it had not been for the master. And there's many a one that will never get over his disgust, but is made, I warrant it, profane for life."

"You astonish me," said I, for this was entirely new to me; "it is not conceivable that men should be so unreasonable. What, fly off to irreligion, because their neighbors are so engaged in religion? They must be very ill-disposed persons."

"No," replied he, "not so ill-disposed neither. Some very conscientious men have been affected in this way; and if I was to speak my mind, I should say that this stir has cooled as many friends to religion as it has made."

"Husband, husband," cried Mrs. Hilson, "how can you say so? I am truly ashamed of you."

"Look here, my dear," said he; "who is likely to know *most of it* — you, who see only one side, or I, who see both

sides? Now, I know all that's going on, and all that's said, every where in the village; while you only know what passes at meeting and among go-to-meeting folks. And I can tell you, beyond all doubt, that the devil has gained some disciples as well as Christ. I'll tell you a few things. I've heard more swearing, and seen more drinking and ill-temper, amongst the men, because of this thing, than I ever knew in the village before, in my life; and from some very reputable folks to. There's the Joneses and the Malcolms have not been calm this two months; and there's no doubt their wives would do more for religion by staying at home, and making their houses happy with it, than by running away, and causing their husbands and children to hate it. Then, besides those that are hurt in this way, you know there are some of the converts that are said to be none the better since their zeal has cooled. You know how **, and ***, and **** turned out; and there are more too."

"You ought not to triumph over this," said I.

"And I do not," said he; "but there are them that do; and it has afforded more joy and jests to infidels and blasphemers than I can tell you of. Now, does not this do harm to real religion? and would not it all have been prevented, by permitting matters to go on quietly and soberly, as in times past? For, take five years together, there would have been as many Christians made in the usual way, as by all this extraordinary movement; while, at the same time, none of this extraordinary evil would have been done. This is not all. It is incredible what sin has been committed in the way of slander and lying, and that by very pious people too. I'll tell you what reports have been spread about you, Master Anderson, just by way of specimen. First, it got about that you were under deep concern of mind, and had written home to your father, who *told you not* to be troubled, for

the people were mad, and religion would spoil you for a schoolmaster; that you became afterward more earnest, and when you could get no comfort from your father's principles, he sent you to Mr. Reynolds, and you found peace; that then, your father too became anxious, and came to see Mr. Reynolds, and confessed to him that he had never felt religion, and was more than half an infidel; and that he was converted and went home, and got up a revival in his own parish. All this, and much more, was made up out of the whole cloth, and circulated, as so much gospel, by those who knew it was all false. And when it was discovered that your mind was settled another way, then it was said, and is believed to this day, that you have got another Bible, different from ours; and that, a good part of the time you pretended to be studying the Scriptures, you were playing cards in your room with R—— and E——. For a whole day, it was believed that you had told the children it was all nonsense to pray in the school, and you should do it no longer. I could tell you a great deal more of the same sort; and so you must not wonder that some folks think there is no religion in what bears so much bad fruit."

Mrs. Hilson appeared as much disconcerted at this disclosure as I was amazed. She said, however, that it was fair to look on both sides, and count the wheat in the field, as well as the tares. "True," said her husband; "but will every body do that? Most persons will not do it; and, consequently, most persons will be injured."

"But you and I must do it," said I. "Religion is a solemn reality, whatever imperfections there may be in its friends; and surely you will not, on account of those imperfections, refuse to strive for your own salvation."

Mr. Hilson has since told me that this sentiment struck him more forcibly than any preaching he had ever heard. I

am happy to add, that he became, in after life, one of the most enlightened and sincere Christians I have ever known.

I parted from my friends the next morning, amidst the most affectionate wishes. Deacon Lumbard came to give me his parting blessing, and to say that he did not doubt he should yet see me all which he could wish, for he loved me too well to think otherwise. As I passed the minister's door, I stopped to bid him farewell. He shook me by the hand, saying he loved me none the less for my honesty, and doubted not God had a blessing for me. The kindness of these two good men was a cordial to my spirits. I left them, better and happier for having known them; rejoicing that there was a better world, where imperfection would be done away, and where the holy light of unveiled truth would dissipate the little cloud that now hovered between us.

CHAPTER VII.

My college life, on which I now entered, was like that of many other young men. I applied myself zealously to the duties required of me, and became ambitious of distinction. My thirst for knowledge increased, and, with it, my desire of eminence. I allowed myself little time for sleep or recreation. I denied myself even food, that I might sit at my books without the necessity of exercise to help digestion. I know not how it was, but, gradually and insidiously, literary distinction became my ruling passion. My Bible was consulted less frequently, my seasons of devotion were hurried over, and even the worship of the Sabbath came, at last, to be attended by me with little interest or feeling.

I was sometimes uneasy at perceiving the change which had taken place in my affections, and felt alarmed for the result. But I satisfied myself with saying, that as soon as I should be relieved from my present hurry, or have finished the study I had now on hand, I should have leisure to resume my religious vigilance. But this leisure did not come, and I suffered myself still to go on. I quieted the remonstrances of my mind with the persuasion, that a man cannot feel equally engaged at all times on any subject; and that, at any rate, I was preparing myself for the duties of life; and why was not this as acceptable service as the performance of my religious duties? Then, if conscience answered, that the preparation for future duty is no excuse for neglecting present duty, I stifled the suggestion by burying my thoughts in study.

I tremble to this day, to think of the hazard I was running, and in how dreadful a ruin it might have ended, if it had not pleased God to send me a rebuke. I had already entered my senior year, and, with a heart full of ambition, was pressing on to realize, in the honors before me, the darling object of my hope. I had overplied my powers, and they gave way. My body refused to sustain the labors of my mind, and, after four weeks' severe illness, it was thought I must sink to the tomb.

Of the early part of my sickness I have no recollection, except of a confused feeling of disappointment and vexation, at being thus stopped and frustrated in my career. It seems to me like some long dream, in which I was struggling with envious and malicious foes, who were conspiring against my improvement and reputation. I seemed at length to awake from the dream, and found myself a feeble and helpless man, stretched upon my bed, and attended by friends, whose anxious countenances revealed to me their fears.

"What is that bell for?" was the first question I asked.

"It is tolling for the exhibition," said my friend.

"The exhibition," said I, starting with surprise; "how long have I been sick?"

"Nearly four weeks."

"Exhibition!" I repeated—"and I am not ready; I cannot be there;—when I had so depended on it—so longed for it—and here am I shut out from——. When shall I be able to go out, Thompson?"

"You must lie still," said Thompson; "you are too weak to talk; keep yourself quiet." And he withdrew from the bed.

Thompson's voice and manner struck me, and I at once suspected the truth. Never shall I forget the feeling that came over me, as the conviction flashed across my mind that I was dangerously ill. A cold thrill ran through my frame, and the sweat issued upon my forehead. "And is this," thought I, "the end of my hopes? Is it all to end in an early grave and a forgotten memory? Spare me, O God, that I may recover strength before I go hence to be seen no more."

As soon as my first surprise was over, I set myself to collect my thoughts as well as I was able, and to prepare my mind for the event. And now, the wide extent of my folly became visible at once. I saw the full measure of my negligence, and the whole unworthiness of my delusion. I felt the emptiness of that ambition for which I had sacrificed my religious affections, and would have given the world to return to that spiritual frame which I had possessed two years before. Then I thought of my privileges, my opportunities, the discipline I had passed through, the early instructions of my mother, the faithful counsels of my father;—and as I thought of him, I involuntarily *spoke out*, "Has my father been *sent for, Thompson?*"

Thompson looked at me with surprise, and, after a few moments' hesitation, answered, yes, and that he was expected to arrive to-morrow.

To-morrow came, and at the expected hour my father entered the chamber. He had evidently come from a hurried journey, and wore a countenance of anxiety and grief. I held out my hand, and he took it without speaking. We both were thinking of a separation, and, for some moments, could not trust ourselves with our voices. At length I broke silence; for I had been fortifying myself for the interview, and had my powers under my control.

"My father," said I, "I rejoice to see you. I know why you are come, and shall feel the easier for your presence. You led me in the beginning of life; and if my life must close, it is a consolation to lean on you at the last."

"The will of God be done," said he. "I had hoped it would be otherwise ordered, but the will of God be done. I am glad to find you look upon it so calmly. Your religion supports you, as I thought it would."

"I trust in God's mercy," said I; "I need it. O my father, you do not know how foolish I have been, and how nearly I have lost myself in the love of worldly honors." And I told him the state of my mind for some time previous. "But," I continued, "I have humbled myself before God, and cast myself on his compassion. I have thrown away my false ambition, and renewed my vows and prayers, and I hope I have found pardon and peace. I have given up every thing to my Maker, and trust I may depart in hope. Father, give me your blessing."

He knelt down by my bed and prayed. My soul was thrilled by the sound of that voice, so familiar and so loved, and a thousand tender recollections crowded upon my mind. I was refreshed and strengthened as I listened, and lifted *nearer to heaven.*

A long silence continued after he had ended, while we both pursued our own reflections. At length I untied from my neck the locket containing my mother's hair, and handed it to my father. "I wish to leave this," said I, "to my sister Jane, with the same injunction with which my dear mother gave it to me. Tell her that it has been a talisman to me in many a difficulty and temptation, and that, if I had never suffered myself to be unmindful to it, I should have been spared the only pain I feel at this time. Bid her, therefore, wear it, in memory of her deceased brother and mother, and as a pledge that she will never pass a day without prayer; remembering that if *we* cannot see how she fulfils the pledge, GOD DOES; and the day is coming when we shall know also."

I was too feeble to pursue the conversation, and soon became faint. I thought myself dying. After I revived, I could catch, from the occasional whispers in the room, that it was thought I could not live through another night. I had nothing further which I wished to say, and I lay quietly, in the perfect possession of my powers, waiting the signal to depart. O the indescribable sublimity of that hour! Words cannot picture the solemnity of feeling which pervaded my mind, as my thoughts flew, in the pressure and excitement of the season, with the rapidity of lightning, to the past and to the future, — to my own life, to the truths of Christianity, to the perfections of God, to the promises of Christ, to the prospects of heaven, — and the whole was framed, with an intense energy of which I can now hardly conceive, into a perpetual mental prayer. Thus I was occupied until sleep overcame me, and I was lost in forgetfulness.

It was ordained that we should be deceived. He who had brought me low, *intended but to* chasten and heal me;

and when I had learned all that a death-bed could teach, he again breathed into my frame, and bade me live to praise him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Seek first the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof, and all these things shall be added unto you.

These words were perpetually present to my mind, during my recovery from the illness which I have mentioned, and gave rise to much salutary reflection, which helped to establish my resolution for the future. I felt how easily the one thing needful slips away from those who cease to seek it, and how liable even a religious man is to lose the substance of happiness, in pursuing the shadow. I persuaded myself that, if the prime object of DUTY were secured, a man could never feel any thing actually wanting to his well-being; for it is very evident, that the pursuit of the highest duty and most permanent good, is consistent with the pursuit and enjoyment of every other object really desirable.

I experienced the truth of this at once, in returning to the studies of my class. My great struggle had been to subdue my inordinate ambition. It had interfered with my religion, and must be sacrificed. It was a dear sacrifice; but I took my resolution, and it was performed. The consequence, I supposed, would be, that I should fall from my standing as a scholar, and graduate with less reputation than I had coveted. This was a mortifying anticipation; but better risk my scholarship than my religion, thought I, and I summoned firmness to brave the result. This result was *quite* other than I expected. In proportion as I became

indifferent to my reputation, for mere reputation's sake, I found myself able to study and recite with greater ease and self-possession. Formerly, my extreme anxiety to do well, and my morbid dread of doing ill, had occasioned an irritability and hurry of spirits, which often threw me off my self-command, and produced the very evils I sought to avoid. But now, having little desire, except to do my duty, I was cool, collected, and preserved the full command of my powers; so that, to my surprise, I acquitted myself better than formerly, and rose in my class, rather than fell. A certain portion of every day was sacredly devoted to religious exercises and studies; and the time thus subtracted from classical pursuits was more than compensated by the steadiness of mind, and equanimity of feeling, which it produced.

Here, then, was the first reward of my renewed fidelity. I was permitted to experience, then, as I have always done since, that our religion has the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come. How many deceive themselves, and are miserable, from not knowing, this! They sell themselves to the world, and take the world's wages; which, at the moment of death, they are compelled to resign, and then have nothing which they can carry hence. Whereas, in the service of God, they might have no less enjoyed what earth affords, besides all the present and future satisfactions of the soul, which are far richer and purer. There is no state of the mind so happy in itself, and at the same time so fitted for success in the duties of the world, and for contentment amid its difficulties, as the tranquil and composed frame of habitual devotion.

From this time, my resolution was taken to devote myself to the ministry. There had always been a prevailing desire in my mind to engage *in this office;* but sometimes my

distrust of myself, and sometimes my occupation in other studies, had prevented me from making an absolute decision. But my late experience had so wrought upon me, that I could think of no other occupation consistent with duty. I suspected it to be my father's wish, though he had never intimated it to me. When I named to him my determination, he expressed his hearty approbation. "This," said he, "is what I have looked forward to with earnest hope. It has been from your childhood my constant wish and prayer, that I might see you joined with me in the great work of the gospel. I rejoice that the day has come, and that, without one doubt or fear, I may encourage you to go on, and bid you God speed. Your faith and perseverance have been tested. You know what trial is, and will be able, from the wisdom of personal experience, to help others who are tried. Enter the work and prosper. You will still meet with trials severe and heavy; but He, in whose strength you have hitherto been safe, will always provide a way of escape, if you but seek it."

I would that I had room to record all the instructions which he imparted, on this and on other occasions, with the affectionate piety of a Christian minister, and the overflowing tenderness of a parent. I would that I had been more sensible, at the time, of their value, and how much it was enhanced by the fact, that I was not long to enjoy his intercourse. But for two precious years I did enjoy it. I was employed as teacher of the school in my native village, and lived and studied in the house of my birth. I was my parent's companion at home, and in his visits abroad. I read with him the most important books, in my preparatory studies, and we conversed familiarly on all topics of theology and morals. Happy and profitable were those days, when I was permitted to cheer the declining path of him

who gave me birth, at the same time that I was drawing from him treasures of ministerial experience, to guide me after he should have departed!

CHAPTER IX.

THE entrance on the ministry is a period of anxiety and excitement of spirit, to which no one can look back, even after the lapse of years, without a throb of emotion. To a conscientious man, who feels the weight and responsibility of the office, the exercises of that season are deep and trying. About to appear as the messenger of God's word to the souls of men, — to be the herald of eternal truths, — to be a fellow-laborer with Christ in the work of human salvation, and the bearer of the prayers and intercessions of men to the mercy-seat of Heaven, — his spirit is oppressed, and trembling, and ready to faint; for how can he discharge so various and awful vocations? But then, again, when he considers the incalculable importance of the work, to which none other on earth is to be equalled, — when he thinks of the honor of bearing part in it, the shame of drawing back, and the wide field for doing good, — his spirits become animated, and he girds himself for the toil with alacrity and zeal. It seems as it were but yesterday, that I was passing through this alternation of hopes and fears, of exhilaration and despondency. I still see the chamber which I paced for hours, anxious and sleepless, night after night, and where I gradually gained resolution to begin the sacred work. Forty-seven years are past and gone; but it is fresh in the memory of *to-day*. *I have, in* those years, passed

through heavy vicissitudes of earthly lot, and waves of trouble have rolled over my heart, enough to obliterate from it every trace of that early anxiety. But it abides vividly in my memory, and the old man of seventy-two feels over again, as he writes, all the solicitudes of the youth of twenty-five.

It was on the third of September, that, after a ride of twenty miles, I reached the village where my father had recommended me to make the first trial of my gifts. I bore a letter from him in my pocket to Mr. Carverdale, the infirm minister of the place, offering my service to aid him on the Sabbath. The sun was just throwing its last beams upon the spire of the meeting-house, as I came upon the little common where it stood, and cast my eyes around in search of the minister's house. This is easily known in a country village, and I immediately rode up to a neat cottage, with a small yard before it, which stood just back of the meeting-house, and was almost lost amid the trees which threw their aged branches around and over it. The old gentleman was sitting in his arm-chair at the open door, looking out upon the setting sun. I alighted, and approached him with the letter in my hand. While he was engaged in reading it, I had leisure to collect myself, and study the appearance of a man whom I had not seen since I was a child, and to whom I was an entire stranger. He was a tall, thin man, whose few remaining hairs were white with the hoary frost of age, and his countenance marked with years and suffering. But there was a majesty and serenity in it which struck me with awe, and would have become an apostle. I think St. John might have looked so, when he was carried into the church, as he approached his hundredth year, to repeat his customary benediction, "*Little children, love one another.*"

"You are heartily welcome," said he, when he had finished the perusal of the letter; "and I thank your father for

his kindness in sending you. But he was always kind, and I can present no better prayer for his son than that he may be like him. I was doubting if I should be able to speak to my poor people to-morrow. I am unusually feeble; I have sensibly decayed this week. I might not be able to address them. But now they will be instructed from younger lips. It will be enough for me to break to them the holy bread. I am glad to have all my strength for that. Who knows but it may be the last time?"

I felt called upon to say something, and, with the real diffidence which I felt, I said that I was very sorry he would not have a better substitute to-morrow.

"Young man," said he, "let me warn you against a trick of disparaging yourself in this way. It does not become the simplicity and sincerity of the ministerial character. You are in your Master's service, and should use such language to none but him. It may be modesty now, but it will become vanity — vanity in its most disgusting dress, the guise of humility. Think of nothing but to do your duty. Do that as well as you are able, and be not anxious to say or to hear in what manner it is done."

This advice did me great good. It taught me to guard against that sensitiveness to the opinions of others which is so apt to disorder the motives of action, and has saved me, perhaps, from that painful and ridiculous habit, which I have witnessed in some, of always speaking slightingly of what they do for the sake of hearing it praised. It becomes the dignity of a preacher of the gospel not to speak of his labors at all, except to some confidential friend, and for the sake of improvement.

"I do not mean to pain you," continued he, "for I have no reason to doubt your sincerity; but I use an old man's privilege of plain speaking, to put you on your guard. My

light is almost out, and I must do good while I can. I am as low in my horizon as yonder sun now is. But while I am here, I would give light to the last. It has always been my prayer, that I might sink to my bed as that glorious luminary does now, useful to the latest moment, and unshadowed by a cloud. God save me from the empty, shattered remnant of existence, which would be a weariness to myself and a burden to others. Yet I fear that the prayer will not be granted, and it will try my patience and faith to have it denied. But His will be done! You," continued he, "are like that sun in his rising, rejoicing in the prospect before you of a day of light and glory, of a work of beneficence and love, in which you shall cause righteousness and piety to bud and become fruitful. It is an excellent and most blessed work! Enter it and prosper! May God be your light, and honor you abundantly in the kingdom of his dear Son."

He rose from his seat, and, leaning upon me, entered the room where the family were sitting. "We always pray at sun-setting," said he. The ancient family Bible was brought forward, from which a chapter was read, upon which he made a few remarks, and then uttered a fervent prayer. It seemed to come from a patriarch's lips, and to be instinct with the devotion of that future world, on whose borders he stood.

We retired early to rest, and arose with the sun on the morning of the Sabbath. The trembling voice of the aged servant of Christ mingled with the early stirrings of the morning breeze, and welcomed, in the animated accents of praise, the blessed recollections of holy time. His whole air was serene, tranquil, and thoughtful. He seated himself again by the door of his cottage, and remained there, musing and conversing at intervals, until we were summoned to the *public service.*

My attention had been so much diverted from myself, and my mind so interested in the conversation and character of this good old man, that I passed through the trial of my opening ministry with far happier feelings than I had anticipated. When the exercise was concluded, he arose in his place, and reminded the church that the emblems of their Master's love awaited them. "Would to God," said he, in his feeble, tremulous voice, while he turned his eyes around upon the congregation — "would to God that ye were all disposed and ready to partake of them. My infirmities warn me that this is the last time they will be dispensed by my hand. Ah, why are ye not all waiting to receive them? For more than half a century have I broken this bread here. How often, in that long period, have I entreated and urged you all to come and partake! I have warned, and admonished, and pleaded with you, even unto tears. And yet how many of you suffer me to leave you, and carry up with me, when I go hence, the sad story that you have no mark of gratitude for a Savior's love, no obedience for a Savior's dying command. You are willing to oppress my last hours with the bitter thought, that for many of you I have labored in vain; and, though I have loved you here, I may hardly hope to join you again in the eternal communion with the saints. Dear friends, let it not be thus. I stand here to bid you farewell. Who of you is willing that it should be eternal? Who of you would part, never to meet again? I hope and pray for better things. I *will* hope that, although we have not sat down together here, we shall be permitted to do it hereafter. And let me ask of you, for this once at least, this last opportunity, not to leave me; but remain, one and all, to witness, though you do not participate. Who can tell how it may please God to manifest himself to you? Who can tell, while *we all join our* prayers and devotions

for the last time, what influence may descend to bless us? Who can tell but our remaining together now, may be the omen that we shall be prepared to meet in a higher state?"

The effect of this unexpected address, delivered with quivering lips, and the piercing accents of deep and earnest feeling, was irresistible. Not one of the congregation left his place. The minister descended to the table, and an affecting service ensued, whose deep and touching solemnity I have never seen surpassed. Many there were, who, like myself, received impressions that never passed away. And many, I doubt not, will be found at the supper of the Lamb in heaven, who, but for that hour's holy and overwhelming feeling, had never sat at his table on earth.

CHAPTER X.

It will not be thought surprising that, by the scene which I described in the last chapter, Mr. Carverdale was entirely exhausted. While the excitement of the occasion lasted, he looked and spoke with almost the animation of youth. But, when it was over, he sank down, weak, trembling, and nearly fainting. The old cords had been stretched more than they could bear, and lost their tone forever. When the people had dispersed, he attempted to rise from his seat and follow them, but was unable. Several of his friends advanced to his assistance. "The light is almost burned down," said he, in a voice scarcely audible; "might it only go out here at the altar, how privileged I should be!" Some one expressed a hope that it might be yet continued for a season to the benefit of his church. He shook his head. "No,"

said he; "and why should I wish it? It is only a flickering, fitful flame. It may brighten a moment to-day, but will be dim again to-morrow, and cheer no one. No; my poor flock need a vigorous flame, — a burning and shining light. I am wasted. And if it please my God soon to remove me to a place among the stars of the firmament, why should I lament, or why should you? For I have that hope; I thank God, I have that hope."

This he said with frequent interruptions, showing that his spirit was stirring, though his body was weak. He seemed unable to say more, and was carried in the arms of his friends to his house, and placed in bed. He fell into a sleep, which the physician declared to be the prelude of death, and which he said it would be useless and cruel to disturb by attempting to prolong life. "The machine," said he, "is worn out, and will gradually come to a stop."

He remained in this state, apparently unconscious of what was passing around him, until I was summoned to the afternoon service. In the same state I found him on my return. In the mean time, the report had obtained currency among his parishioners, that their minister was dying. With affectionate concern they crowded around his dwelling, and manifested the strongest sense of his worth, and liveliest gratitude for his past services. Never have I known eulogy more eloquent than that which I read in their tearful eyes and whispering voices, as they stood silently waiting, or anxiously conversing, before the door and beneath the windows. Their sound was distinctly heard in the chamber, as I stood with his friends beside his bed. It at length seemed to arouse him, and he opened his eyes. "What is this?" said he.

"The people have come from meeting," it was replied, "and are anxious *to know how you do.*"

"They are kind souls," replied the old minister; and, turning his eyes around, as if looking for some one, he called me by name. I bent over him, and he took my hand. "Go to them, my young friend; tell them I thank them for all their fidelity and kindness. Carry them my last farewell. Bid them remember my last instructions; and God bless them."

I went to the door, and, beckoning to the several groups, collected them together, and spoke to them as I was desired. When I returned to the chamber, the good old man was taking leave of his friends, and to each of them giving his blessing. He called for me. He was exhausted, and could no more speak audibly. His lips moved, and I thought I would have given worlds to know what they would utter. After a few moments' silence, he exerted himself again, and we understood him to ask that there might be prayers. I kneeled down, with his hand still in mine, and commended his spirit, in such words as I was able, to the great Father of mercy. It was a solemn moment. There was a silence and awe like that of the tomb, interrupted only by the laborious breathing of the dying man, and the low voice of youthful supplication. When I had ended, he pressed my hand, but said nothing. We feared that he would not speak again; but it was permitted us to hear his last words distinctly. For, when something had been said respecting the good man's support in death, he spoke out audibly — "THE TESTIMONY OF CONSCIENCE, AND THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST." This was his last effort. We stood silently watching for his departing breath, when, as the sun was going down, its beams forced their way through an opening amid the branches of the thick trees which grew before the windows, and fell full upon his face. A smile came over his countenance, and, before it had entirely passed away, he

ceased to breathe. I remembered his conversation on the preceding evening, and rejoiced at his quiet departure.

When it was known that their pastor was actually dead, all those of his parishioners who had not retired to their homes, pressed into the house to take a last look of one whom they had loved and reverenced so much. Not a word was spoken by any one in the chamber of death. The silent gaze, the tearful eye, and the cautious tread, evinced the impression which was upon every heart, and the feeling of awe with which the sleep of the patriarch was contemplated.

My own feelings, during these scenes, it is impossible for me to describe. But I have always felt that I had reason to thank God for appointing me to open my ministry in so singular and affecting a manner. The serenity of aged piety, and the peace of a Christian death-bed, gave me impressions which helped still more to prepare me for my work. I am certain that, for years, this day was present almost constantly to my mind, and endowed me with courage, fortitude, and spirituality, which I might not otherwise have attained.

CHAPTER XI.

It was in less than a year after this that I found myself occupying the place of that venerable old man, of whose last hours I had been so unexpectedly the attendant. It may readily be conceived that with no ordinary feelings I took possession of the pulpit where I had heard the expiring sounds of his ministry, and seated myself in the room where he had studied, and at the table upon which he had leaned

and written for half a century. To my ardent view every thing about me was sacred. I fancied there was inspiration in the very walls, and that I inhaled a good spirit from the very air in which the holy man had breathed. And while I studied in his books, and dipped my pen in his inkstand, — while I read from his Bible in the family circle which he had left, and in which I was a boarder, and stood up to offer their daily devotions on the spot which his prayers had consecrated, — I am sure that I felt a glow in my heart which more important circumstances have oftentimes been incapable of producing, but which was nevertheless highly favorable toward forming a frame of thought and feeling suited to my vocation.

Indeed, it rarely happens to a young man to begin the arduous work of the ministry under happier auspices. The circumstances of my lot and education had been so ordered as constantly to excite and keep fresh the religious sentiment. It had been stirred and animated by the frequent remarkable scenes through which I had passed. The manner of my introduction to my parish was calculated to revive and strengthen, in no common degree, all the feelings I had ever experienced, and all the resolutions I had ever made, in relation to the great duties of personal and pastoral religion. I cannot recall to mind this period without an expression of devout gratitude to Him who appointed my lot, and in whose strength I have toiled on to this day. I have seen some of my brethren disheartened and sinking beneath their load, the victims of a sickly sensibility; some, miserable in their work, because their hearts were not engaged in it; and some, losing their reputation and usefulness through indolence. But, for myself, being always possessed of bodily health, and heartily attached to my duties, I never have found them burdensome and fatiguing. And I may say that

I never have found them so to any, except those who have wanted the spirit of their office. How shall I cease, then, to be thankful for the early instruction of those kind parents, and the severe infliction of that youthful discipline, which formed in me inclinations and desires which nothing could have gratified but the labors of the sacred office? They have been my pleasure; and nothing else would have afforded me pleasure.

I soon found, however, that there is much to damp the ardor of enthusiastic expectation, with which a young man, ignorant of the world, enters upon his career. I can hardly help sighing now, when I call to mind the many fair visions which were cruelly dissipated by my further acquaintance with mankind, and the severe and mortifying rebukes by which my open-hearted inexperience learned prudence and caution. It was a great shock to me to discover, so soon as I did, the necessity of distrusting appearances. This was one of the first lessons which I learned by intercourse with my parish — perhaps one of the most important I ever learned. Certainly none has influenced me more in my whole life since; none perhaps has made me, at times, so unhappy.

Like other young persons, I trusted to the good show which any one made, and confided implicitly in all that any one might say of himself. I delighted in the warm expression of religious feeling, and was ready to give up my heart to it wherever I might find it. I could not believe that zealous profession could be made by any who was insincere at heart. It was a great blow to me to be undeceived.

There were few men in the town more assiduous and kind in their attentions to me, after my ordination, than Josiah Dunbar. He recommended himself by his punctual attendance at meeting, *and by his fondness* to call upon me

and converse on religious subjects. He entered fully into the history of his own experience, and drew from me the relation of my own. His appearance was austere, his manners simple and solemn, his voice a little whining, and his eyes were cast in humility upon the ground. His age was about fifty; and I thought that no young man was ever so blest in the confidence and advice of a devout parishioner.

I found, however, that he was not popular in the village, and that the worldly, sober part of the inhabitants, especially, spoke of him rather slightingly. This grieved me; but I accounted for it by a remark which he himself once, or rather often, made with a deep sigh and solemn shake of the head — "Ah, there is nothing that the world can find lovely in the children of God. They are always despised and trodden upon." My experience has since taught me that this is far from being true. But at that time I took it for an established fact; and when I found any commendatory remark which I made respecting Mr. Dunbar received in silence or with a sneer, I imputed it to the natural dislike of men to superior goodness.

Erelong, however, I observed some things in his conversation which I myself disliked. He was too fond, I thought, of complaining of the want of religion in others, and of the great coolness of church members. There was doubtless room for this in many instances; but he complained too frequently and petulantly, and spoke too sarcastically of good moral lives. Now, I could see no harm in a good moral life, and once told him "that I did not think it so much against a man, that he was a moral man; that I rather thought it the part of charity to believe that what we cannot see is as good as what we do see, and that what we do see is, really, though not visibly, grounded on right principle." He was dissatisfied with this remark, and ever after affected

to be concerned lest I was resting too much on works. He thought that I preached "works" too much; and he harassed me often with minor questions about justification, and faith, and righteousness. All this, however, was done in the kindest way imaginable, and with so earnest appearance of desiring my good, and that of the church, that, although I thought he urged matters a little too much, yet my respect for him and love to him rather increased than diminished. No man had made me so much his confidant, and consequently no man was so much mine. What he proved to be, finally, I will tell in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the universal custom of the people, in the strait days of my youth, to keep the annual day of fasting literally, so far as to abstain from a dinner. Nothing was eaten between breakfast and sundown, except, perchance, a light luncheon, in the interval between the morning and evening services. It was not uncommon, however, to compensate for this extraordinary abstinence by a supper as extraordinary; and the meat and pudding, which had been refused at noon, were devoured with a keener appetite in the evening. It was thought that the whole duty was performed, if the body were but mortified during daylight.

There were some in my parish who had departed from this custom. Mr. Dunbar came to me in the week preceding fast, in the spring following my ordination, lamenting the decay of ancient manners, and begging me to urge, in my next sermon, the *importance of a literal* fast. He said

much of the aid which devout men had derived from it in all ages, the profoundness it gave to their contemplations, and how it aided their prayers and spiritual-mindedness; he insisted that self-mortification was necessary to growth in grace, and that we were in danger, from employing it too little, of becoming entirely devoted to our animal and sensual nature.

I replied that I had no doubt of all this, and that such had been, and would be, the efficacy of fasting, when it was voluntary. He that will, from religious motives, and the desire of holy meditation, deny his appetite, and spend his dining hour in devotion, will, unquestionably, find it profitable. But, if the fast be kept by compulsion, or from no better motive, at bottom, than that it is the custom, then it will probably be unprofitable, and will hinder, instead of promoting, the devotion of the day. Besides, I added, temperance is a better aid to the powers of the mind than abstinence; and, moreover, they who abstain at noon are very likely to revel at night; and in that case, whatever good may have been wrought is more than lost. Mr. Dunbar said he was aware that the day oftentimes ended in festivity and indulgence; but, for his part, he abhorred it; in his own family, the supper was always frugal and religious; and he wished that I would attack this crying sin as well as the other.

"Or, at least," said he, coming at last to the point at which he had all along been aiming, "if you do not think right to preach, I wish you would speak a word of quiet advice to Mr. Ellerton; for his example goes a great way; and it is a sinful thing that he should cook and eat on fast day just as on any other day. He makes no difference in the world. And what will become of religion and the church, if such men are to lead astray the simple people by

their example? A good moral man, to be sure, and the world speaks well of him. But no man can say that he has ever experienced religion; and I am sure, for one, that he is an Arian at heart, if not a Deist. Indeed, I think he ought to be brought before the church, and not tolerated in quiet any longer. There is no knowing what mischief his example may do; and our fidelity to the Head of the church requires that we cut him off."

Mr. Dunbar had more than once before spoken to the prejudice of Mr. Ellerton, but never so explicitly as now. I did not altogether like the tone in which he continued to enlarge, and at last replied, that, even if I thought lukewarmness, and suspected error, proper subjects of church interference, yet I was too much a stranger in the place to promote any such objects now. And as for the matter of fasting, I could not interfere at all; for I intended myself to take my usual meals.

He left me evidently disappointed. On the day of the fast, there was observed in him a studied appearance of rigor and melancholy, and every external manifestation of suffering for sin, and absorption in divine meditation. He was of a "sad countenance, and disfigured his face." In the evening — according, as it was ascertained, to his usual custom — a sumptuous supper was provided. He ate and drank to excess, and died the next day in consequence of the surfeit.

The shock my mind received on learning these circumstances may be easily conceived; much more so, when the whole history and character of the man were revealed. He was discovered to have been altogether unprincipled in his transactions with men, artful, and fraudulent, and sensual; so that, in a word, — for I cannot enlarge on so unpleasant a theme,— his name *became a by-word in* the village, and never

was spoken but with an accent of indignation. Yet so great had been the cunning of the man, that he had both escaped detection, and had passed, for the most part, though not altogether, without suspicion. There was but one person who thoroughly knew him, and that was Mr. Ellerton. When I learned this, I perceived at once the cause of his ill-will to that gentleman.

Mr. Ellerton was one of the principal citizens of the place, and in most respects the very reverse of Mr. Dunbar. He was, like all other respectable men of that day, a professor of religion. But no man could be less anxious about its *form*. He appeared with a dress, and countenance, and speech, like those of other gentlemen. He seldom made religion the subject of conversation, and was generally supposed not to be fond of reading the Scriptures, and not to have devotions in his family. He was suspected also of not being quite sound in the faith. He was esteemed precisely what is called a good moral man. Very few would venture to call him a *religious* man, though he was punctual at church, and friendly to the ministry. But then he was proverbial for his truth, integrity, and kindness, and "every virtue under heaven." No man could be more universally respected and beloved.

I did not, at this time, know so much of him, for my ear had been poisoned by Dunbar. I had been led to look upon him coolly, and to avoid, rather than seek, his company. I had, consequently, in the seven months of my ministry, become hardly in any degree acquainted with him. The circumstances of Mr. Dunbar's death led me to suspect the correctness of my impressions, and made me solicitous of greater intimacy with Mr. Ellerton.

I soon discovered and admired the purity and firmness of his moral principle. But I wished to go further, and

ascertain the state of his religious sentiments and affections. When we had become well acquainted, and were together by ourselves, I found him ready and pleased to converse frankly. I immediately found that he was indeed an Arian; and as I had always been taught, without knowing why, to look with horror on Arianism as little better than infidelity, and to take it for granted that there could be no religion at heart without the worship of the Trinity, I thought that I saw at once how it happened that he wore no show of religion; for he certainly could possess none; that is, none of its fervor, life, and spirituality — nothing of it but its decent, every-day morality.

But a more intimate acquaintance taught me that he was no stranger to the holiest and tenderest feelings of piety; that he had experienced deeply the inward power of the gospel, and acknowledged it as a religion of the affections; so that, in a word, it has seldom fallen to my lot to know a soul of more elevated, expanded, and heavenly-minded religion, than dwelt within the frame of that unobtrusive man; giving direction and beauty to his whole life, but itself unseen, and unheard in any separate or ostentatious display.

The observation of these two characters furnished me with much matter for reflection. It made me ever after cautious, and distrustful of appearances, to a degree that was even painful. I learned to be jealous of lip religion, and cold towards those who were forward in profession. Nay, I was beset with an indefinable reserve, which sealed my lips, and checked the current of my feeling, whenever the subject of religion was touched by strangers; destroying much of the comfort and satisfaction I had hitherto enjoyed in religious conversation. How much have I suffered from this cause! while nothing *that I have* gained has been able

to compensate for the quietness and peace of the unsuspecting temper which I have lost. I think, however, that I have gained something, by teaching myself and others to lay the stress upon the solid excellence of a good life. The longer I have lived, the more have I been persuaded that this is the great end of human endeavor, and the great touchstone by which we are to judge one another. The heart *we* cannot see; it must be left to the judgment of God. But wherever the life is uniformly and consistently good, I have learned to consider it as the part of charity to suppose that the heart also is right. I have been unable to join in the outcry against moral lives, as if they were, of course, signs of a worldly heart. I have thought it mischievous; I may say I have *found* it mischievous. Religion is helped by maintaining the dignity and importance of good works; yea, even though they stand by themselves. But it is injured if they be sneered at and defamed, because, however you may explain and qualify, many will understand you to say, that, if there be faith and zeal, a good life is at best of only secondary importance. They will, therefore, make only secondary attempts to attain it. How many souls have been ruined in hypocrisy and spiritual pride through this mistake!

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Ellerton, of whom I spoke in the last chapter, was another added to the number of the "excellent of the earth," whom it had been my privilege to know. Some of the peculiarities of his religious faith, and those in pretty important particulars, were widely different, I had reason

to think, from those of any other good man I had met with. He did not believe in a tri-personal Deity; and this was a sort of unbelief, which I, like ten thousand others, looked upon with a vague sort of horror, I knew not whence nor why. For a long time, therefore, I could not believe that he was really so good a Christian as he seemed to be; and when it was impossible to doubt this, my next conclusion very naturally was, that Trinitarianism, though the truth, yet could not be essential to the Christian; for here was a Christian without it. This discovery did a great deal to set me a-thinking, and to enlarge my views. But its best and happiest consequence was to confirm me in my persuasion, that the great practical and vital principles of our religion are common to all believers. From this persuasion I have never varied. Experience has every year confirmed it; and it is still one of the most comforting convictions of my heart. I look forward, with the most delightful anticipations, to the day when I shall join in one communion the souls of those many good men whom I have honored and loved here, but from whose fellowship I have been shut out, by the miserable bars which prejudice and pride have put up amid the churches on earth.

But another important consequence was, that, not finding Arianism the monstrous thing I had imagined it, but, on the contrary, consistent with every Christian grace, I was led to look upon it with complacency. I felt ashamed of the prejudice I had suffered myself to entertain. I felt mortified and humbled, that I should have permitted myself to gather, from the wholesale censures of books, and the sweeping sneers of conversation, an inimical impression against the holders of an opinion of which I knew nothing. This was the precise fact. I did know nothing, absolutely nothing, about them. I *had examined* other opinions, but

not this. To this I had never turned my attention; had never asked a question about it, but had gone on in the way my father taught me, taking it for granted that I was right, and not so much as troubled with a suggestion that it was possible I might be wrong. I recollect perfectly well the first time the thought occurred to me. It was when I had become well acquainted with Mr. Ellerton's character, and had been striving in vain to reconcile it with his anti-Christian creed. The question seemed to be asked me, How do you know it *is* anti-Christian? I felt at once that I did not know, for I never had inquired. I cannot describe the sensation which passed over me, as this thought flashed through my mind. A cold thrill went through my frame, a tumult of thoughts crowded and agitated my mind. I soon felt that it was my duty to inquire, and know that whereof I would affirm; and in great anxiety of mind, and earnest supplication for heavenly guidance, I at once entered upon the investigation.

The first discovery I made was one which has been made by multitudes besides, but which filled me with inexpressible surprise. It was, that I was not, and never had been, a Trinitarian. When I came to see the definitions and explanations of the doctrine, and compared them with the state of my own mind, I found that I had used its language, but had never adopted its meaning. I had fallen into its use, just as I had fallen into the common language of men about the rising and setting of the sun — not because I believed what the words literally imply, but because it was the phraseology in common use where I lived. Trinitarian doxologies I had employed, because I had always heard them from childhood; but I found that I had never affixed to them Trinitarian notions. I found that I never had worshipped any being but the Father of Jesus Christ, and that

all my religious feelings were grounded on the supposition of his single divinity.

So, then, I thought to myself, I have been guilty of contemning and denouncing a sentiment which all the time I ignorantly held, and of thoughtlessly using language which implied a faith different from my actual opinion. This discovery humbled me to the dust. I could scarcely bear the burden of shame and reproach which my conscience heaped upon me. I have since found that this thoughtlessness is by no means uncommon. Inexcusable as it is, yet many have I known in precisely the same situation with myself. Indeed, I have reason to believe that the large majority of those educated in the orthodox faith are no more truly Trinitarian than I was, though they imagine themselves to be so; and I have accordingly found that, when they allow themselves to look fairly into the matter, they discover themselves to have been Unitarians all their lives without knowing it.

Had I been acquainted with this fact at the time of which I speak, it would have saved me much unhappiness. As it was, I had a long and painful labor to go through, in ascertaining whether my language or my opinions were the truth of revelation on this subject. The one or the other must necessarily be rejected as wrong. For two years I pursued the inquiry, with all the anxiety and impartiality of a conscientious mind. It would take too much room to detail the progress of my experience at this time. Suffice it to say, that I obtained complete satisfaction at last, and have been, ever since, happy in the simplicity and consistency of my Unitarian belief. I have known many pass through the same process, with an equally happy result; and many, I may add, with a result still more happy, because their minds were relieved by it from *the distressing* burden of other

ungenerous doctrines, which had preyed upon their spirits, and disquieted their lives, but from whose bondage I had been redeemed some time earlier. I cannot but remark here, how much is effected by the light of a good conversation. I was led to thinking, and won to the knowledge of the truth, by observing one man's Christian deportment. It would be well if Christians were generally aware, that they can produce no argument in their favor so powerful as a holy life. Thousands will understand it, and be convinced by it, whom no reasoning, though it were demonstrative, would at all affect. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.'

CHAPTER XIV.

It was in the summer of ——— that Mr. Garstone took up his residence in our village. It occasioned no little surprise and speculation in that retired place, that a stranger of education and property should select it for his abode. He built a commodious but small house, upon a little hillock by the side of a beautiful pond, which lay about a mile from the meeting-house. I never had seen him; but as soon as he had taken possession of his place, I felt it my duty to call and bid him welcome.

The room into which I entered impressed me at once with respect for the owner of the mansion; and, as I cast my eyes around on its neat and elegant comforts, I thought that I saw indications of taste and refinement beyond any thing to which I had been accustomed. A piano-forte — a *rarer luxury* then than now — stood open on one side, and

opposite to it a book-case, well and handsomely filled. I could give but a hasty look, when Mr. Garstone entered. He was apparently about fifty years of age, thin and pale, with a settled melancholy upon his countenance which sometimes approximated to sternness, and a manner reserved and cold. His appearance rather repressed the warmth with which I was disposed to greet him; and, after several ineffectual attempts to throw off the restraint which his manner imposed, I left him, disappointed and sad.

I looked in vain for his entrance to the meeting-house on Sunday, though his two daughters were there. They were dressed in deep mourning; and this, I thought, might account for their father's manners, though he had made no allusion to any affliction. I soon visited him again, and gradually we became a little acquainted. His wife, I found, had died about ten months previous; he had lost his only son just before, and had now bid farewell to the world, intending to spend the remainder of his life with his daughters in retirement. He attended to their education; he studied and read, and amused himself with the cultivation of his lands. He had an extensive acquaintance with books and subjects, and oftentimes would delight me with his animated and intelligent conversation. I derived much instruction from his society, and he seemed to take pleasure in mine. But all attempts to introduce religious conversation he uniformly set aside, and never attended public worship. This made me uneasy; and I longed to know why it was, that a man who was evidently unhappy, was yet willing to be a voluntary stranger to the consolations of religion.

It was not so with his daughters. They were little instructed in religion, but they took an interest in it. Indeed, as far as they had been *taught, they* felt its great truths

deeply, and exercised a profound piety. They were glad to converse when it happened — which was very seldom — that their father was not present; and I often thought that their countenances expressed sorrow that the subject must be dropped on his entrance. I one day expressed my surprise to them that their father should habitually absent himself from public worship. They replied that it had been so ever since their memory; and that they believed he did it from principle.

"Has he no sense of its importance and value?" said I; "does he feel nothing, think nothing, of the great truths of religion?"

"Alas!" replied the eldest, whose name was Charlotte, "I fear he thinks but too much, and feels too much. I have reason to suppose, although he never speaks of it, that it is this which lies at the bottom of his unhappiness, and that, if this burden could be removed, he would be a cheerful and happy man."

I looked at her for explanation. "Unreflecting men," said she, "may be happy without religious faith; for their habitual thoughtlessness excludes the subject from their minds. But a man who is in habits of reflection, and who cannot keep from his mind the thoughts of the Author of his being, and the great concerns of futurity, must be often wretched without a settled faith."

"It is true, then," said I, "as I have suspected, that your father is not a believer in the Christian religion?"

"It is," she replied; "and to you, who know him, this will account for all his appearance and habits. For how can such a man, who longs and pants for the refuge of its truths, be happy without them? He may have every thing else; but the want of these will leave an aching void, which *nothing* else can fill. O, what a blessed day it would be to

us all, which should make him a believer! He has every thing else to render himself and us happy; but for want of this, there is a bitter taste to every enjoyment, and discontent in every scene."

"Is he not aware of the cause of his dissatisfaction?" I asked.

"He is," replied Charlotte, "and yet he is not. That is to say, he acknowledges the power of the Christian faith in others, and I believe is truly happy that we possess it. But he will not allow that it would do any thing for himself. He insists that, in his literary and philosophical pursuits, he has all the satisfaction that the human mind can attain, and that nothing could add to his happiness. But it is very seldom he speaks on the subject. Indeed, he is so strongly prejudiced, that we avoid any allusion to it altogether. For I think he is the more violently positive from the very feeling he has, that there is an essential thing wanting. He tries in this way to stifle his feelings, and to convince himself that he wants nothing."

"I have seen something like this," said I, "in other cases; but I should not suspect it in your father. How is it that he is thus prejudiced?"

"It is partly," she answered, "his misfortune, and partly his fault—his misfortune, because in early life he was thrown into the midst of fanaticism and bigotry, which disgusted him, and rendered the whole system incredible to him; his fault, because he suffered prejudice to sway him, and did not deliberately institute an inquiry which should separate the false from the true, and show him that the system itself may be true and excellent, notwithstanding the follies of its friends."

"Can you state to me at length," said I, "the circumstances under which *these indelible* impressions were made?"

Before Charlotte could more than commence a reply to this question, Mr. Garstone came in, and conversation took a different turn. I returned home, deeply interested in what I had heard, and anxious to hear more.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT I had now heard interested me too much to suffer me to rest until I had learned more. The history of Mr. Garstone I found to be this: He was the son of parents whose religion partook of the character of austerity and superstition. He was educated in the most rigid restraint, and imbued diligently with the dogmas of the Assembly's Catechism. When he had grown to years of understanding, being of a strong mind and peculiarly susceptible feelings, his reflections on the subject of religion became earnest in the extreme, and occupied him day and night. A fear of God, rather dreadful than pleasant, as he expressed it, had always oppressed him, and it now made him miserable. The doctrines which he had learned in childhood he now began to understand and reason upon, and apply to himself. He saw that, if they were true, he was condemned by his birth to an eternal curse, which only the re-creating grace of God could remove. And this grace was appointed to visit only a chosen few. Was *he* one of those chosen? Should he ever taste this grace? Or was he to be abandoned by the discriminating Spirit of God to his horrible destiny?

Beneath the agony of heart which this personal application of his creed produced, he struggled long and wretch-

edly. His misery, he told me, was indescribable. His life, for months, was a burden of terror and torture. Every thing lost its relish, in the desperate attempt to gain satisfaction and hope, from what appeared to him the sentence of despair — a sentence which he was sometimes tempted to pronounce inconsistent with every attribute of justice and goodness. But this temptation he was taught to reject as blasphemous, and a foul instigation of the devil. He strove to smother every feeling of this nature, and, in spite of the clear demonstration, which, the more he reflected, the more strongly was forced upon him, he compelled himself to believe that all this might be so, and God still be just. In this tumult of contradictions, in this struggle of his mind to be reconciled to what he felt to be dreadful, and tried in vain to perceive to be right, two years of misery passed away, and health and cheerfulness passed away with them. Reading, reflection, tears, prayers, were all in vain. The counsel of friends was also vain; for his state of mind was a cause of congratulation to them, being, as they supposed, the struggle of the natural man in the throes of the new birth, from which he would come forth regenerate and rejoicing. They rather increased than allayed his perplexity. They rebuked his attempts to reason on the subject, and told him it was vain to hope for satisfaction, except only in that prostrate faith which God would give if he pleased, and when he pleased. They bade him, therefore, wait, and not be guilty of the blasphemy of trying God's ways by the rules of human reason.

He did wait, but to no purpose. He humbled himself, and strove to quell what was called his pride, and to believe the consistency of what appeared to him contradictory, and made it the burden of his prayer, that he might only find peace, and he would *willingly sacrifice* every other thing.

It was all in vain. No peace came. But, not to prolong the story, the powers of his mind at last triumphed. He found it impossible, after every effort, to attribute to the government of God what he had been taught to attribute to it. He gradually came to the determination that such a system could not be true, and he rejected it, as contradicting almost every high and holy truth which nature and common sense teach of the great Creator.

I could not help being deeply interested in this history. Unhappy man, thought I, thus driven away from the light and comforts of God's word! How different might have been the result, if he had been blessed with early opportunities like mine! He would have found help in his difficulties, as I did; he would have learned that the gospel of God's love is not implicated with any of those dogmas, "*at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded;*" and he might have received it in its native beauty and uncorrupted lustre,

"Majestic in its own simplicity;"

the ornament, support, guide, and joy of his soul, conducting him tranquilly through life, to an everlasting hope. But of all this he had been deprived. He had come to reject the gospel, from never knowing truly its real character. He had thrown away its peace, from having a counterfeit offered in its stead.

But though he had rid himself of this cause of trouble, he was far from tranquillity. His religious propensities were strong, and his education had been such as to associate ideas of the highest importance with the subject. His reverence for God was deep and habitual, his belief in a future state fixed, and his conviction that God had revealed himself to the world was too deep-rooted to be easily removed. There was a great deal, too, sublime, and beautiful, and

htful in the history, character, and teaching of Jesus, h he could not reconcile with his imposture, any more he could reconcile the doctrines he had been taught his truth. Here, then, was another distressing embar- ıent. At length, he strove to escape from it by avoiding ıbject altogether. He put away his Bible, he neglected c worship, he involved himself in other studies and ɜ pursuits, and tried to forget all he had ever known or ght about revealed religion.

ıt he could not succeed. It came to his thoughts in of him, and never suffered him to be at rest. His often misgave him; he became anxious, melancholy, , unsettled; an unbeliever, yet longing to believe; ng to think himself wiser and happier than others, yet tly hoping he should one day be like them; with a abhorrence of what had been urged on him as the liar doctrines of the gospel, yet conscious that human ɔm could have no light, and human weakness no hope, ɔt from the declared mercy of Heaven.

ch was Mr. Garstone when I knew him. And I may say, that I never have seen the man more deserving mpassion; nor can I imagine a more sad picture of eplorable effects of unbelief. I bent my knee in de- gratitude for the felicity I enjoyed in the glorious faith ıope of Christ, and breathed an earnest prayer, that I t be enabled to heal the errors, and comfort the spirit, s unhappy and mistaken man.

CHAPTER XVI.

My first object was to gain the confidence of Mr. Garstone; for it was, above all, important that he should not be prejudiced against the person who would endeavor to remove his prejudice against the Christian revelation. In this attempt I had reason to think that I did not fail; and, having secured his friendship, I lay in wait for an opportunity to use it.

I was not long in finding one. It was after the death of Mr. Ellerton, his friend and my friend. I spoke of his character, and of the loss we sustained in his removal, with the feelings of a friend, and of his prospect in a better world, with the hope of a Christian. I dwelt, at some length, on the assurance of our immortality, derived from the instructions and resurrection of Christ, and, with all the emphasis I could command, pictured the blessedness of a believer's hope. I could perceive that Mr. Garstone was moved. I had touched a string which vibrated powerfully to every word I uttered.

"These are delightful thoughts," he said, after a pause; "but ——— " He hesitated and stopped.

I took the word from his mouth. "But there is no assurance of this truth, except from the voice of revelation. All is doubt, except from the instructions of Jesus Christ. His resurrection makes all clear."

"Mr. Anderson," said my friend, "my respect for you, and for the opinions of those with whom I live, has always prevented me from obtruding my own sentiments on subjects of this nature. You cannot, however, be ignorant of my mind, and it were better, perhaps, that we should be silent where we cannot agree."

I felt that this was the decisive moment; and, with a violent effort, said the first thing that occurred to me, lest I should be unable to say any thing. "I know," said I, "that you have doubts as to the Christian revelation; but I hope they do not extend to the immortality of the soul. And I see not why we should not converse on the subject. I do long to know on what your doubts are grounded."

"I do believe in the immortality of the soul," he replied; "and for this very reason I cannot believe in the Christian religion. For how can I suppose that immortal beings are formed by their Creator, in a bondage so degrading and so hopeless as that system teaches; from which only a small proportion of them can ever be rescued, and they only by the sufferings and death of the Creator himself in human form? How can I imagine him to be divinely commissioned, who proclaims to me such horrors, and yet calls them glad tidings and a message of peace, though only calculated to harass and torment the soul, as they once did mine? It is true he teaches the doctrine of a future life; but how can I believe that life suspended on so unequal conditions?"

He spoke with a deep and convulsive emphasis, that showed how strongly he felt. I asked him if he saw no evidence in favor of Christ's pretensions.

He answered, that all the evidence in the world would not be sufficient to prove what all nature and reason contradict. "Who has tried to believe more than I?" he continued. "Who has more earnestly longed to believe? and who has been more wretched for want of believing? Yet I might as well have tried to persuade myself that I could walk upon a sunbeam. But it is all past; let us say no more about it. It is a subject on which I have not talked, nor read, for years. I cannot bear it."

But now that the ice was broken, and the first feeling over, I found him ready and disposed to converse, for he saw that he might entirely trust himself with me. I soon drew from him the acknowledgment, that there was much evidence in favor of the Christian system, too strong to be satisfactorily set aside; that the character of Jesus was inconsistent with imposture, "and not less so," he added, "with the doctrines which he taught;" and that a revelation was, in itself, neither an incredible nor an undesirable thing.

"Then it appears," I remarked, "that what decides you against it, is the character of the religion itself?"

"Yes, together with its consequences — the divisions and miseries of its followers."

"How long since you made up your mind in this way?" I inquired.

"More than twenty years," was the answer.

"And during this period you have not pursued the investigation at all?"

No — he had avoided the subject as much as possible — had read no books — held no conversation — not once opened the Bible.

I asked him if he thought it safe to put this confidence in the decision of his youthful judgment, and to retain this obstinate prejudice on so momentous a subject. I reminded him that Christians differ in understanding their religion; and how could he tell that another interpretation of it would not solve all his difficulties?

He said that, in his view, this very circumstance destroyed all its claims to the certainty of a divine origin; for if God should teach men, he would do it clearly, and leave no room to doubt his meaning.

I gave the obvious and satisfactory solution of this diffi-

culty, drawn from the moral nature and probationary state of man, and then went on with the topic I had commenced. I endeavored to show him that the objections he felt to the Christian system were, in fact, objections only to a certain mode of interpreting that system, and that, therefore, he had no right to reject it, unless he had satisfied himself, from faithful inquiry, that this was the only true interpretation. "For myself," said I, "I freely declare that I think it a very erroneous interpretation. I have hardly less dislike to it than you have yourself. I think it an incredible system. But I still receive the instructions of Jesus with the greatest delight and comfort. You have shut yourself out from these, by taking the representations of your Catechism for a true picture of the Bible, and never doing yourself the justice to ascertain whether they were so or not." I went on to expostulate on the unreasonableness of this conduct; I illustrated, at large, my own views of the Christian faith; I explained to him their consistency with the noblest reason and the best affections, with all we delight to think concerning God, and all we ought to do as moral agents; and I entreated him, by all that is dear and sacred, to open his mind once more to inquiry, to read the Scriptures again, and try to welcome Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life.

I was very earnest, and I did not speak in vain. Mr. Garstone once more opened the book which he had thrown by so long, and read it with the sober judgment of mature life; not interpreting it, as before, by the standard of Westminster, but by the light of a careful and sound comparison of itself with itself. Long and zealously he studied. Other matters were neglected, other studies put aside. Light on this great question he longed for, and he sought after it far and near. He did not pause till his mind settled in a firm conviction of the truth; *and with* devout and happy

faith he could exclaim, *I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.* And he was able afterward to add, *Though I die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.*

From this time he was an altered man. The change cannot be described, but it was evident in every habit of his life, and every feature of his face. His mind was at peace. He was happy. Often has he described to me the relief which he felt, as if a heavy burden were removed from his soul; and, instead of leaving the world a distressed and obstinate unbeliever, he died tranquilly, triumphant in faith, rejoicing in hope.

I have met with other instances not unlike this; and I find it refreshing to my soul, as the shadows of death approach, to reflect, that the faith which supports me I have known to vanquish confirmed infidelity, and bring home to the Savior those who had been wanderers from his peace. So let it support me in that hour!

CHAPTER XVII.

In the spring of the year, it was rumored that the old cottage on the hill, just at the edge of the village, was to be tenanted again. It had been for a long time out of repair, and considered not habitable. They must be extremely pressed by poverty, it was thought, who would be willing to make it their abode. And, as there is always supposed to exist an antecedent presumption against the wretchedly poor, it was a matter of lamentation, in the village circle, that we were to be troubled by vagabonds.

It was with no small surprise, therefore, that I was

requested by an interesting-looking girl, of about fourteen years of age, to come and see her mother, who, she said, had over-fatigued herself, and taken cold in moving into the cottage, and was quite ill. "We came but two days ago," said she; "and we are quite strangers here. But mother said the minister is always the friend of every body, and we can make bold to speak to him; so she sent me, sir, to beg you will please to step and see her."

The modest and respectful manner of the girl, whose tears stood in her eyes as she spoke, touched me; and, taking my hat, I immediately accompanied her to the cottage.

It was little better than a ruin. The roof and the walls let in the weather, the casements were crazy and the glass broken, the floors worn and unsafe, and the only habitable room gloomy and comfortless altogether. "It is but a sad place to which you have come," said I, as we approached it.

"I could hardly bear to come to it," said my guide; "but, then, mother says that peace may be found in a hovel, when it flies from palaces; and contentment is worth more than splendor. We have seen worse things than this, as well as better. She teaches me to make the best of every thing, as she herself does. But now she has got sick in trying to fix up this poor old place. The work was too hard, and the weather too exposing."

It was even so. The appearance of every thing, as we entered the door, bore marks of severe labor expended in the attempt to make the dwelling decent and comfortable. I was astonished that so much could be done in two days by two females. There was an air even of neatness in the apartment to which we were introduced. It was a small room, with but one window, of which half the panes were broken, and their places *supplied by* various substances,

which shut out the light as well as the wind. The only furniture was a bedstead, three chairs, a trunk, and a table, on which lay several books — evidently long used, but with care. The broken floor had been cleaned, and an old piece of carpeting was spread by the side of the bed on which the sick woman lay. The bedding was coarse, but perfectly clean; and it was impossible not to feel at once surprise, respect, and pity, for one who seemed so capable of adorning a better lot, and yet was condemned to one so wretched. This was my first feeling.

The invalid raised her languid head as I drew nigh, begging me to excuse the trouble she had given me. "But I was sick," she added, "and a stranger in a strange place; and I knew no one on whom to call, but the preacher of the gospel. I need help, and advice, and comfort. I have been cast off from the world, and have been seeking to fly to my God; and I felt that his minister would be ready to help me."

"It is our office," I replied, "in this way humbly to imitate our Master. We must bear one another's burdens; and I am happy that you applied to me at once. First of all, you need a physician, and I will send Dr. Bowdler to you immediately."

In fact, her whole appearance indicated a state of aggravated disease; and after a few more inquiries, which served but to heighten my interest in the mysterious stranger, I took my leave. The physician attended. The disease gained ground. I was every day at the house, and every day increased my wonder and sympathy. Benevolent ladies in the village gave their kind attentions, and much was done to alleviate the united sufferings of want and disease. The patient endured with fortitude and cheerfulness, and seemingly with a spirit of religious acquiescence. At length, the

violence of the disorder gave way, and she became able to converse freely, but was evidently sinking and wasting in a settled decline. In my frequent conversations with her, I learned the circumstances of her past history, and the misfortunes which had brought her to her present situation. These were fully confirmed by testimony from other sources, and I soon felt that she had a claim upon the kindness of all who could serve her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Holden — for such I found the name of our invalid to be — was the daughter of a minister, in a small village near the metropolis. She was unfortunately subjected to the care of a step-mother, who sought to compensate for her want of affection and maternal fidelity, by care to forward her young charge in those external accomplishments which might most attract the notice of spectators, while the more solid and important branches of education were neglected. Gay, inexperienced, untaught, and regarding the world before her but a scene of enjoyment, she relieved herself from a guardian whom she despised, by marrying, in her seventeenth year, a handsome and dashing young man from the capital. Thither she removed with him; but, alas! not to realize her visions of felicity. Beauty and gayety availed her little. Her spirits sank, and her bloom faded under the cares of a growing family, and the unkindness of a brutal husband. Years rolled on, but brought no peace with them. The fireside had no comfort, and the evening return of him, who should have been her best *friend*, was the signal for

tears instead of smiles. The morning had no cheerfulness in its beams, that roused her only to toil and weariness. And the lonely day of labor and privation was darkened by the anticipation of unkindness and abuse at its close.

Her life was thus wretched without alleviation or hope. Her father died soon after her marriage, and she was left, with neither brother nor sister, to depend only upon a husband, who laughed at the oath by which he had bound himself to her, and sported with her misery who had none to befriend her but himself. Her children — a *mother's* heart cannot be without something like bliss; but this in hers was bitter as the tears that fell in showers upon them, when she watched over them in her deserted home.

At length a new evil came upon her. Her two youngest children sickened, faltered, and died. In the same week, they passed away together, and slept in one grave. Even the father's soul was touched; and, as he wept with her over their pale forms, she enjoyed the first hour of domestic sympathy which she had known for years. But it was only an hour; and she felt herself doomed to drink a cup of tenfold bitterness, now that she had lost two of the only three objects which attached her to the world, or made life sufferable. She did not know, short-sighted woman, that her Father, who had given her the cup to drink, had also sweetened for her its draught.

A mixed feeling of pride, shame, and obstinacy, had made her, for a long time, as it makes many, a stranger to God's house. Her thoughtless childhood and youth had given her no sufficient religious impressions; and when she could not go to meeting for display, she knew no desire to go for worship. The trouble and disappointment of her married state she had attributed solely to her husband's misconduct; and they had therefore never led her heart to God, but had rather

been suffered to exasperate her spirit, and keep her in obstinate alienation from him. But now the cause of her sorrow was changed; she perceived it to be from a superior Power; and her heart was softened. A near minister came to pray at the funeral of her little ones; and while she listened to the voice of his serious and affectionate sympathy, the remembrance of her early days and of her father's prayers came over her, and she wept convulsively. How often is the heart, which had long been sleeping and dead, awakened by the recollections of a pious home! He visited her; he conversed with her; he spoke to her of her Maker; he revived her remembrance of a Savior; he pointed out to her the light, the comfort, the promises, the peace of the blessed gospel. She listened, and was persuaded. She perceived that she had found the friend whom she needed. She felt that no one need be alone or comfortless in God's world. She found occupation for her troubled thoughts, objects for her wandering affections, and was able to forget the irritations and trials of her lot; or, when she could not forget them, to bear them calmly and cheerfully. She had become a Christian; and, weary and heavy-laden as she was, she found rest to her soul.

"You, who have always known the happiness of a religious mind," said she, — "you, who have never had experience of the vacancy of soul, which belongs to those who have neither comfort on earth nor hope in heaven, — cannot readily conceive of the change which now took place in my feelings and my whole existence. I seemed to have come into a new world. Every thing wore a new aspect. I could hardly believe it was myself who was now bearing quietly, what had before been an intolerable burden. I was astonished to find myself smiling and happy — not happy, perhaps, but contented — amidst scenes *which had* before only irritated

and made me wretched. My husband was still negligent and unkind, my lovely infants were still among the dead, my days were still solitary, and my food scanty and poor. But these had become smaller evils, for my thoughts and affections had something else to rest upon. Religious truth had become interesting to me. The Sabbath led me abroad to worship, and thus gave variety to my life, excitement to my mind, and peace to my heart. The Bible and other good books gave me some new topic of wonderful and delightful contemplation every day. I was engaged, with an eagerness I never had felt before, in teaching and guiding my only surviving child; for I felt a new responsibility in her behalf. I thus became too much occupied to think of my troubles; or, at least, when sometimes they would intrude themselves, I had a refuge from them, and could drive them from my mind. When they were at the worst, I knew where I could find comfort; for God's ear was open to me; and in pouring out my sorrows before his mercy-seat, I at any time could relieve my full heart of its burden. Mr. Anderson," continued the invalid, checking the animation with which she had been speaking, "I freely say this to you, for you can sympathize with me. You will not count me either boasting or enthusiastic; for you know what is the power of religious trust. You feel what I mean, when I say, that the promise was fulfilled to me—*I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me, because he trusteth in me.*"

I did indeed understand her, and rejoiced to witness the efficacy of that *faith, which* OVERCOMES THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

I go on with the continuation of Mrs. Holden's history. It was appointed to her to endure a long and severe trial of her faith. She had felt, as all are so apt to feel in the first experience of religious purposes, that she was ready for any thing; that nothing could now seem hard to her; that no temptation could be too powerful for her; that any yoke would be easy, and any burden light. She little knew what Providence had in store for her. It pleased God to prove her severely, to try her in the hottest furnace of affliction; and it needed faith and fortitude, like that of the "three children" of old, to pass unharmed and triumphant through the flame.

When affliction does not soften and amend, it hardens and makes worse. Thus it happened to Mr. Holden. The death of his two children had been heavily felt by him, but not as the providence of God. He murmured and complained. His spirit was rebellious. His feelings were exasperated, as if wrong had been done him. He became more irritable and sullen, and hurried with greater devotion than ever to the scenes of irregular pleasure; attempting thus to supply from worldly sources that void which his wife was seeking to fill from the living streams of heavenly truth. But he found them broken cisterns, which could hold no water.

In vain did his wife strive to lead him to those truths which were sustaining her. He obstinately refused to listen, and angrily forbade the very naming of the subject. And although the serenity and evident contentment of her mind might have proved to him that the part she had chosen was indeed *good, yet he sullenly* endeavored rather

to destroy, than to partake, her peace. He was angry that she should be happy while he was discontented. Her very sweetness and forbearance were new occasions of offence; and the more she submitted to his injustice, and strove by mild patience to pacify and win him, the more did he brutally persevere in wounding her feelings, and increasing her privations. Would that I were recording a strange and solitary case! But alas! many are the meek wives and pious mothers who have thus suffered beneath the unmanly persecution of men who had sworn to be their protection, but who were afterward wedded to pleasure and sin, and who vented their insane revenge even on the humblest means which were used as a refuge from their violence.

Mr. Holden proceeded from step to step, till he had forbidden the visits of the minister, and destroyed every book but the Bible, and that she was obliged carefully to conceal. These were grievous privations, and bitter were the tears which they drew from her. But she redoubled her diligence in the instruction of her daughter, and found her Sabbaths tenfold a delight. Even this, however, was to be denied her. In a fit of drunken brutality, he swore that she should go to church no more; and, to make effectual his threat, he destroyed the few decent garments which she had reverently reserved for the service of the temple. This was a heavy cross; but a heavier yet was awaiting her. He had long threatened to remove from her their daughter, who, he said, should not stay to be spoiled by a moping, spiritless, whining woman. In vain she entreated, and prayed, and resisted. Her misery was his sport, and he tore the child away — whither to be borne, or by whom to be educated, she could not learn.

Her cup seemed now to be full. Every earthly solace was gone, every human hope destroyed. Alone, deserted,

unfriended, nothing seemed left her but misery and despair. "For a long time," said she, "I was stupefied and amazed. These repeated blows appeared to have stunned me, and I sat and walked with vacant and bewildered stupidity. But at last it occurred to me, that God had purposely withdrawn every earthly and visible good, that he might prove me, whether I could be satisfied with heavenly and invisible good alone; whether I could trust him, as I had thought I could, in the darkness as well as in the light." This reflection brought her to herself. She humbled herself, and asked for faith. She stretched her eyes upward, and looked steadfastly on the clouds and darkness of the eternal throne, until she discerned the righteousness and mercy which rest at its foundation. She thus found peace, but it was sad, and trembling, and alarmed. She was like the timorous dove, that, fleeing from the violence of the vulture, takes refuge in the bosom of a man, but for a long time flutters and trembles, unable to quell its agitation, though it knows that its hiding-place is secure.

There is a point beyond which the heart of an abused wife and a desolate mother is unable to bear. It must be relieved, or it must break. To this point the ill fortunes of Mrs. Holden had nearly brought her, when the overruling Power, which had permitted her trial, interposed for her deliverance. Her husband died the miserable death of a drunkard, brutish, delirious, hopeless—without preparation or warning for himself, and with only horror and agony for his wife.

In the language of the world, this removal would be called a relief; and so it was, and so she could not but regard it. But what a relief! Only an exchange of sufferings. For when one has loved some object dearly and devotedly, been united *with it for years*, watched for it, prayed

for it, suffered for it, — there is nothing which can eradicate the affection from the heart. No unkindness can destroy it, no ingratitude or harshness can cancel it. It may be wounded and blighted; it may seem so crushed and broken as never to revive again. But death awakens it to life. The early love of the young heart returns in all its strength, and sorrow for the friend whom we had once adored is tenfold imbittered by the thought that we must sorrow as those without hope.

When Mrs. Holden saw that life was departed, the feelings of former time rushed to her bosom, and she remembered nothing but that he was the chosen and kind lover of her happiest days. All wrong was forgotten and forgiven, and she indulged freely in that reverie of grief, which feasts on the images of days that are past, and the shadows of pleasures that are long gone by. But from this the reality soon called her. The hope of finding her daughter occupied her whole mind, and the search for her became her only care. For a long time it was vain, and was successful at last only by one of those strange turns of fortune which men call accident, but in which she was willing to recognize the hand of Heaven. "I had once," said she, "regarded the singular coincidences of life as the mere accidental creations of chance; but my suffering and my faith had made me wiser. I had learned to trace them to the kindness of my Father. And when my dear child, so long lost, so long sought in vain, and at length unexpectedly restored, was again folded in my arms, — O, I am sure that any one, who could know how the rapture of that moment was enhanced by a certainty that God had done it, would earnestly seek to increase the happiness of life by an habitual acknowledgment of an overruling Providence. It brightens joy as much as it comforts sorrow."

CHAPTER XX.

The hasty outline which I have given of Mrs. Holden's history is sufficient to explain the character of the woman, whose loneliness and sufferings drew the sympathy of the whole village. A life of disappointment, toil, and privation, had made early inroads on her constitution, which was now slowly sinking, in torture and pain, to a state of final exhaustion. But her spirit bore all cheerfully, and passed, with almost an angel's serenity, the fearful avenue to the grave.

"I cannot be sufficiently grateful," said she one morning, "to the Providence which has cast my lot unexpectedly among so kind friends. I have every thing that I could wish; more than I need; and O, how much more than I deserve! After a stormy and perilous passage, I am not suffered to be wrecked, but am led to this quiet haven. And yet," she added, with a sigh, "there is one thing wanting to my peace — one duty that my soul longs to perform."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"To commemorate my Savior's love," she replied, "in his appointed ordinance."

I told her that I would willingly administer it in her chamber, if she wished; for although not customary, yet, as a means of comfort and faith, it should not be refused.

"Alas!" said she, "I have never made a profession of religion. I do not belong to any church."

I expressed my surprise at this, having taken it for granted, from what I had heard of her story and perceived of her feelings, that she had long been a communicant in the church of Christ.

"It is not my fault," *said she;* "at least I trust not, for

God knows how earnestly I have desired it. I thought it my duty; I longed for it as my dearest privilege; I thirsted for it as essential to the peace of my soul. But I have been debared—if through my own fault, may God have mercy on me. But I trust not. I tried to remove the obstacle. I would have done it if I could, but I was unable. My conscience does not reproach me."

"What has this obstacle been?" I inquired.

"It has arisen from my religious opinions," said she. "When I received my first permanent impressions of religion, after the death of my dear children, they were owing, under God, to the sympathy and instructions of the worthy minister who visited me. At that time, when all was horror and despair within me, he showed me the character and providence of God, explained his dealings, pointed me to his revelation in Christ, and thus led me to that trust and peace in which I have since rejoiced. But before I could feel myself at liberty to profess my faith, the interference of my cruel husband had cut me off from all religious privileges. After his death, I removed to another place. And there I hoped to testify and strengthen my religious purposes, by a profession before the world and communion with the church. But my desire to do so was rejected."

"Upon what ground was it rejected?" said I.

"I will relate the circumstances at length," said Mrs. Holden. "After residing in the village nearly a year,—for in a situation of poverty and obscurity I could not sooner be sufficiently known to the inhabitants,—I made known to the minister my history, and especially my religious convictions, concerning which he inquired minutely, and appeared to be satisfied. But I found that, in order to admission to the church, I must give my assent to a particular list of doctrines, which were contrary to my convictions. This

was a severe disappointment. 'Is there no dispensation?' I asked. 'Can I be admitted to my Master's table on no other conditions?'

"'On none other, certainly,' replied he. 'It is Christ's church, and I can dispense with nothing which he requires.'

"'And *does* he require all these articles to be believed?' said I. 'Some of them appear contradictory, some unreasonable, and some I do not remember in the Scriptures.'

"Mr. Welston seemed surprised, and endeavored to convince me of my error. But the truths which had consoled and supported me, in which I had rejoiced and hoped, were not the doctrines of a depraved nature, election and reprobation, and the saving of only a few by the suffering in their stead of the second person in the Trinity. I had not so learned Christ, and was unable to assent to his expostulations. He at length told me that I needed to be humbled; that my pride of reason must be rebuked ere I could receive the testimony of God.

"This cut me to the heart. I *had been humbled* — thoroughly, bitterly humbled; and, if I know myself at all, I was willing and glad to cast myself unreservedly on God's word. What else had I? Where else could I go? That word was every thing to me. I had not a desire, or wish, or hope, except what rested there. To be thus suspected of proudly opposing it, — to be accused of trusting to myself, when my whole heart leaned on God, — seemed cruel. I felt it deeply, and wept bitterly.

"Here was a new trial. It seemed as if my faith must be in every possible way exposed, that it might be proved what it could endure. I found myself looked upon with an evil eye, and regarded as an enemy to that religion which was my only friend, and for which I was ready to sacrifice every thing. I was treated as *dishonoring* my dear Lord, whose

name was a precious balm to my spirit, and rebelling against the authority of God, to whom it was my first desire and study to be submissive. For the first time in my life, I found religious truth made the subject of controversy. I had got where the Christian standard was composed of party materials. I found that devotion, meekness, humility, charity, and good works, love to God, love to man, and an unspotted life, were not thought to constitute a disciple; and that men judged of the Christian, not by the graces that he exhibits, but by the articles of faith he subscribes. My own case, therefore, was hopeless. I had been mainly anxious for the Christian heart and life, and my articles were of a different complexion. Unhappy as I was made by being obliged to defend them, I yet could not renounce them; unhappy as I was, to be denied the privilege of owning and honoring my Lord, yet I had no alternative, for I could not assent to a confession which he had not taught me.

"Under this disappointment I have lived year after year. Wretched, indeed, has it sometimes made me; more wretched now, as the end of life approaches, for my soul longeth, yea, panteth, for the consolation of this communion with Jesus. I trust that it is not an act essential to my salvation; but I feel that it would greatly conduce to my peace. And all that I desire on earth would be complete, if this one further blessing could be allowed me before I go hence."

It was one of the happy moments of my life, when I assured this pious sufferer that her desire should be granted. I had had abundant evidence to satisfy me that she exercised an acceptable faith; and the church did not hesitate to welcome to their communion one who was evidently to be, in so short a period, admitted to the higher communion of the church in heaven.

It was on the bright afternoon of a beautiful Sabbath, that,

accompanied by a few friends, I visited the lowly abode of the dying believer, to administer this token of her faith and instrument of her consolation. Her wasted form was supported by pillows on the low bed. Her wan cheek was flushed slightly with the excitement of expectation, and her eye lighted up with a peculiar and animated lustre. Her trembling daughter stood over her, and the silent company gazed with sympathy and admiration, till the holy service commenced; and then I trust that all hearts were absorbed in the act of devotion. It was a poor hovel, and a passenger might have cast upon it a look of compassion and disgust, at the wretchedness which must inhabit it. But the scene that was transacting within, where faith and patience were serenely waiting the summons of death, and religious friendship was kneeling around the couch as an altar, and presenting supplications in the name of Him who died for man, — this was a scene at which it was a privilege to be present, and which more than changed the cottage to a palace. The whole soul of the dying Christian seemed collected in her countenance. It seized upon and responded to every expression of faith, penitence, gratitude, and hope. And when the service was closed, and she sunk back exhausted, we gazed upon it as it had been the face of an angel. She said with a faint smile, "Now I can depart in peace;" and before the smile had faded from her cheek, death set its seal there forever.

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HOW TO SPEND HOLY TIME.

HOW TO SPEND HOLY TIME.

CHAPTER I.

SATURDAY EVENING.

One can hardly picture to himself a more grateful scene than is presented by the close of Saturday afternoon in the country. Every thing seems to indicate satisfaction at approaching repose. The laborers, as they return to their homes, bearing the implements of toil, and attended by their cattle, carry, in their very movements, signs of pleasure that their toils are ended. The weary oxen, as they step sluggishly along, appear conscious of their weekly respite; and the softening light of the west sympathizes with the feelings of the sentient creation. As one looks upon such a rural scene at the close of a bright summer's day, while the increasing stillness intimates that it begins to draw toward the first day of the week, he may well be reminded of Southey's beautiful description of the "holy night,"

> "When all created things know and adore
> The Power that made them; insects, beasts, and birds,
> The water-dwellers, herbs, and trees, and stones,
> Yea, earth and ocean, and the infinite heaven
> With all its worlds. * * * The prayer
> Flows from the righteous with intenser love,
> A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
> Visit the slumbers of the penitent." *

* *Thalaba, IX.*

It was on such an evening, when the sun had just given his parting look to the blooming and weary world, that David Ellington had come home from his work, and was seated, with his little family, at the evening meal. The day had been sultry, and the air was close and oppressive. Jane had therefore taken the table out from the confined apartment into the open air, and spread it under the shadow of the great tree behind the house. There they sat in the cool of the calm twilight, their spirits as even as the hour; and some philosophers might be puzzled to know whether the expression of the scene without had done most to give the temper to their minds, or the state of their minds bestowed its beauty on the scene. David and Jane were no philosophers; but the thought naturally occurred to them, and they gave the question their own solution.

"One would almost fancy," said Jane, "that the very sky and air were full of feeling and thought. How can they have so much expression of the soul, without any soul?"

"He who made them," replied David, "cannot but give an expression to all that he makes; it all bears the mark of his hand; it is therefore adapted to excite feeling in the souls who observe it. The works he has made are suited to the souls he has made."

"And it seems to me that they address the heart just as words do. They mean something, and the eye receives their meaning as the ear does the meaning of words. It seems to me there is no difference, excepting that words are more distinct."

"In that respect, the beauty of such an evening as this is like poetry, which suggests sentiment rather than distinct thought; or perhaps more like music, which brings on a certain state of feeling, and not a definite train of ideas. A piece of music stirs up my feelings or puts me in a rev-

eric, and so does a beautiful prospect or a sweet summer's evening."

"That reminds me of what we read of Wilberforce the other day. Speaking of flowers, he said that they seemed to him like the smile on the Father's countenance. So all the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God; and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. This accounts for the *expression* I spoke of. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a divine presence which makes it lovely."

"As Cowper says," pursued David,

> "'His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
> Makes all still fairer.'

But if one perceive not his presence, a great element of beauty and pleasure is gone."

"The beauty remains, and the divine expression is in it; but the capacity is wanting to perceive it. If we had no eyes, we should know nothing of it; if we had only eyes, without feeling, we should know little of it; and we know most of it at those hours when our hearts are most softened by holy thoughts and devout affections. There is never so much beauty in it as on the Sabbath, or perhaps Saturday evening, when we are enjoying the luxury of a passage from toil to repose."

But it will not do to repeat all that was said, though it might help to show how easily the simple and thoughtful can turn to a spiritual channel the conversation suggested by casual circumstances. If men would speak out more freely what is passing within them, there would be less idle talking.

It was not long before they were interrupted by the arrival of their neighbor, *John Smith.* John had evidently been

making an effort at improvement since his morning conversation with David; and he occasionally sought an opportunity to renew the talk with him. So he dropped in now, as he said, just to pass away an hour in friendly chat; for he really did not know what to do with himself.

"The fact is," said he, "Saturday evening is the hardest night in the week to get rid of. 'Tis not exactly reputable or proper to be pushing about in the same way as on other evenings, and yet one does not like to be moped up at home. It is neither work day nor Sunday."

"What is it then?" said David.

"Why, it's something between the two."

"That's the beauty of it to me," said David, "and the very reason why I like it. It is particularly delightful to have a little season of transition between the common affairs of the world and the sacred duties of the Sabbath. I should not like to rush suddenly and without preparation from the one to the other; and this quiet evening is an excellent time for preparation."

"But for my part," answered Smith, "I do not see that any particular preparation is necessary; and I have heard you say a hundred times, that a good man will live so as to have every day a Sabbath as well as Sunday, and be ready, at one time as well as another, to join immediately in prayer."

"Not a hundred times, John; perhaps two or three."

"Well, not exactly a hundred, to be sure," said Smith, smiling at David's precise way of correcting his extravagance in speech; "not exactly a hundred times; but I am sure I have heard you say so, and I have heard it from the pulpit."

"Very true; and I will not take it back. A man should *make every* hour holy, and be every minute prepared for

worship or for death. But very few men have ever reached such a perfection; and, therefore, we have no right to act as if we had, and put aside special occasions of preparation. We need them so much the more now, because we hope, by and by, to need them less."

"But don't you suppose that one would get on faster if he were to begin with making all days alike?"

"No, not at all; and for this reason;—if he were to begin so, he would make Sunday like a week day, and not the week days like Sunday; he could not avoid this. And just so it has happened with all that I ever knew attempt to act on this principle. It was perfectly impossible for them to live every day a life of sober, devout, contemplative deportment, such as belongs to the Sabbath and to Heaven: they were not advanced enough in holiness for that; and, therefore, all they could effect toward making all days alike was to make Sunday a common day. By this means they did make all alike, but they deprived themselves of a great aid to religious improvement, and their characters perceptibly lost ground. Instead of getting six more Sabbaths in the week, as they pretended to do, they lost the one they had."

"Then I don't see but that you would give up the six days to the world, and confine religion to the seventh."

"I did not say that, did I? And you don't suppose I meant it, do you?"

"Why, perhaps not; but I don't see why it does not follow. For you allow men to be less religious on other days than on Sunday."

"No, that is not what I mean. A man is never allowed to be any thing else than a religious man; he may not be irreligious any day. But, then, when he is in the midst of business, and so forth, in *common life*, he is likely to have

his thoughts diverted, and his feelings ruffled, and to be put off his guard, and be tempted in a hundred different ways. He must be very strong and confirmed in a holy life to be able to get through it all without offence. And how is he to become strong enough? By the help of the Sabbath; by resting, thinking, reading, worshiping, on that one day, away from the world and in communion with God. He will then go back to the world stronger and stronger every week, and thus make every week more and more like a perpetual Sabbath. Just suppose, if you please, that a man were once a week taken away from the earth and transported into heaven; that there he joined in the pleasures and conversation of its pure inhabitants, and learned to make an exact comparison between their condition and that of men upon earth. How would he feel on returning to the world? Would he not look on it with different eyes? Would he not go about its business with his thoughts full of that better world, and would he not be anxious to live so as to become worthy of possessing it hereafter? Why, John, if you were to spend every Sunday actually among the blessed spirits of heaven, you would be haunted by the thought of it all the week long, and, after a while, you would find no happiness in a day which was not spent in as devout a frame as any Sabbath. Don't you think so?"

"To be sure," said Smith; "it could not be otherwise; that is clear enough. And I do not think I should be sorry if it happened to me."

"For I suppose you are not satisfied with your present state," said David, in a tone of half question.

"How can I be?" John asked; "and yet I do not see how I can help it. What can a poor ignorant man like me do?"

"That brings us to the very point," said David. "If

could spend one day a week in the real heaven, you : you should have no difficulty; and I think so too. as that is impossible, you must do the next best thing,— h is, to use the Sabbath for the same end. It seems to hat this is precisely the design of it, and that it may precisely this effect. It is intended to be a miniature en, a specimen of what shall be, an occasion for show- he contrast between a worldly and a divine life; and if will so occupy the day as to get yourself fully into its t, and to taste the enjoyment of a serene and worshiping e of mind, you will find yourself affected by it on Mon- and Tuesday; all life will take a complexion from it; the renewing of this state of soul every Sabbath for ths and years, will, by and by, make it the settled state our soul. So that at last you will live just as if you had y gone up to heaven once a week, and seen with your eyes its glories."

But you do not suppose that heaven is a mere place of and pious meditation, do you? It seems to me it : be something more; there must be something *doing* ."

Yes, undoubtedly; but, then, whatever is done must be cordance with a certain state of mind and heart. That is essential to the happiness of heaven; neither the t of heaven can be done without it, nor its pleasure en- l. So that the important thing is, to get the soul into state. When this is accomplished, the satisfaction and ctivity will follow. And this, I think, is the excellence e Sabbath. Six days we are to labor and do our work; ught to do it in a religious spirit; and that we may be so to do it, the seventh is made a holy day, which may us back to our work refreshed and thoughtful."

Just as Watts *expresses it in* one of his hymns," said

Jane, "when he says that public worship is *like a little heaven below;* and then he adds, —

> 'Nor all my pleasures, nor my play,
> Shall tempt me to *forget* this day.'"

"But for my part, unhappily," said Smith, "I do not find Sunday so much like heaven; and I forget it almost as soon as it is over."

"How happens that?"

Smith said he could not account for it; he supposed it was so with most people; he could not find that Sunday had much influence on men during the week. This led to a good deal of discussion on the value and operation of Christian institutions, and the cause of their apparent inefficacy. A great many reasons were assigned, some very obvious, some very frivolous; but all, taken together, showed a quantity of obstructions, on the part of society and of individuals, which made Jane say, at last, that it was almost wonderful Christianity had any effect at all; for it seemed to be the business of men to counteract it as much as possible. "If they were to set themselves, on purpose, to destroy its impression," she said, "they could hardly invent surer means of doing it, than by the habits they at present indulge."

"There is a sad mistake in all this thing," said David; "and for aught I see, it is growing worse every day. Even those from whom you would least expect it, fall into the current, and help to promote the evil. It is only last week that Mr. Hertson, on returning from the city, was telling me of what took place there lately. A great party was given on Saturday evening, where were dancing and other amusements till after midnight. The street was crowded with carriages, and the noise and confusion interrupted the repose of the whole neighborhood. And who do you suppose were *guilty of this* indecency? Who were they that committed

this outrage on the feelings of the sober people of the city, and the established manners of the place? Why, you would suppose, of course, it could only be the merely frivolous and worldly, who hold in scorn all serious things. And so I said to Mr. Hertson. But no: he said there were present many persons of respectable standing; church-going people, who counted themselves good Christians; communicants, who professed to love the institutions of religion, and to be desirous of their good influences. There they were, desecrating the holy season by untimely revelry, disturbing the quiet of their more devout neighbors, and bringing a scandal on the cause of religion."

"But I dare say it was done thoughtlessly," said Smith; "I do not suppose they *meant* to do all this harm."

"Thoughtlessly!" cried David. "What right could they have to be thoughtless in so grave a matter? That is itself a sin in a case like this. To go to work deliberately, by a preparation of several days, to spend a whole night in unfitting themselves for public worship, and then to plead that they did not think of doing harm, is a ridiculous aggravation of the offence. It proves that they had no proper sense of the meaning and worth of the Sabbath, either to themselves or others. If they had, they would have cut off their right hands, before they would have done what was so certain to unfit them for the right use of the next day. I should like to know how many of them staid away from church in consequence; how many slept at church; how many were thinking all church time of the pleasant or unpleasant occurrences of the evening, instead of worshiping God. I should like to know what was the state of the house in which the indecorum was perpetrated; and who was responsible for the waste of time, and the ill example to the domestics and dependants. *Mr. Hertson* says that he was told

such things are not common; but it is clear that whoever introduces or countenances them ought to be regarded as an enemy to the community in which he dwells, and an abettor of irreligion and sin."

"But we do not have such doings out here in the country."

"No, thank God; but if other bad fashions of town get into the country at last, this will too. And, indeed, I fear that we have not much to boast of. We do not throw away our holy opportunities in the same manner, but we are far from using them as we should. Even you, John, who are one of the quiet people, began with complaining that Saturday evening is a heavy time; and now you add, that Sunday is not very profitable to you. And why? The only reason must be, that you misuse it. You do not make it a business to prepare for it as it approaches, and to make the most of it as it passes."

John admitted that this was the case, and added, that he should be very glad to be guided to the best methods. The conversation did not soon come to a close; but what its purport was, and what were its results, cannot now be related.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY NOON.

A REFLECTING Christian often wonders at the apparently trifling efficacy of religious institutions; he perplexes himself to comprehend how it is that such multitudes hear *preaching*, and yet so few profit by it. A yet greater won-

der is it, at times, that he himself should be so little the better for his attendance on services of whose value he thinks himself deeply sensible. The minister occasionally tries to explain the matter in a sermon; but his explanation is only partially satisfactory: what seem to him the chief causes do not appear such to men in more exposed walks of life, and the speculations of different active men on the subject differ as much as their various personal experience. Some ascribe it to the weakness of the preachers, and some to the inattention of the hearers; some to internal, and some to external causes; and many, in striving to satisfy their minds on the point, forget to keep a watch over the only causes which are of any moment to themselves.

It is not strange, therefore, that, when Mr. Hertson had preached a sermon from the text, "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in those who heard," there was a good deal of speculation among his hearers as to the justness of his views. Some thought that he refined too much, some that he was not sufficiently discriminating, some that he made too much of faith, some that he was not sufficiently practical, and some that he did not make allowance for the hinderances which the world throws in the way of piety. So they began at the church door, and, as the several parties separated on their way home, they carried on the discussion. If it be one aim of a preacher to make people think, he certainly had hit the mark that once at least.

As no one in the parish lived farther from church than David Ellington, it happened that those who walked the same road with him kept up the discourse during the whole distance; and he had an opportunity to hear opinions on all the different points that were started. When this had

been done, and neighbor after neighbor had dropped away, each at his own threshold, Jane turned to her husband, and said, "So, if we may trust what we have been hearing on all sides, preaching does no good, and yet nobody is to blame for it."

"Except the minister," replied David.

"Nay," said his wife, "even Dr. Pillerton, who spoke most harshly, acknowledged that, after all, the preacher does enough to be the making of any man who would take heed to his words. So that, for aught I see, the minister also is free from blame, like every body else; and we have only to wonder how this dreadful waste of religious influences is to be accounted for."

"And yet, meantime, nothing is more easily accounted for, if you will take it up in single cases, and examine them one by one. Men are puzzled, because they want to see through all Christendom at once; but they will find there is no puzzle at all, if they will just sit down and each decide his own case. Describe to me any man's life, and I will tell you at once why it is that preaching does him no good."

While he was saying this, neighbor Smith, who had been walking ahead of our carpenter and his family, and, now that none else was in their company, desired to join himself to them, had turned back and caught the last sentence. He too had evidently been musing on the topic of the day, and gave vent to his feelings by exclaiming bitterly, "I don't believe that it does any body any good."

"Why, Mr. Smith," exclaimed Jane, "you speak as if you had received a personal affront."

"Then I am sure I ask pardon," said John. "I spoke quick, to be sure, because I had been trying to make it out *straight* all the way, and I can't do it. I don't see why

preaching should not do good, and yet I'm sure it never did any good to me, and I do not see that it does much good any where. Now, take this very town, and go over it from one end to the other, and count the people on your fingers, and consider — "

David interrupted him. "That's the very reason you get so puzzled; you undertake too much; you would explain the case of a thousand people at once, when, perhaps, you are hardly able to explain one. Let us take one at a time. Let us begin with John Smith; and when we understand his case, we will go to his next neighbor, David Ellington, and sift him; and so on, from door to door."

"Well," said John, "it's chiefly my own case that I care about, and that makes me feel so bad. I don't know that all the sermons I ever heard have done me the least good in the world."

"Very well; now the question is, Why? Is it because the sermons were poor and unable to do good?"

"I cannot say that of all of them. Some poor preaching I have heard, and I have heard some very fine preaching that was worse than the poor; but, on the whole, there has been more that was good. And that, in fact, makes the difficulty. Sermons are very excellent, for the most part, — very; and yet they don't make me any better."

"Then we must seek another cause. I had a neighbor once, who possessed a comfortable house, and a capital lot of ground to till, orchard, mowing-ground, cattle, and a wife who was an admirable dairy-woman. There was not a man in town with a better opportunity to lead a thrifty, forehanded, prosperous life. What was the reason that he did not? People wondered, when they looked at his fine farm, why in the world it was that the poor man was always be-

hindhand and going down hill. What was the reason? It could not be the farm — what was it?"

John did not answer, for he more than suspected that his friend was beginning to make a parable out of his own history.

"No," continued David, "it was not the farm that was in fault, but the farmer. He did not use his opportunities; he neglected his land; he lounged about, doing nothing, and talked, and smoked, and drank; and as he grew poorer every year, he kept wondering how it could be that so fine a farm would not support him in plenty and ease."

"He found out at last," whispered John.

"Yes, he found out at last; and then what did he do? He just attended to his business; gave up idle and dissipated habits, and minded his farm; and then he had no difficulty in winning from it a handsome support. Now, you are doing with preaching just as you used to do with your farm — neglecting it; and how in the world can you expect it to do you good? How can you be so foolish as to be surprised that you have no grain to reap, and no abundance on your board, when you have not sowed the seed, nor tended the crop?"

"But that is not quite fair," replied John. "I do not neglect preaching; there is not a man in the village more constant at meeting than I am."

"Just as you used to live on your farm, — always at home, never away from the homestead; but that availed nothing, while you were an idler. And so in this case. Of what use to be at church, if you do nothing more? Sitting there, and taking into your ears the voice of the preacher, is no better than sitting by your back-door, and musing on the beauty and fertility of your lands. Nothing can grow up in either case, if this is all you do."

"But that is not all I do."

"Perhaps not quite. You used to go out to work sometimes, and plough and hoe a little, just enough to keep off actual starvation; and about as much as this you do in religion. But suppose you were to make a business of it, as you did of your farm when you took the right turn; suppose you were now to make the most of these religious means, as resolutely as you did of your goodly lands; do you think you should find reason to complain any longer that you get no good from them?"

They walked on for some moments in silence. John was evidently getting a little new light on the dark subject, which inclined him more to muse than to speak. But he presently felt the silence to be growing awkward, and he therefore broke it, somewhat at a venture, by saying, that, after all, he did not perceive that he was so very negligent; he could not see but that he did as much as other men.

"*As other men!*" cried David. "There is the rock on which so many are lost; they compare themselves to 'other men.' But you have already said, that *they* are not profited by preaching; how, then, can their case be any guide to you? It only shows how they are lost, not how you may be saved. Look to yourself for the present. One at a time, as I said before. Let us settle the case of John Smith, before we undertake any other. And now, to begin at the beginning, let us just remember what preaching is for. Is it to be listened to, or to be practised upon?"

"To be practised upon, certainly."

"Very well. Which do you do? You listen, but do not practise."

"Why, there, now," said Smith, "that is the very thing I am lamenting, — that I do listen, and yet my practice is not affected."

"To be sure," said David; "you expect the practice to come of itself; you take pains to go and hear, which is the least part of the business, and take no pains to return and act accordingly, which is the essential thing. You think *this* is to come of itself; just as you used to fancy that looking at your fine farm, and talking and boasting about it, would do as well as working upon it. You recollect what we were saying, the other Saturday evening, about the improvement of that season? Well, you acknowledged that it never occurred to you to use it as a preparation for public worship. The same of Sunday morning. Without any preparation, then, you go to church and hear the sermon. How? That you may really learn something? that you may receive some wholesome advice? that you may be raised to a better way of living? No. You merely *hear*. You just sit and listen; — in at one ear and out at the other, as the saying is. Do you think about it afterward, muse on its truths, try to recall and re-impress its doctrine, and turn its advice into real practical rules? I suppose you never pretended to do this. You have not dreamt of any thing more than just to hear the sermon. So it is with thousands; therefore no wonder that they are none the better. It would be a wonder indeed if they were. Why, the plain fact is, neighbor Smith, that you and they are doing all you can to *prevent* preaching from doing you any good. If the devil had hired you to help him defeat the ordinances of God, you could not have contrived a more effectual means. To enter on them without preparation, to attend them without any purpose or effort of self-application, to think no more of them afterward, and to spend the rest of the day in visiting, talking, eating, riding, or thinking, just as on any other day; — all this seems as if expressly designed — a careful *plot* — to destroy the impressions of God's house, and to

prevent the two hours of worship from interrupting the dominion of earth in the soul."

"That's rather a long sermon, husband," said Jane.

"And a pretty close one, too," added Smith, soberly. "But it is all true, every word of it. Yet I do not see how I can help it. What can I do? What shall I do?"

"I can tell you what rules helped *me*," replied David, "and I dare say that by observing them you will find yourself essentially benefited. Will you try?"

"Let me hear them, and I will tell you."

"They are three. First, listen to the preacher *religiously;* that is, in a devout frame of mind, as if you had just said your prayers, and were holding out your hand to receive the blessing you had asked. Secondly, apply it to yourself all along; say *Amen* to every truth, and say *Yes, I will,* to every good advice. This will excite a strong interest in the matter. Thirdly, think it over *afterward.* Don't go at once about other things, and forget it all, but retire by yourself, and recall what you heard and felt; consider what you ought to do in consequence; and lay out a distinct plan of doing accordingly during the week. Then, make it a regular part of every day's business to think over and act upon that particular lesson, and so mix it up with all your prayers and all your work. Follow these rules, and you never will say again that preaching does no good."

"I believe so," said Smith; "and I will try them. But I am afraid I never shall have resolution enough to succeed."

"Do it in faith, nothing doubting; or, if you doubt yourself, do not doubt God, but pray for his blessing till you receive it."

They had for *some time reached* David's house, and were

pausing at the gate to finish their discourse. As they now turned away to separate, Smith stopped, and cried out, "One word more, neighbor; pray tell me if you observe these rules yourself."

David hesitated a moment, and then, with an expression of countenance that was half sadness and half a smile, he said, "The question is a very fair one, though I do not see that the answer can affect the goodness of the rules."

"But then I shall have the more courage to undertake them, if I find that they are real things, and not mere words."

"Very well; I told you that they had helped me; and they have unspeakably; but I do not live up to them fully, — I do not fully live up to any of my good purposes. But this I can tell you, solemnly, — that it is only by living by them that I ever gained any thing, and I have always found myself a loser just in proportion as I have slighted them."

THE

POETRY OF MATHEMATICS:

A LECTURE,

PREPARED FOR THE BOSTON LYCEUM.

THE

POETRY OF MATHEMATICS.

To MANY minds, no two ideas could be presented having less affinity than those of Poetry and Mathematics. Yet it is certain that they have many mutual, necessary, indissoluble relations. In the universe which we inhabit, we see every where two elements, *Order* and *Beauty;*—Order securing utility, Beauty providing pleasure. Every thing is made for a use, and therefore subject to a rigid law of order. All things are arranged for happiness, and therefore are enveloped in beauty. Turn whithersoever we may, Order and Beauty are the joint presiding geniuses of the scene.

Hence, in the use to which man, the observer, puts the world he lives in, there arise two processes of thought, according as he investigates the laws of this order, or contemplates, enjoys, and expresses this beauty. The first issues in *science*—chiefly in the mathematics, the monarch of the sciences; the second gives birth to *poetry*. In studying the order of the universe, man is a mathematician; in studying the beauty of the universe, he is a poet. And hence, as order and beauty are every where coëxistent and inseparable, as each is to be found every where, in connection with every thing, therefore poetry and mathematics must every where *and in all things* coëxist, side by side, in *some sort of partnership.*

Upon this hint I propose to speak. The subject is not merely curious; it has its uses. It opens an opportunity for considering many subtile operations of the material universe, and some sublime discoveries of the human mind, under an aspect in which they rarely present themselves, and which yet displays them to such advantage, and imparts to them such a charm, that they, henceforth, become a more valuable property to the mind; ceasing to be dry, isolated facts, and obtaining a living connection with the most vital portions of our knowledge.

I begin with observing, that *there is a great value in the habit of looking on all things with a poetic eye, for the purpose of discerning and appreciating their beautiful phases.* It is a habit helpful alike to virtue and to happiness; for it discloses beauty, grace, and a beneficent aspect in all things. It does with the most uninteresting and forbidding, what spring does for the wintry landscape — clothes them with a robe of beauty — as that with leaves and flowers. It is, in fact, the spring-time attitude of the mind — the spring-like temper of the soul.

We sometimes look abroad on creation and society, and behold dulness, rudeness, and desolation. All is harsh and ungrateful, sullen and cold. We go from Dan to Beer-sheba, and cry, "All is barren." We have opened only the corporeal eye, and scanned the length and breadth, the angles, the lines, and the colors. *It is winter.* But we call up the poetical element within us; we summon our perception of beauty, our sense of proportion and harmony, our associations of heroism, love, fortitude, and taste — and all is transformed. The bare rocks speak of sentiment; the hideous cavern is sublime; there glows a complexion of life on all things. *It is spring.* The genial gales from *within* us have put the beautiful garments of tenderness and *grace upon the* whole dull scenery before us.

So was it when Washington Irving, in his visit to Walter Scott, spoke to him of the barrenness and unattractiveness of the Scottish hills. The great poet soon convinced our countryman that an enthusiastic eye may find them invested with numberless attractions.

Men sometimes express themselves as if they supposed that none but a gifted few possess the power of which we speak. But it is not so. It is the property of our common nature. Who is there that does not gaze with delight even upon a homely face, if it be that of a mother, or a child, or a beloved friend? Who does not perceive a fascination in a cheerless landscape, if it be the environs of his birthplace, or the scene which lay around him in his youth? Does not the snow-encompassed Greenlander cling to his forlorn home, with as much ardor and constancy of delight, as the proprietor of the most luxuriant vineyard of the south? And are not the Swiss mountaineers, inhabitants of a rude territory, in the midst of sterility, danger, and frost, renowned through the world for the strength and tenderness of their local attachments? All these see, and feel, in the forms of outward nature, something much more than their forms. They read in them a meaning; they invest them with sentiment. They look upon them through the imagination and the heart. *They contemplate them in their poetical aspect.* And he who cultivates the habit of doing this will find that such a meaning, and such power over the feelings, reside not only in the spots that he has long known and loved, and the objects that have been associated with his own happy or afflictive fortune, but in every thing. To him all trees, and hills, and rivers, flowers, and stars, have significance; all quicken thought, move the feelings, suggest something more than themselves.

Here and there, *indeed, a man* is to be found who sees

only the hill, the river, or the tree; who has not a thought of any thing but of themselves, precisely and plainly as they are; is conscious of no beauty, no pleasurable emotion.

> "The primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

A star is a point of light; a ship is so much floating timber and canvass; and Paganini's music is but the drawing of horse-hair over catgut. But this listless and prosaic way of looking about one is as contrary to nature, as it is hostile to intellectual improvement and refined enjoyment. Man is made to be affected by what is beautiful and grand; and the more we study, and observe, and cultivate our powers and feelings, with a view to finding this sort of gratification, and enjoying this pure and ennobling excitement from all things, the more we increase the faculty of perceiving beauty and grandeur, and multiply our sources of thought and satisfaction. For, undoubtedly, every object which exists has some property on account of which it is interesting to a thoughtful mind. He who is always accustomed to look for that property, and has thus sharpened the instinct by which it is detected, will not fail to find it. Such a person will find nothing tedious — can be interested in every thing. While his fellow-passengers are groaning in impatient weariness of the monotony of the voyage, he leans over the vessel's side, or walks on her deck, calmly gazing on the sea and the sky, watching the beautiful and majestic motions and changes of the waters and the clouds, with perpetual delight. He reads poetry wherever he goes, as David read religion in the heavens, when he sang, "There is no speech, no language; their voice is not heard: yet is their sound gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Nature may be mute to the outward ear; the

various objects which people her beautiful domains may stand or move in unbroken silence; but

> "In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice."

I say no more in explanation of this preliminary point. I wish to show that the applicability of it does not cease when we enter the formidable precincts of the exact sciences; but that the Great Creator has so implicated together law and enjoyment, has so wedded order and beauty, that even the severest processes of mathematics are not divested of all poetical charms, while their results are connected with the highest and most admirable poetry.

The illustrations of this subject I arrange under three classes, viz.

I. Those drawn from the Doctrines of Mathematics.
II. Those drawn from its Operations and Results.
III. Those drawn from its History.

I. As to the *Doctrines of the Mathematics*, there is obviously some difficulty in pointing out their poetical character. In order to realize and perceive it, one must both be familiar with them, and must hold a liberal mind in respect to what *is* a poetical characteristic.

The question, What is a poetical characteristic? though a necessary preliminary, it is not possible here to discuss. It is sufficient to say that that object which, in itself, or in its essential relations, excites the emotions which pertain to the sublime or the beautiful, — causes a glow both of the imagination and the feelings, — may lawfully be regarded as possessed of a poetical characteristic. Whatever it may be, — whether a scene in nature, or a trait of humanity, or an abstract truth, — if its presentation to the mind excites the imagination and the feelings with that glow of pleasure or

interest which springs from the beautiful and the sublime in any of their forms, it is so far poetical. Agreeably to what a distinguished writer has said, "All objects and passions which lift our thoughts from the dust, and stir the soul strongly, — almost every thing which has in it a strong principle of impulse or elevation, — has a claim to be considered poetical." *

What I have to say, therefore, is, that many of the doctrines of the mathematics precisely answer this description. They excite and elevate the mind which contemplates them. They call out, with strong impulse, the imagination, and stir the feelings with emotions of the sublime and the beautiful. This is true even of much that may be found in the severest abstractions of the science. The most abstruse demonstrations are sometimes felt, by reason of their order, precision, and neatness, to have exquisite beauty. These, however, being unsuited to satisfy expectation in a public discourse, cannot be largely dwelt upon on the present occasion; but our illustrations must be drawn principally from the "*mixed mathematics*." "*Pure mathematics*" comprise arithmetic, algebra, geometry, fluxions, etc. Mixed mathematics is the application of these to natural philosophy, comprising astronomy, optics, mechanics, etc.

Yet I do not despair of showing, intelligibly, that even in the pure mathematics there are doctrines whose sublimity brings them within the province of poetry. For instance, there is the doctrine of the *asymptotes*, which teaches that a right line may approach forever to a certain curve, and yet, though infinitely extended, will not touch it; and, although thus forever approaching it, never comes nearer by any appreciable quantity. What an idea for the imagination to

* Edinburgh Review, xiii. 45.

dwell upon is this! Lines forever approaching towards each other, yet never able to meet!

And so with the whole doctrine of infinite natures and quantities. Fontenelle has a work called the "Germ of the Infinite." There is poetry in the very title. In this book we find demonstrated such principles as these: If upon an infinite plane be drawn two infinite and parallel lines at a given distance, the area intercepted between them will likewise be infinite; but yet it will be infinitely less than the whole plane, and even infinitely less than the angular or sectoral space intercepted between two infinite lines that are inclined, though at never so small an angle. Because, in the one case, the given finite distance of the parallel lines diminishes the infinity in one of the dimensions; whereas, in the sector there is infinity in both dimensions. And thus there are two species of infinity in surfaces — the one infinitely greater than the other.* Is there any poetry which more severely taxes the imagination than demonstrated propositions like this?

Poetry is said to dwell in the region of the imagination. Milton, and Dante, and Shakspeare, are so great because of the extraordinary power and efforts of their imagination. But no men have made so severe requisitions of this faculty as the mathematicians. They astonish us with their imaginary quantities, just as the poets with their imaginary beings. Many of their most interesting processes are connected with these imaginary quantities, and their grandest discoveries accomplished by their aid. They take the letter x, or n, which means they know not what, (it may be less than a thousandth part of one, or it may be several millions,) and pursuing this shapeless image through the dark, wind-

* *Hutton, i. 635.*

ing passages of an intricate investigation, leading they know not whither, they, by and by, come out into the broad daylight of clear and certain knowledge. Nay, remarkable enough, as I am told, this unmeaning formula is oftentimes not only an unknown, but an *impossible* quantity, and yet by means of it they arrive at important results.

The doctrine of fluxions presents an illustration of what we are saying, in a somewhat different point of view. This powerful instrument, by which such great intellectual enterprises have been achieved, — a branch of science most subtile and abstruse, — embraces in its very idea the very soul of poetry, and uses in its nomenclature the most beautiful forms of metaphor; its common expressions being borrowed from the vocabulary of the fancy. The fundamental idea of fluxions is derived from that of *growth*, or increase. It looks on all things not according to the vulgar, prosaic idea, as made up of accumulated particles and atoms, but as formed by *motion*. It says that a point *flows* on and becomes a line; that a line flows on and becomes a surface; a surface flows on and becomes a solid — thus investing the most difficult and profound calculations with a drapery of poetical imagery, and proceeding to solve some of the hardest mysteries of calculation by an effort of fancy, which, in Milton, would have been called sublime. And thus the remark of Madame de Stael holds good, that "Imagination, far from being an enemy to Truth, brings it forward more than any other faculty of the mind."

It is fair to say, then, that in their doctrines concerning infinity, concerning imaginary quantities, and flowing quantities, the mathematicians have something of the poets.

II. Let us look next at some of the *Operations and Results of Mathematics.*

Perhaps none can be found better to answer our purpose than *conic sections;* pertaining, as this operation does, primarily, to the order of pure mathematics, and dealing in the driest and most intricate investigations, and thence passing on to a series of applications which copiously minister to the sentiments of the beautiful and the sublime. Here, then, is a *cone* — a regular figure, but to the common eye exhibiting no very remarkable properties — a form which the uninitiated might look at and pass by — suggesting nothing of very special beauty or grandeur. But the mathematician sees in it the secret of the universe. To him it is emblematic of the sublimest discoveries of science, and brilliant with the records of mind's most wonderful achievements.

Cast a glance on his operations with it. First, he cleaves the cone from its apex to its base, and remarks that the outlines of that section describe a triangle. He divides it horizontally, (as one says society is divided in the Old World,) and discovers a circle. He cuts it obliquely, and finds in that section an ellipse. He cuts it again, in a line parallel to the side, and presents to view a parabola. He cuts it still once more, making a greater angle with the base than the side of the cone makes, and thus obtains the hyperbola. Having by these five sections obtained five figures, (the five conic sections,) he is curious to know their properties, and relations, and uses. He, accordingly, applies to them the scrutinizing power of his geometry; measures their curves, their angles, their dimensions, their axes, their conjugates, their ordinates, abscisses, parameters, and asymptotes; and, while the busy world, peeping into his study, smiles contemptuously on the man who can find entertainment in poring for day and night over these strange diagrams, hunting after their *abstract relations*, and calculating

what would be the consequence of this line being crossed by that, and that being infinitely extended, and of that being drawn through the centre parallel to the tangent of the curve at the vertex of the diameter, — *his* mind has found its way to the outer extreme of the universe; he is marking the track of the comet; he is binding the planets to their circuits; he is measuring and limiting the spheres. The meditative man, or the poet, sits quietly down on the moonlit bank, exalting his mind with contemplating the sublime revolutions of the worlds and systems on high. He is but brooding over the consequences which followed from that abstruse inquiry into the properties of a divided cone.

The most important of the figures thence derived is the ellipse; this being the figure of the orbits in which both the planets and the comets revolve, and our accurate knowledge of these revolutions being dependent on our knowledge of the properties and laws of the ellipse. But to discover them is the work of the severest geometry, and to apply them, a toil of the most abstruse analytical investigation, connected with industrious, delicate, and long-continued observation. Milton and Pindar never ascended a higher heaven of invention than Kepler and Newton, when *inventing*, as it may fairly be called, the *science of the ellipse*.

Look at a single illustration of this point in *one* of the results to which it has led, viz., its unfolding to us the truth respecting the motions of the planetary system; so that, as we now look up to the stars in a clear evening, we are sure that we see them aright, and not with the ignorant or mistaken admiration of former ages. Lifting our gaze upward, we stand rapt in awful musing, as we survey the brilliant lights above us, in connection with our knowledge concerning their distances and their motions. The stars were always attractive — always "the poetry of heaven." But

those peculiar associations which impart such thrilling sublimity to modern contemplation come not down from the stars themselves; they are drawn out from the garret of the mathematician, and the hard problems of conic sections and the calculus. Thus, to specify a single instance, having no time for more, — *the calculation of the orbit of a comet*, so as to determine its history, motions, time of return, &c., is one of the most laborious and perplexed of the operations of pure science — its result one of the most magnificent images of poetry. Consider it one moment. That mysterious creature shooting away into immensity for hundreds of years, gradually diminishing its rapidity as it departs, till, by and by, slowly and majestically it turns round, and begins its return to the sun — gradually increasing its speed, till, when it comes within our sight again, it seems to be growing mad with impatience, and precipitates itself to the central orb as if to fall into its blaze; then, like an ancient charioteer, whirling close around the goal, it wheels about with desperate fury, within the very flame, as it were, of the sun's disc, and then, quicker than thought, speeds away again to its long, far exile of centuries and darkness. When one fairly brings this image to his mind, we may quote for him Campbell's line from the Battle of the Baltic.

"The stoutest holds his breath for a time."

And how did we know any thing about this majestic image. How did we learn, what we cannot see, — this speed, this fury, this approaching and receding, these strange extremes and almost immeasurable times? We learned them from the closet of the mathematician. And more yet. Recollect that it is visible to human eye only for a short period, during the most rapid epoch of its course, as it passes through our system on its visit to the sun. Yet then, this pigmy of a man, on this little ball, *which is spinning* under him like a

top, looks at it through a bit of glass three successive evenings, and then, covering a few sheets of paper with his crooked figures, draws out exactly its course, and the size and figure of its orbit, and tells when it will appear again — in three years or three thousand. An epic poem for Achilles! All the Iliad does not describe a more poetical situation.

Again: from the same source is derived what is most wonderful and beautiful in the theory of eclipses — those startling appearances — when the sun is darkened at noonday, and the moon extinguished in her full brightness, — which have always been esteemed among the phenomena of nature the most highly poetical, and have always had their place in the songs of the bards. The associations with them were always, indeed, of a highly thrilling and imaginative kind, but were, anciently, undefined and vague, and the parent of nothing more than a terrible astonishment or superstitious dread. How much has been added by the definite knowledge with which they are now looked upon — immense worlds, revolving at immense distances, casting their gigantic shadows across illimitable deserts of space, and, as they pass and repass, cutting off from each other the light of day! The imagination embraces at one view the whole of this magnificent spectacle, without misgiving or alarm, but with an enlightened admiration and reverence, which the ancients never knew, and which it owes altogether to the labors of the gifted mathematician. Nay, what a further and yet more extraordinary field for the imagination have these abstruse labors opened, in the eclipses of Jupiter's moons! That great planet revolves at the distance of hundreds of millions of miles from the earth, attended by four satellites, which are invisible at this distance to the naked eye. As *they move* around in their orbits, they are sometimes hidden

behind the body of Jupiter, and sometimes they disappear in his shadow. The times of these eclipses are calculated, by hard-working science, years before they take place; are catalogued in a book, which book is put into the hands of the shipmaster; and when he, wandering on an ocean, like a planet in the infinite depth of heaven, discovers perchance a new island, and would know its exact position on the globe, he looks for an eclipse of Jupiter's satellites, and the time of the hiding of that invisible star enables him to point out its precise distance from the meridian of his own home, and to mark its place with exactness on the map of the world.

I have selected my illustrations thus far chiefly from the connection of mathematics with the heavenly bodies; both because the results of this connection are so striking in themselves, and because these natural phenomena take precedence of all others in their adaptation to excite the imagination and stir the feelings with sentiments of the grand and beautiful; and, moreover, because this connection points our attention to the most intricate and apparently anti-poetical processes of science. I may add also still another reason, which is, that these celestial phenomena have themselves been essentially instrumental in bringing the mathematical science to its present perfection. If the heavenly bodies could never have been understood without the mathematics, so neither could the mathematics have ever arrived at their full perfection without the heavenly bodies. Science needed that boundless theatre to exercise itself upon, in order to its expansion and growth. Nothing but that vast blue sheet was large enough to draw its spacious diagrams upon. In the nature of things, the top which the boy spins on the school-house floor, exhibits motions, on its axis *and in its orbit*, to which the same laws

apply as to the solar system. The very same formula, in identical terms, may be applied to some of the motions of each; and the difficult problem of the precession of the equinoxes, for example, is perfectly brought out, and may be expounded in the mutations of the top. But no one would have been incited to investigate them as displayed in that toy. It is their exhibition on a vast scale, and under imposing circumstances, exciting, in the first place, a poetical admiration and impulse, which was needed to arouse the intellect and nerve it for the toils of astronomical research. Without the solar system there would have been no call for the highest science, and no possibility of accomplishing it.

But we shall lose nothing by descending to the earth, and seeking to verify our position there. We shall find there, too, that many of the objects which most deeply interest feeling and fancy are under the necessary influence of abstract science.

Perhaps there is no object more essentially poetical, or more universally felt to be so, than a ship in full sail upon the ocean. It is an object, beyond almost any other, at once beautiful and grand. "It walks the water like a thing of life;" joyously opening its canvass to the winds, surmounting the waves, buffeting the storms, and moving with a gait altogether majestic and triumphant. It rides out there alone on mid ocean; no land in sight; no help within call; the heavens only above, the waters only below, the winds only around it; a little speck on the huge waste of existence; — and our hearts beat with admiration, as we feel that it is yet riding there in safety; guided by intelligence; managed with skill; the pilot knowing his position and his path, and pressing on with unerring certainty to the *very point* whither he would go. What an image is this!

The poets have exhausted language and imagination in setting it forth. Yet it is all, from first to last, exclusively dependent on rigid mathematical science. The commander steps upon the quarter-deck, a little instrument in his hand, with which, for a few moments, he surveys the heavens: then down into the cabin to his books; works an arithmetical problem; and in a few minutes re-ascends, and tells where the ship is presently sailing, as confidently as we could tell our position at the familiar corner of Washington and Court Street, in our daily walk. By what process has he arrived at this astounding result? — detecting his own position on the globe, by observing that of the sun or the moon in the heavens? There is no poetry, you would say, in the Nautical Almanac, and Bowditch's Navigator; and yet it is these pages of formidable problems, and interminable phalanxes of figures, and columns, and strange signs, which has conducted to this most poetical result. The very awe-inspiring associations with which this ocean scene is contemplated grow out of the deep abstractions and patient demonstrations of the driest science.

Upon land there are no works of man that equal for effect this ocean exhibition. But wherever he dwells, the scenery around him presents objects suited to our present purpose. See how he adorns the earth he cultivates, with structures that rival the majestic growths of nature, — his cities, his temples, his roads, his cottages, his aqueducts, his bridges, — filling the land with the picturesque, and calling up emotions that belong to the beautiful and the grand. If they be right who define the *creation of the beautiful* to be the essence of poetry, — as does Schlegel, for instance,* — then these magnificent creations of art are full of it. Look

* *Dram. Lit. lect. i.*

at architecture — the serene dignity of the Grecian ple, and the reverend majesty of the Gothic cathedra Pantheon; the Parthenon; Athens; Palmyra; Pæ it was not at random, nor by a lucky guess, that mighty works were done, on which the imagination a heart feed in the luxury of poetical contemplation: were built by science, laborious and exact; they rose the calculation and measurement of the mathematics are the legitimate offspring of arithmetic and geometr

Look at *Music*, the bride of Poetry — whose ench sounds not only, of themselves, "take the soul and la Elysium," but add to what is most poetical in poetry; home the sentiment to the soul, and both interpr heighten the expression of the bard. But every th music is the result of mathematical laws, and is red to mathematical calculations. A melodious sound is b conformity to certain mathematical principles of vib in a cord or a column of air, as capable of measur and calculation as the properties of a Grecian colun the very cords of the piano being strung upon o the conic sections; — and all harmony results from metical combinations and properties, as rigidly obser in the working of any problem of equations. Algebra is not more strictly mathematical, than the science o cord and discord. Man, indeed, may make music a joy it, unobservant or ignorant of this fact; but M creates and partakes no pleasure which is not found demonstrable principles, and regulated by accurate She does nothing at random, but every thing by calc and rule.

Look also at the *mechanic arts*, and their variety o ous and sometimes exquisite inventions. One would know where to go for a lively impression of wond

beauty, rather than to some repository of the useful and ornamental arts. Few places are so full of poetry as Faneuil Hall, as it appeared to us a few days ago.* A steam engine, a carding machine, a spinning jenny for cotton, a gypsy for hemp, a watch — did you ever examine their interior construction, the principle from which their power is derived, and how it is propagated, by lever, and pulley, and wheel, and forceps, and varied, and increased, and adapted, working with the certainty of nature, and with an appearance of consciousness and complacency, which makes you almost believe it a living thing? All this is little else than the application of mathematical science, and the result is as full of poetical pleasure to the thoughtful, as of utility to the active. And, if science could only proceed from *apparent* impossibilities to *actual*, it would, doubtless, invent, at last, the long-desired machine of *perpetual motion*, and thus put into tangible form one of the most sublime imaginations of the dreamy mind.

III. I was to illustrate my subject from the *History of Mathematics.*

This connects the subject at once, and intimately, with *persons.* It interests us in the toils, cares, anxieties, fortunes of thinking, feeling, rejoicing, suffering, desponding, and triumphing men. And what is this but saying that it introduces us into the midst of one of the richest fields of poetry? For wherever man is, there are the elements of poetry. Put him where you please, and the workings of his intellect and the emotions of his heart turn the spot into a theatre of tragic and epic interest.

* This lecture was written soon after one of the fine exhibitions of the Charitable Mechanics' Association in Faneuil Hall.

It is not possible, therefore, that the history of the lives and labors of mathematicians should be destitute of poetical interest and adventure. In truth they are full of them. Anecdotes might be recited without end, which would prove that this abstruse department of human learning is as full as any other of the passions, enterprises, joys, sufferings, achievements, sacrifices, triumphs, in which poetical interest resides — anecdotes to prove that the history of this great science is not barren of incidents of high romance and affecting passion — that those who have been devoted to it have been sometimes under the influence of the most absorbing enthusiasm; eager for great discoveries; sacrificing ease, comfort, health, in the pursuit of intellectual gratification; patiently waiting; perseveringly watching; flushed with hope; heated with success; suspected, reviled, hunted, imprisoned, starved, under the accusation of witchcraft or heresy; and again lifted up to an equality with princes, honored, lauded, worshiped, and their names made to mingle with the very common language of society, to become household words to civilized man to the end of time — Copernican and Newtonian being indestructible as the English tongue, Herschel and Halley as immortal as the fixed stars.

These, however, are but too general remarks. Let us apply them to individual cases.

First of all, look at this young lad — a plump, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy, some five or six years old. His very look and attitude are poetical, as he sits there playing on the floor. One could almost wish that Raphael might have seen and transcribed them, for the admiration of posterity, amongst his other wonderful children. But what is he doing there? As you listen, you discover that he is talking to himself in figures, and solving, for amusement, difficult questions in mathematics, which a senior in

one of our colleges might be puzzled to work out on his slate. His father takes him to the city, and the learned of the place are astonished. The name of the child of five years old — the playful, mischievous boy, who can hardly be kept from his toy-house long enough to undergo an examination — at once becomes famous: and when, in the chapel of our university, he sat in the professor's lap, answering hard questions so rapidly, that the quickest attention could hardly follow him — though I have heard a great deal of fine poetry recited within those college walls — I have never felt a more highly poetical emotion nor joined in a more involuntary burst of admiration.*

Here is another young boy, twelve years old, who has been studiously kept from mathematical knowledge, that he may be devoted to classical pursuits. But genius will not be repressed; and his father detects him, one day, with a bit of charcoal in his hand, stooping down thoughtfully over figures which he has drawn on his chamber floor. On being asked in what he was employing himself, he replies, that he is trying to find the value of the three angles of a triangle. And it appears on investigation, that this unassisted child, with a piece of charcoal in his fingers, in the secrecy of his own room, has gone on examining his "bars, and rounds, and corners," as he called them, till he has actually worked his way, in order, up to Euclid's thirty-second problem. And so he went forward, discovering and conquering, with a power of intuition and imagination almost supernatural, until, at the age of sixteen, he amazed the scholars of his age with an original treatise on conic

* "It is to such as he," remarked a friend, on hearing this lecture, "that Pope alluded in that familiar line,

'He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.'"

sections, and at nineteen, with an extraordinary arithmeti machine. This was the great Pascal, who afterwards sac ficed these pursuits of his natural genius and taste tc life of religious contemplation and ascetic devotion.

But the image of a more distinguished young man p sents itself foremost in this connection. The prevalence the plague at Cambridge, where he was graduated the p ceding year, drives him into the country. He enjoys rural life, and, one day, as he wanders among the fiel engaged in pleasing reverie, he rests himself beneath shade of an apple-tree. All the accompaniments of scene are poetical. Abroad, amid Nature's works, her be tiful green round about him, her quiet shadows sailing him, her brilliant firmament above him, — the young phil opher sits contemplating her features and musing on mysteries. At this moment, as if she would give a pr nant hint to her thoughtful devotee, an apple falls at feet. He pursues the train of reflections into which t suggestion leads; moves on to higher and higher thougl till he reaches the demonstration of the theory of the u verse, and connects the dropping apple and his own na with the cycles of the heavens and the courses of the st

Few things have been told in poetry so moving a portion of the history of this great discovery, connect though it was, with intricate calculations and formida arrays of figures, which would put to flight the self-poss sion of ordinary men. Never shall I forget the audi thrill of admiration that ran through the ranks of my c lege class, when our lecturer recited to us the incide Like the affecting scene in Congress, when Washing applied there to resign his commission, at the close of war, it is one of those incidents, full of the moral sublir *which touches the* deepest feelings of the soul.

The falling apple suggested to his mind the query how far the force which causes all bodies to fall to the earth extends — whether to the moon — and if so, whether it be not a cause sufficient to account for her retention in her orbit around the earth. He subjected the inquiry to a calculation. But in this it was necessary to know the distance of the moon. This could only be ascertained by knowing first the size of the earth's diameter, which, at that time, had not been very exactly measured. Using the then erroneous measurement, the result of his calculation did not confirm his conjecture, and he threw the subject aside. Some years afterwards, a new and more careful measurement having been made, (1682,) he resumed his calculations. As he proceeded, he perceived that they would establish perfectly the great theory he had in his mind. He felt the immeasurable consequences that would follow, and became so agitated by his emotions that he was unable to finish the calculations, and was obliged to give them to a friend to finish for him. Has poetry ever imaged a situation of sublimer interest than this?

In the ancient world, it is well known that the name of *poet* was the same with that of *prophet*. The bard was a seer. He was deemed to be possessed of that deep sagacity which penetrates beyond the limits that confine the view of other men, and catches glimpses of the invisible, and foresees the future. His enthusiasm was accounted inspiration, his far-seeing genius, prophecy.

But the same remarkable attributes and exhibition of genius have been displayed in the world of science. The sagacity of Newton is strangely like that of inspiration. His whole life was, in a proper sense, a poetical existence; his mind dwelling always in the contemplation of sublimest ideas, away from the tangible region close about him, and

almost unconscious of the littleness of the scene to w his bodily action was confined. The lines which have thought so justly descriptive of Milton are not a whi applicable to him.

> "Thy soul was as a star, and dwelt apart:
> Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free,
> So didst thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

With this character of mind, he often overleaped, surprising manner, the slow processes of demonstrativ vestigation, and anticipated discoveries which he saw probable, though he could not expound their causes which science, in its subsequent advances, has grad arrived at and verified.

But we may illustrate this part of our subject b stances from that sex which has always given to the strel his favorite inspiration, and the atmosphere of w presence has always been redolent of poetic grace. H Sappho, Aspasia, Cleopatra, Cornelia, Zenobia, Joa Arc, Jane Grey, are idols of the fancy, and their in are hung up in all the temples of the Muses. And is I tia of Alexandria, the beautiful, the graceful, the adm the honored, to be excluded from the list, because her suits were of the abstruser sciences? On the cont what a vision is it which history presents of that ac plished lady, elevated, by her extraordinary merit, abov scholars of her age, to the head of the school of Al dria, at a time when that city abounded with men o most eminent abilities and attainments, and was resort by the learned from all the world! She, by her ex scholarship, and instructive and engaging modes of t *ing, gathered* additional pupils to the school, from al

every nation. Her admiring contemporaries have left the most hearty and unanimous testimony to her purity, her virtue, her piety, her modesty, as well as her beauty and erudition.* And, that a suitable catastrophe might not be wanting to complete the epic interest of her character and fortunes, this illustrious young woman, sitting among the nobles, as the brightest ornament of Alexandria, — in the season of her brilliant influence, and the untarnished splendor of her fame, — is precipitated in a moment to a horrible destruction. A headlong, misguided mob, mad with passion, partly political and partly religious, snatched her from her carriage, tore off her clothes, killed her with tiles, and burned her mangled limbs. What is there more exciting and tragical than this in the celebrated fate of the queen of Egypt, dying by the asp; the queen of Scotland, on the scaffold; the queen of Palmyra, at the chariot-wheels of Aurelian; or the queen of France, in the terrible days of Paris? They were queens, and have had their poets. Hypatia deserved one none the less; but, being a mathematician and a philosopher, her beauty and her fate have been committed to a corner of a scientific dictionary, and a brief paragraph of ecclesiastical history.

But Hypatia is not alone in the history of her sex. We may call to mind Maria Agnesi, the gifted daughter of Italy, who spoke Latin at the age of nine, and Greek at eleven, as if her mother tongue, and whose vast acquisitions, as a linguist, procured for her the name of the Living Polyglot — who afterwards devoted herself to philosophy, and, before she was twenty, became a centre of attraction to the learned

* "She excelled all the philosophers of her time." "All men did her reverence, and had her in admiration, for the singular modesty of her mind." — *Socrates, Scholast.* vii. 15.

by her fascinating power of conversation on profound sub jects; and who, subsequently, accomplished herself in math ematics to such a degree, that, in her thirty-second year, sh was appointed professor in the university at Bologna. Sh published a treatise on Analysis, of which there is an Eng lish translation, which has been considered the best intro duction to Euler's Works. And at last, from this exalte station of public renown, she retired, like Pascal, surren dering all, through a religious impulse, and closed her lif in a nunnery.

France has furnished a similar instance of feminine a tainment in this severe department of science, in the perso of the Marchioness of Chastelet, a woman of noble birt moving in the enchanted circle of fashion and pleasur but devoted to intellectual pursuits, familiar with the lite ature of several nations, and celebrated more than all for ha ing made the best translation of Newton's Principia, accon panied with commentaries and notes of her own. *She* w happy enough, indeed, to find a poet, — no less a eulogi than Voltaire, — who has commemorated her fame in vers as well as written her biography in prose, (in a preface to h translation.) And no one will undertake to say that he h not displayed as much of the poet, in this tribute to scienc as in his great epic on the themes of politics and war.

To these instances from Egypt, Italy, and France, w may add one, no less worthy of honorable mention, fro England, — a lady now living in London. At a time when leading British journal said that there were not more tha twelve men in Europe who were learned enough to read L Place's great work on astronomy, this lady, Mrs. Somervill was found equal to the task; and it is a pleasant anecdo which is related of her, on her introduction to La Place, th *he paid her the* compliment of remarking, that she was onl

the second woman he had known who had studied his work; and on her inquiring who was the other, he replied, Miss ——; an answer equally amusing and flattering to the learned interrogator, because it gave no other than her own maiden name; and the two female readers of La Place were thus found to be only herself. Few things can be more beautiful than what is told us of this eminent person. Not like Hypatia in Alexandria, or Agnesi at Bologna, the head of a great school, lecturing to and admired by disciples from all nations, — she presides over no assembly more public than her own family. There she is simple and unassuming, a pattern of domestic order and economy; as if she had no other object for her thoughts; yet she is as familiar with the continental languages and literature, as if she had no employment but to study them; while her rooms are adorned with paintings in oil, from her own hand, that would be esteemed excellent, if painting were her profession; and her musical skill is as exquisite, as if she had abandoned household, books, and study, to make this her only accomplishment. If there be a man whose bosom is not made to beat warmly at the contemplation of a wonder like this, he has no poetry in his nature. If he can fall into raptures over the delineation of Rebecca the Jewess, Diana Vernon, Lady Geraldine, Medora, and the other creations of imaginative fiction, and feel no glow at the story of the real living Mrs. Somerville the mathematician, he deserves, to say the least, to be taken in by some superficial beauty, who can do nothing but dress and smile; the expensiveness of whose folly shall be in the direct ratio of her conceit, and inversely as his own means of maintaining it.

There would be no end to the citing of examples suited to illustrate this point. I should occupy the night, if I were to go on and tell the *whole story* of Archimedes, "the

Newton of the ancient world." Think of the enthusiasm o that great man, of which two or three curious instances ar on record. It was on entering the bath, that there was sug gested to his mind the solution of a difficult problem, sub mitted to him by the king; and he immediately leaped ou and rushed home, forgetting every thing else, and shouting 'Ευρηκά! It was he, who, when some of his marvellous in ventions in mechanics were admired, gave that noted an sublime reply, "Give me a place to stand on, and I wi move the world." It was he, who, by scientific skill, con ducted the defence of Syracuse, through one of the mos memorable sieges, filled with romantic and terrible adven ture, where the contest between armed force, resisted an baffled by mechanical ingenuity, presents some of the mos extraordinary and thrilling scenes in human history— scenes ended with a catastrophe whose sublimity the poe might despair of reaching in description, when, amid th uproar and horrors of a captured and sacked city, the phi losopher was discovered by the soldiers of the enemy, calml sitting in his study, unconscious of the confusion, absorbe in his deep contemplations, and anxious only to be permitte to finish the problem in which he was engaged. What sit uation can be imagined of greater intellectual grandeu than this, in which he was slain by an impatient soldier?

We are reminded by this anecdote of a somewhat simila exhibition in modern times. What a spectacle was it, fift years ago, in the depths of the horrors of revolutionar Paris, to behold the great men of science there, quietly a their desks, withdrawn from the tumult and scenes of car nage, and serenely occupied with the calculations of unim passioned science and the discovery of intellectual truth!

The life of Galileo might also be cited as full of poetry— *a man living* a life of discovery, perpetually unfolding nev

worlds to himself by observation, and to mankind by his inventions; imprisoned by the Inquisition, as a heretic, because of his insight into some of the highest truths respecting the heavens; groping about, blind, in his old age, because he had worn out his eyes by gazing through the telescope of which he was himself the inventor.

Consider Euler, also, devoted with zeal to mathematical studies, through a long life; at the age of twenty-eight, astonishing the world by working out, in three days, a problem for which eminent mathematicians had demanded the leisure of months — an exertion so laborious and exciting that it threw him into a dangerous fever, occasioned the loss of his right eye, and in the end brought on total blindness; and then, in darkness as he was, finishing with admirable speed the most difficult, abstruse, and extended computations; embarrassed also with domestic trials, and keeping his mind bright, and his heart young, by an extensive acquaintance with classical and elegant literature.

The blind old general of degenerate Rome, Belisarius, has been the standing theme of the poet; but what is there more poetical in the condition of that injured warrior — supposing the story to be true — begging his bread from an ungrateful people, than in this blind old mathematician, sustaining himself, and enlightening and amazing the world, by the studies of his darkness?

But we must pass over the thousand other examples that might be adduced in illustration of our theme, and draw this lecture to a close. Let us not, however, withhold a cursory glance at a single circumstance in the history of science which bears directly upon the point we are considering.

The sublime and useful sciences which, in their present perfection, do so much for the ornament, advancement, and happiness of the world, are *the result* of the collected con-

tributions of all ages and almost all the nations of the
There is no period since the dawn of knowledge th
not given birth to some great man, whose thought
watchings now influence our condition through his
matical discoveries. We draw our geometry from C
our algebra from Egypt, fluxions from England or S
our numerical figures from Arabia, logarithms from
land; and thus the various discoveries and laws of
omy are parcelled out amongst a host of thinking mer
tered through all time. Our common avocations are s
with mementos of past greatness and genius. We
stir the pump-handle, but the water which pours o
libation to the memory of Ctesibes of Alexandria, the ir
of that useful household drudge, and whose praises
not to have been forgotten in the soliloquy of the
Town Pump. Every map we look at is an epitaph o
to Hipparchus, who taught the great art of fixing pla
latitude and longitude. Every carpenter who lays do
ten foot rule to determine the square of his foundatio
memorates the philosopher Pythagoras. And so
through our daily walk of business and pleasure, in cc
with, and leaning upon, the mighty spirits of former
thinking thoughts which they originated; working w
struments which they invented; elevated by truths
they set in motion — truths that have come out fro
dry studies of calculation and observation, to be th
and movement of our many-colored life; imparting
ilized society many of those features which most b
and bless. Indeed, then, there is no lack of poetica
ciations and suggestions to him who remembers th
nection of the mathematicians and philosophers of a
and all nations with the active scenes and cherished
that lie every where around us.

I have thus attempted to illustrate the connection between Poetry and the Mathematics. Were I a mathematician, I could have done it by more apt and exquisite examples. But even in my penury, I trust I have not failed to show that in the doctrines, in the operations, in the results, and in the history of mathematics, there are copious elements of beautiful and thrilling poetry; and that, therefore, there is no ground for the contempt and dislike which those who would be thought brilliant geniuses are accustomed to display towards this dry study.

It is well to learn that there is beauty and pleasure in every thing, and to multiply, in this way, our delightful associations with the things of the universe around us. It is a habit of mind favorable to moral progress, and to devotional feeling. To view the order of nature in a poetical, is an approach towards viewing it in a religious, light.

I trust, too, that I have not been treating a subject of barren entertainment alone; but one, the contemplation of which may help to enlarge the circle of our spiritual associations with the material objects around us, to increase the number and variety of our topics of thought and conversation, and to invite our attention more and more from what is merely sensual and earthly. He that loves to contemplate the fair and the good in all around him, and in all that science discloses to him, is more easily led on to the better adoration of the "First Good, First Fair." As he reflects upon the significant assemblage of bounties and glories,

> "He lifts to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling says, 'My Father made them all.'"

Science and Poetry, recognizing, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of Devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from

her altar. But in their natural characters they are coöperators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating Power; Poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining Love. Science adores as a subject; Poetry worships as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

It was toward the close of a fine day in the beginning of autumn that I drew near a pleasant, retired village on the banks of the ——. The setting sun shone obliquely on the pure landscape, which was already changing its green leaves for the various hues of autumn, and seemed to vie in splendor with the glorious beauty of the western sky. The air was mild and still, and the interrupted cry of the birds, that answered one another plaintively from the fields, rendered the hour yet more impressive. My mind took an impression from the season; and as I passed pensively and slowly along, I was not sorry to find, on the edge of the village, before I entered it, a graveyard by the way-side.

I had been musing on the changes of nature, and the close of the day and the year; and I was just in a suitable frame to contemplate the end of man. I alighted, and tied my horse, and went in, to read the epitaphs, and learn how short a thing is life, and reflect on the worthlessness of posthumous praise. I found a new-made grave, just opened, and waiting for its tenant. My thoughts fixed themselves upon it. For whom can this be? And I stood revolving the possible answers to this question, until approaching steps disturbed me, and a procession entered the yard.

I stepped aside to observe it. First came twelve young girls, in white dresses, and with wreaths of evergreen in

their hands. Then followed an old man, who proved to be the minister of the place, and who immediately preceded the bier, which was borne by four young men. Mourners, and a numerous train, succeeded. The procession moved on to the grave; they gathered close around it; those that bare the body stood still, and placed it on the ground. Reverently the pall was taken off, and in sad silence the coffin descended to its place. The girls in white approached, and cast their wreaths upon it, and then lifted their voices in a low and mournful song, which gradually grew firmer and swelled louder, till it closed in a full peal of triumph.

I never had witnessed such a scene before, and every thing was done so simply, so quietly, so naturally, that it touched me to the heart. I perceived that others were affected also; and it was not without evident emotion that the venerable pastor uncovered his white locks to the wind, and lifted his tremulous voice. "It is well," said he; "it is well, it is fitting, that the fair and innocent should go to their home upon the wings of song, and that Christians should thus bid adieu to those whom they loved. While their spirits are welcomed by the hymns of angels above, it is right that our voices below should join the consoling and enrapturing strain.

"For what are we laying in the dust? The body. It belongs there. That is its home. The weary soul has cast its cumbrous tenement aside, and ascended without it. All that we do is to hide it in its parent earth. This is not a work for sorrow and tears: when the spirit that dwelt there is rejoicing, it is not for those who loved it to be mourning. No; let the body go down to the dust as it was, and a solemn hallelujah be sung over its bed; for the spirit is gone to God, who gave it. Death is swallowed up in victory; and *the shout of* victory should be joyous."

The old man's enthusiasm kindled as he spoke, and he lifted his fine head and pointed upward, as if he saw the heavens opened. I gazed on him, and thought of Stephen, whose face was "as it had been the face of an angel." The stillness of death was upon all, as they looked with almost religious awe upon his prophet-like figure. Even the stifled sobs of mourners ceased to be audible. He presently turned his eye downward, and dropped his hand, till it pointed to the grave.

"This is a Christian's bed," said he; "and it is a privilege to stand near it. Young she was, indeed; but how pure, how blameless, how lovely! The idol of her parents, the joy of her friends, the delight and example of all, she walked in her Master's steps — humble, holy, devout; and with all the gentleness of his spirit, and all the peace of his hope, she heard the summons to depart. 'Life is sweet,' she said, 'and I have much to live for; but I have a hope in heaven, and if God wills that I should exchange an earthly hope for a heavenly, why should I wish to delay?' And thus she calmly cast herself upon her Father's will, and quietly breathed out her spirit into his hand. She sleeps in Jesus, and is blessed. And who would awaken her out of sleep? Who would call her spirit back to reanimate that cold frame, and mingle again in the toils of earth? Bright as were her prospects, brilliant as was the promise of her life, yet who of you would wish her to be restored to them? They might deceive and fail her, and leave her to a weary pilgrimage of loneliness and woe. But the prospects of the world to which she has gone cannot deceive her. They are sure and eternal. The soul that has tasted them would esteem the highest gratifications of earth insufficient and mean; and the soul that anticipates them with the strength of Christian faith, knowing that they are, and that the departed idol of

its affections is enjoying them, will think it profaneness to call the ascended spirit back. It is enough to enjoy the cheering hope of ascending also, and being joined again in the ties of friendship and love.

"Am I not right?" said he, turning toward the parents of the deceased, whose tears fell freely, but evidently as much from the fulness of religious emotion as from grief—"Am I not right? Is it not better to hope for that blessed reunion in heaven, than to have enjoyed her society on earth? You and I have many dear ones gone from us to the abodes of light. Here is another, whom I loved as if she had been my own, now added to their company. I have more of my dearest friends in heaven than on earth; and it makes death delightful to me in prospect, because it will restore me to the large circle of the good and the loved, from whom my protracted years have separated me. And this is the triumph of our holy faith—that the saddest, dreariest, most heart-rending moments of life are the occasions of the noblest and happiest emotions that the human mind can experience. Even the dark and horrible sepulchre becomes a place of glory, and the burial of those that are dearest, an occasion for exultation. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift—the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord! O, how it has changed the feelings of this hour! For how could we have borne to surrender to the dust this precious and beautiful form, if we did not know that its more precious spirit survives? But now we give ashes to ashes and dust to dust, with a hope full of immortality; knowing that this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and death be swallowed up in everlasting victory. For as Jesus died and rose again, so also they that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. O that we might all be of that *glorious* number! O that we might not only find comfort

from this hope, as we think of the angel that has left us, but be quickened by it to live and die like her, that we may not be separated from her in the last great day."

The old man paused a moment, and then said, "I did not intend to have spoken thus; but I was impelled and carried away by that sweet hymn. My office is to pray; for what are human words at such an hour as this? Consolation and blessing come only from God. Of him let us seek them."

Every head was uncovered and reverently bowed toward the earth, as the venerable man lifted his hands to heaven, and poured forth the language of Christian trust, hope, and peace. It was consonant to the sentiments he had been uttering. I could not help looking upon him as one standing between the living and the dead, and speaking from the borders of both worlds. The last rays of the sun, whose disc was already touching the horizon, threw a glory upon his waving white locks, and seemed an emblem of his own spirit, just sinking to its rest, that it may rise to a brighter day. And as I silently accompanied the departing crowd from the graveyard, I could not help recalling the train of thought with which I had entered it. "Yes," said I to myself, "the day closes in darkness, the year fades in desolation, and man sleeps in the dust; but there is a morning and a springtime for all. Youth, that is cut down in its loveliness like a morning flower, shall bloom afresh in the garden of God; and age, that shines in righteousness till it sinks beneath the sod, shall rise again in glory, like the sun in the firmament. Blessed be He that hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel!"

A SABBATH WITH MY FRIEND.

A SABBATH WITH MY FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

Having purposed to make a journey of considerable length, which, for a lover of home, is a great undertaking, I thought it a favorable opportunity to renew my acquaintance with my old schoolmate, Cornelius Benson. At school and college we were familiar friends; but it was now twenty years since we had met. Our fortunes in life had cast us far from each other, and the circles in which we moved never crossed. I had heard occasionally of his progress in life, and knew that he had been fortunate in his calling, was possessed of a comfortable property, and had the respect and confidence of his neighbors and friends. Indeed, we had never ceased to take an interest in each other's welfare; and I, without hesitation, availed myself of the opportunity to pass a little time at his house. As I must, of necessity, pass a Sunday away from home, I felt that it could not be done more pleasantly than in the family of a friend. Sunday is peculiarly a *home* day with me. The quiet of the day, and the quiet of the family, seem to belong together. Domestic peace and religious peace are twin sisters, and both the Sabbath and the fireside seem to have lost a main charm when they are separated from one another. It was making a sacrifice of feeling to be absent from home on that day; but as it was un-

avoidable, where could the sacrifice be so light as in the family of an old friend?

It was just at the setting of the sun on Saturday evening that I reached my friend's dwelling, and received the hearty welcome of himself and his family. The fine manliness of countenance which had distinguished him in youth was still to be remarked, a little affected by the passage of time, and by the thoughtfulness which had settled upon it. His wife was neither beautiful nor otherwise, but had that serene and cheerful expression which indicate happiness around and peace within. Three children, the oldest of eleven years, had nothing uncommonly prepossessing in their appearance; but their good manners and intelligent faces augured well of the government which had been exercised over them, and led me to expect, from the first moment, a well-managed and happy family.

When the bustle of my arrival was over, I perceived that I was not to be treated, in any degree, as a stranger, nor to interfere with the usual domestic arrangements of the house. This is a genuine hospitality, not understood by many, which puts the visitor at his ease, and proves to him both that there is a system in the family, and that his presence is no burden. Instead of laborious efforts to make me feel at home, and the pains-taking confusion which arises from striving to enforce regulations which are put in practice at no other time, every thing went on with a quiet order, which proved that order was habitual. The youngest child was put to bed immediately after tea; the elder were placed at the table with their books for the morrow's lesson; and the mother sat by them industriously at work, freely joining in the conversation between her husband and myself. It all spoke so much for the usual order of the house, and caused the first impression to be so favorable, that I could

not help writing down these trifling appearances. Trivial circumstances are often decisive indications of habit and character to careful observers.

"When we are pleasantly employed, time flies." The evening was passed before we had nearly exhausted the stock of pleasant recollections which are such delightful topics to old friends, after the separation of years; — and the clock struck nine. Mr. Benson spoke to his daughter, who brought to him the family Bible, and called in the domestics. The mother put by her work, and each member of the circle followed the master of the house, as he reverently read from the sacred volume, and then, in a serious and affectionate manner, addressed the throne of grace.

There are few things which affect me more than such scenes as this, — where the most interesting circle, on the most interesting spot of earth, kneels at the mercy-seat, with the father for the priest. I cannot contemplate the scene without emotion. I am amazed that any one, who knows any thing of the power and peace of religion, can pass by a duty which is so singularly calculated to maintain its power and bestow its peace And yet, alas! even with this feeling, I know that it is possible sometimes to neglect it.

I could not help expressing to my friend the satisfaction which I felt. "Perhaps," said he, "you little expected to have found in me this habit; for though always religiously disposed, yet, when you knew me, I could not be called a religious man. This is one of the blessings which I obtained by my marriage. My wife urged it. I yielded to her wishes, what I might not, perhaps, have granted to a sense of duty, and what, if I had not done at first, I might, like thousands, have neglected to do at all. I became interested in it; it affected me, *and led me* very gradually, but surely,

to a religious and devout frame, which has become my chief happiness."

"It is the experience of many," said I; "and yet how many refrain from it, through a merely false shame in beginning!"

"False shame," he replied, "has ruined more souls than unbelief."

But I do not mean to pursue our conversation, which led on from topic to topic, till the lateness of the hour warned us to retire.

Mr. Benson had informed me of the Sunday regulations of his house, and I was, therefore, not surprised to find the family risen and assembled at an early hour. It is a custom with many to indulge themselves with a later sleep than usual on this day; and I have not been inclined to censure it in those whose severe toils, during the week, have been unremitting, and whose bodies need the kindly rest of the seventh day. But I have often wondered that religious people, who can plead no such excuse, and who know the value of religious exercises, should so frequently squander hours of the Sabbath morning in sleep, which, on other mornings, would have been devoted to active duties. Not so my friend. "If I can rise for gain," said he, "I can rise for devotion; and I wish my children to learn that religion is a waking and a thinking happiness, not a drowsy and slothful one."

The same mode of thinking seemed to be consistently acted upon throughout the operations of the day. I have never seen a household which seemed to me better fitted to be a model, or where the Sabbath seemed at once to be so truly a delight, and so perfectly to answer the purposes of its institution. The morning devotions, though longer than I have sometimes known them, yet were not made tedious.

The master of the house interested his little audience by making remarks as he read, by asking questions of the children, and entering into conversation on the subject of the chapter. This saved it from being a merely formal service; and I have seldom known so evident and deep interest taken in the Scriptures, as was expressed in the attentive eyes and pleased countenances of the family group.

After breakfast was over, Mr. Benson assigned the tasks for his children, who quietly sat down to their study; and, to my surprise as well as gratification, Mrs. Benson also engaged herself with reading, which she interrupted only for the purpose of instructing the children, until the bell rang for worship. I was charmed with the quietness of this hour, and wondered how it had been redeemed from the bustle and confusion by which it is marked in many families. But I found the secret a very simple one. It was the resolution to relieve the day from all labor not absolutely necessary, and to devote it to mental and religious improvement. In the first place, no time had been lost in bed, so as to shorten the morning and waste its hour in the hurry of preparation for church. In some families there is nothing but washing and changing clothes, and brushing coats and shoes, and perhaps even the last stitches to be put into some rent garment, or a button or a string to be replaced to make all "tidy." And in the midst of these various operations, which bear the aspect, in the children's eyes, of being the most important of the day, and which are just finished in time for meeting, the affairs of the kitchen are to be attended to, and the mistress must give directions for dinner, and see that the pudding is prepared, and the sauces made ready. So that, instead of quiet, it might seem a little bedlam, and but a miserable preparation is made for mingling in the worship of God's *house*.

This was managed better at my friend's. "All that relates to cleanliness and clothing," said Mrs. Benson, "is done the day before, and the children are dressed for the day on rising. Thus the hour preceding service is without interruption, and neither our thoughts nor tempers are disturbed by unseasonable cares. This I consider an excellent habit for my children, as it teaches them to value the day for its true objects, and prevents them from thinking, as many do, that they go to church to show their clean clothes. It redeems time, also, for their studies; for their tasks are thus learned the first thing, before their little minds have been distracted or wearied; and then, for the remainder of the day, pleasant books are put into their hands as a reward and encouragement. Much is done in this way to form a taste for reading, and to make all their associations with religion delightful."

"And you succeed in this?" said I.

"Perfectly, thus far," she replied. "I believe it is the happiest day in the week to them. Nothing is suffered to occur which shall irritate them; all occasions of annoyance are removed; and we study a variety in their occupations, which prevents any thing from becoming tedious."

"But there is still another advantage in this arrangement," said her husband. "It redeems time for our own improvement, as well as for that of our children and domestics. This quiet interval, in the cool of the morning, is a golden opportunity. Many are the volumes which we have read together, which we never should have opened, if we had passed our Sabbath mornings as many of our neighbors do. Even my wife," continued he, "has thus been able to acquaint herself with books on divinity, which few men have read."

I wish that this hint might be enforced upon the attention

of our female friends. It happens with many ladies, that, after they are at the head of families, they fancy they have no time for the further improvement of their minds. Their domestic cares are as much as they can attend to; and, submitting to this as a sort of necessity, they lose what taste for books they once had, and dwindle down into very commonplace and ignorant women. Now, there seems to me a great fault in this; and, without enlarging on the subject, I will only say, that, if they will follow Mrs. Benson's plan, and redeem the Sabbath morning from waste, they will find it sufficient to keep alive their taste for profitable reading, at the same time that it will form, or at least help them to retain, their devotional taste. And how much might be gained, both to the relish and the profit of the sanctuary, by the calm state of feeling and the prepared sobriety of spirit, with which they would then go up to the house of God! for want of which, the prayers, the music, and the exhortations of that place are so often attended without interest or effect.

CHAPTER II.

After the morning had passed in the manner I have already described, the hour of public worship arrived, and we went forth to church. Here, too, I found the same consistency which I had remarked before. It was a principle with my friends to make every thing give way to the moral purposes of the day; and, while none could be further from superstition, they yet carefully avoided whatever might deprive any one of its full advantages. Therefore every member of the family was allowed to go out to public worship

Not even a domestic was left at home to prepare the family meal, but all were present in the house of God.

"We shall make no stranger of you," said Mrs. Benson to me, "but pursue our usual course. We are accustomed to such a dinner, on the Sunday, as may be prepared in a short time after returning from worship; for we are unwilling, for the sake of the gratification of the palate, to deprive a domestic of any opportunity so important to her. Her privileges, at best, are few, and it seems a pity to abridge them that we may dine well."

"Indeed," said Mr. Benson, "it can be called no sacrifice on our part, and we should be ashamed to regard it as such. He must be miserably given to his appetite, who thinks it a hardship to dine, once a week, on cold meat or a beefsteak. For myself, I count it a gain; it sits light, and leaves me the power of attention, and enables me to take as much pleasure in the afternoon as in the morning, — which would not be the case if I feasted as many do. I know something of this from experience. In the family in which I lived, when a young man, Sunday was a day of special good living. It was made a point to have a better dinner than common; an extra course was provided, and a dessert followed. Consequently, more was eaten than common, and I always found the afternoon preaching excessively heavy and fatiguing. It was a general remark in the family, that the good parson always preached worse in the afternoon, and in a very soporific tone. But the whole fault really lay in our heavy dinners, which would have put us to sleep beneath the voice of St. Paul himself. At length it happened that the master of the family thought it not worth while to go to church at all in the afternoon; he was sure, he said, that he could get no good from such drowsy doings, and it was quite as well to stay at home. I was of

his mind for a time; but when I had come to a better knowledge of religion, I discovered that my habit of indulgence was in fault, and that any day is better for a feast than a day of religious instruction.

"Not that I suppose there is any sin in the thing itself, or that a man is to be condemned for merely eating a better dinner than ordinary on the Sabbath. No such thing. But a man does very unwisely to unfit himself in this way, or in any way, for the best improvement of the day."

"Or its best enjoyment either," said I; "for how can one truly enjoy it, who goes to church with an overloaded stomach and heavy eyelids? If one might judge by their deeds, I should fancy that half the families of my acquaintance were expressly contriving how to render unprofitable this most valuable hour of worship."

"I am glad that you enter into my views," he replied; "indeed they cannot but approve themselves at once to every man, who will permit himself seriously to weigh the matter, and is not ashamed to do differently from other people. The only question is, whether or not it is desirable to secure the greatest amount of moral good from the means which are in operation. If it be, as every one will allow, then the common habits of the people in this respect are unwise.

"Let us take this town," he continued, "as an example. It contains about seventeen hundred inhabitants, which make not far from three hundred families; so that three hundred well and able-bodied persons are kept from public worship every Sabbath, for the purpose of cooking dinner. Can this be at all worth while? Would not the cause of improvement and happiness be promoted, by allowing these persons to be constantly exposed to the influence of Christian instruction?

"The number present at worship in this place is probably, on an average, from six to seven hundred — less than half the population. And I believe that in no parish can we calculate that half the people are actually present at one time in the house of God. The aged and infirm, the sick and the small children, with those who are required to attend upon them, are necessarily absent. But these certainly would not, on an average, constitute more than two to each family. Thus, then, we account for the necessary absence of six hundred persons in this society. Add these to the seven hundred present, and we have thirteen hundred. Where are the rest? Three hundred are engaged in preparing food.

"Hence we may calculate, that, in Boston, with sixty thousand inhabitants, probably not far from ten thousand are deprived of the benefit of religious instruction from this single cause. In New York, with a population of one hundred and seventy thousand, the number cannot be short of thirty thousand. Now, what advantages are gained to counterbalance this evident loss? Why should religious people so thoughtlessly cut off a part of their families from this means of knowledge and improvement?"

In consequence of acting upon these notions, I found that the season of intermission was redeemed for improvement as the morning had been. A pleasant conversation took place with the children respecting the services of the morning, which was designed to refresh their memories, and encourage the habit of attention, and thus give them an object of interest at church. Many children grow up without habits of attention, from not having been taught *how* to attend, or having any sufficient motive set before them. I was gratified with the eagerness and readiness with which *my friend*'s children replied to his inquiries, and the evi-

dence which they gave of having been accustomed to this exercise. To the two oldest it had become a pleasure, and was a great means of improvement. They regularly wrote a brief account of the discourses of the day, which was read to their parents, and corrected or improved by them. This employment was made pleasant to them, and, being a regular and expected exercise, prevented the day from hanging heavily upon them, and passing away listlessly. Great pains had been taken to save it from the appearance of task-work, and make it voluntary. This, indeed, was a principle in the whole domestic management; and I saw abundant proof of the correctness of Mrs. Benson's observation — that parents may render any occupation interesting to their children, by taking interest in it themselves, and sharing it with them.

CHAPTER III.

THE cheerful quietness and entire consistency of my friend's arrangements for the day, put my mind into a frame peculiarly favorable for its religious enjoyments. It produced a more than usual portion of that

"Heavenly CALM within the breast,"

of which the hymn speaks, and which, though so seldom found, seems so truly the appropriate privilege of holy time. How much depends on the state of our minds! At another time, I might have fretted at the preacher as common-place, dull, and wanting in matter; but now, every thing sounded well, and I received it with interest. The complexion of my friend's home had passed into my heart; I was in good humor with every thing *about me*, and was ready to resolve,

that, if such serenity could flow from a wise arrangement of the day, I would not fail to put in practice the hints I had received.

I had fallen into a musing posture, as thoughts like these passed through my mind, when we had just returned from the afternoon service. I was interrupted by the cheerful voices of the children walking in the garden, near the window where I was sitting. I looked at them for some time, as they passed backward and forward, playfully, but not noisily, and thought that I had never seen happier countenances. They were glowing with "the sunshine of the soul." There was evidently a restraint upon their movements, and they did not indulge in loud and violent pleasure. But the restraint was plainly voluntary, dictated by their own feelings, and with no harshness in it, to render it galling to them.

"This is their time for recreation," said Mr. Benson, observing that I watched them. "Constant confinement and silence might render the day tiresome to them, and its return unwelcome; and God forbid the Sabbath should be so to a child of mine. No, let it be a delight; and, in order to render it so, there must be recreation. I, however, make a distinction between the pleasures of this and other days, in order to connect with every hour of it a sacred association. Make it both pleasant and sacred, and it never will lose its hold upon the heart."

We pursued the conversation, and the children were left to themselves till we were summoned to an early supper. "We neither fast nor feast to-day," said Mrs. Benson; "but we have one small luxury at tea. We think it well to connect as many pleasant associations with the day as possible. Our children never see this dish at any other time."

"*But will* you not lead them," said I, "to set an undue *value on the* gratification of appetite?"

"That might happen," she replied, "if *we* seemed to value it highly, or talked about it as a thing of consequence, or ever used it by way of reward or punishment. But we do neither; we simply introduce it as a matter of course, because it is Sunday; they regard it as doing honor to the day; and it seems to mingle itself, in their minds, with the pleasant recollections of the season, and be lost among them."

But I should never cease were I to record all the good hints which were dropped in the course of conversation, or repeat every thing which made an impression on my mind. I must hasten to the end.

When this happy meal was finished, I had an opportunity of witnessing the mode in which the day was closed by these careful parents. First, questions were asked respecting the religious exercises of public worship, and the instructions of the day were recapitulated and enforced in familiar conversation. Then the brief lessons which had been learned were recited, — not from memory only, but care was taken that all should be understood, and what the children did not appear to understand was patiently explained to them; and this in so kind and familiar a way, that it excited their interest, and produced no fatigue upon their minds. It was done much more in the way of conversation than of formal recitation. The subject was *talked about*, and the children seemed to feel that they were partakers in what concerned themselves. When this was over, each was called upon to repeat some hymn; and I never shall forget the feelings which were excited by the manner in which one of them was closed. I had never seen the hymn before; but its simplicity, and beauty, and appropriateness to the circle in which the little lisper recited it, won my heart from the very first *verse*. And when she came to the

end, and took her brother by the hand, while all the brothers and sisters joined in a circle, and repeated together with her the closing lines, —

> "Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
> Our lips together move;
> O, smile upon this little band,
> And join our hearts in love," —

I cannot describe how affecting it was. I was overcome. I was melted. And I saw that tears stood even in the eyes of the parents, who had heard it repeated a hundred times. I felt as if such a prayer, from such a cherub band, must indeed have a prevailing power; and I could almost fancy that I heard a kind voice whisper, *Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

After a minute's pause, the father read from the family Bible, as on the preceding evening; and then all united in singing an evening hymn, which I found always made a part of the worship at this season. A fervent but brief act of supplication and praise followed. As it closed, the setting sun poured his last rays upon the wainscot, and disappeared beneath the horizon, — as if to cast his parting smile upon such a scene, and rejoicing to carry with him the record of a family so employed. And thus the day ended, — to me a memorable one; to be numbered with those which I contemplate with satisfaction, and on which I never look back without being ready to exclaim, "*I have gained a day.*"

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

"Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away — time."

BISHOP HALL.

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

CHAPTER I.

The day never broke more beautifully than on the seventeenth of April. It was one of those bright, delicious mornings, which occasionally take us by surprise in the early months, the more delightful because they stand out from the harsh and grating season, like the beautiful flowers of the cactus from their unsightly trunk. I think there was not a cloud in the whole sky; and as the light cautiously stole up from the eastern horizon, like the gentlest pencilings of the northern aurora, it presently spread into a wide, soft blush, which might remind the reader of Pope's Homer's rosy-fingered Morn. The air was silent and motionless, as if it were watching that fair phenomenon in the east; and, as yet, but one or two birds had opened their sweet throats to salute it. One of these, a melodious blackbird, was seated on the branch of a tree within a few feet of David Ellington's window; so that that hearty young mechanic, who slept while he slept, but knew when to be awake,—somewhat by the rule that his father taught him when a boy, "Work while you work, and play while you play,"—was broad awake by the time the bird had got half through the first strain of his melody. He turned his sunburnt face to the window, and opened his large eye to the light; and I think the night-*angels that had* watched by him must

have delayed to depart from their post, while they gazed for a time on the glowing smile which passed over his manly countenance. "Beautiful," said he, "beautiful! it looks like the very smile of God, and that bird expresses it in his song, as perfectly as if he could speak.

> 'Thine is the music, Father! thine
> The morning minstrel's song divine.
> Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,
> That can't perceive thee every where.'"

This said, he looked for a moment on the objects of his love, that were sleeping by his side, and then stole gently from his bed, dressed himself, took his Bible from the table, and read; closed it, and after a little pause, knelt in prayer. It was not long, but it was hearty; not words, so much as a wakeful gratitude and a quick thought of dependence and love. It was the morning salutation of a confiding child to his parent; and not the bird that continued whistling by his window was freer from constraint, or uttered itself from a heartier impulse. And no other sound broke in upon the silence. He left his wife and children to a little longer refreshment on their pillows, passed quietly out of the chamber, — not down stairs, for the house was of one story only, — took his box of tools and his hat, and went out to his day's work.

It was at more than a quarter of a mile distant that the unfinished house stood, at which he was to work during the day as a journeyman carpenter. He was there before the sun, and before his employer; and as he returned to his breakfast, he found his neighbor in the next house just opening his door, and setting his mouth almost as wide, as he yawned and stretched himself on the threshold.

"Well done, Ellington," said he, stepping down to the *fence* to greet him as he passed; "so here you are slaving

yourself to death at this time of day. What's the use of turning life into a mere drudgery? You'll wear yourself to death."

It was not the first time that John Smith had showed this neighborly anxiety on account of Ellington's unseasonable industry. Indeed, it was too great a contrast with his own habits, and was leading to too serious a contrast in their conditions, not to make it a matter of grave importance to him. In order to keep down some uncomfortable feelings of shame and self-reproach, he found himself obliged to exaggerate the ill-tendency of his neighbor's habits; thus, like greater men, carrying the war into the enemy's country, in order to be saved the trouble of a hopeless defence at home. Smith was not what is usually considered a bad man; but he was irresolute and shiftless, and he had no strength of principle to give vigor to his occasional wishes that he could do better. A very common case.

"Why," replied Ellington, "it's very healthy being up early, and I suspect that I enjoy myself quite as well as you do."

"Nobody can enjoy himself till after breakfast. It takes forever to get waked up, and one is always out of sorts till he has warmed himself with his coffee."

"Or his bitters?" said Ellington, smiling.

"No; you know I have not touched them this twelvemonth."

"Yes, thank God! I know it. But then you used to think you were not half a man till you had your glass;—you have found *that* was not true,—and perhaps you would find the same true with the coffee."

"Give up coffee! Not I."

"No reason that you should; but I mean, you may find out, if you try, that it *is not the only* thing to make a man

of you. An hour's brisk occupation would be a better tonic. You would be in better tune with yourself, in better tune for your breakfast, and for your family, and for your prayers."

David did not give this last hint without deliberation. He was on such terms with his neighbor as to warrant the freedom, and, indeed, the matter to which it pointed had been the subject of conversation with them before. Smith perfectly understood him, but, not choosing to reply, merely said, "I shall not work myself to death for any body."

"Why, do you really think I am pining away, John?" said David, with a meaning smile, and looking at his stout hand as he stretched it out. Smith could not help smiling too, for the contrast with his own puny limbs was a little too violent for gravity. "Well," said he, "it may do for stout fellows like you, but you know that I could not bear it; it would kill me in a month. Ah, David, if I only had your constitution!"

"It is a blessing to be thankful for, certainly, and I hope I am devoutly sensible of it. But it is not for the sake of the work, that I am speaking; you very well know that I do not work more hours than others, nor so many as some."

"Yes, and that's what puzzles me. What in the world should possess you to get up every day before light, as if your life depended on it, when you could do all you do just as well, and have a comfortable morning snoose too?"

"Why, there's no mystery about it, John. I want the leisure, that's all. I want to take life quietly, and not be driven. I want to do something besides work. I do not think that a man was created for nothing in this world but to plane boards and drive nails, and then go home and sleep. *He could do* that if he was made of cast iron and oak plank.

But being what he is, a thinking creature, capable of knowing something, and having a soul to live on, after all the iron is rusted and the oak rotted, he ought to be learning something else and doing something more. Therefore, I want time to improve my mind; I am not content to be ignorant; I want to know more of this wonderful world, and the wonderful truth it is full of. I feel that I shall be the happier for it; and not only so, but shall the better serve Him who placed me here and sent his Son to save me. I cannot be willing to live and die a mere axe-handle and turning-lathe; I want to be a MAN. I cannot bear to spend a whole life in doing nothing but earning money to pay for my potatoes and cotton; I want to earn something which will last me when I have done wanting food or clothing. That is the reason why I try to arrange my time so as to get leisure."

"You are ambitious," said Smith, willing to give a turn to the subject which might prevent its pressing on himself. "I thought you were more contented with your lot."

"Ambitious! contented!" said David, with a slight emotion, and speaking low and deliberately, as if not knowing exactly how to understand his neighbor's remark; "yes, I am contented; not a man in the county has better cause for satisfaction with his lot. Have I not sound health, a happy home, a good trade, regular employment? Do you think, because I want to do something more than work at my bench, I am therefore dissatisfied with that work? No, I thank God, who gave me hands and the means of a pleasant and independent livelihood, I can do all this, and accomplish higher objects too. My ambition, as you call it, is not to get away from my business, but to prevent my business from stealing me away from myself, — that is, from robbing me of my mind and my soul; which it would do, if I did not contrive to *get some* hours for other employ-

ment. Why, what a mere shell of a man I should be at sixty, what a meagre, impoverished wretch, made up of nothing but bones and flesh, if I should do nothing, meantime, but sweat twelve hours a-day in the workshop, and eat and gossip and sleep away the other twelve! I should not be fit for any company worth keeping in this world, and I am sure I should be afraid to open my eyes in another."

"That other world seems to be a great bugbear in your way," said Smith.

David looked at him. "You know better than to say that; you speak against your conscience."

It was true enough; he spoke against his conscience; it was mere bravado. He felt the justice of David's words; he could not help feeling a sort of reverence creep over him while he spoke; he seemed to himself to be sinking down to insignificance in his presence; and, as men will do in such a state of feeling, he sought to get rid of the uncomfortableness by a stout answer, as if the sound of a brave sentence would encourage him. David's steady reply disconcerted him, and he looked as if he did not know which way to turn. "Well," he said, "I did not mean exactly that; I am sure that I look for another life as well as any man. But I don't see why one may not mind his business and get to heaven too."

"But don't I mind my business?" asked David, smiling again.

"Yes; but what I mean is, a man's business is enough for him; if he does that, it's what God means he shall do; and the minister has told us a thousand times, that we can serve him and be religious, just as well at the ploughtail as in the church."

"And that's very true; but the question is, what *is* a *man's business.*"

"Why, his trade, to be sure, or his calling, whatever it may be; — his profession in life."

"But do you really think that to spend ten hours in sawing and driving nails, as I do, or eight, (or six — is it that you spend?) in the field, is all that we have to do in this world? Do you really think God has given us nothing to do during the other fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen hours?"

"Why, we must be *good;* that's all."

"But I don't see how we can be good, if we do nothing. I could not contrive to be good, and remain idle all the time too. I must be doing something."

"To be sure; we are always doing something," said Smith, hesitating, as he felt the shoe begin to pinch again.

"Yes, we are always doing something, good or bad; words, looks, feelings, are something, and they are all good or bad; and what I want is, to arrange such employment for my time, that I shall stand a good chance of resisting all temptation to *bad* looks, feelings, and words. Idle time, John, is the most ruinous thing in the world."

"That's not to the point; what I say is, that a man's business is his business; and you have no right to say that he must do more than that or he cannot be saved. That's the point."

"Suppose it's a mischievous business, an immoral business?" asked David; "what then?"

"O, then — certainly, — because that is being a bad man."

"But he may pursue a mischievous business, and yet think himself honest, and doing right; may he not? Here is Squire Alrose, who made his money twenty years ago by a distillery, which has ruined more than one family, we both know; yet he did it conscientiously, and an honester, more well-meaning man never lived. He sinned for want of light."

"Very well," answered Smith; "and I think that he will be saved: he had no bad motives; he intended to do right."

"Then you think a man is to be judged by his motives and intentions?"

"Exactly so," answered Smith, briskly, very much pleased to get upon plain, safe ground — "exactly so." And he put his hand upon the fence, against which he was leaning, and, giving a spring, seated himself on it; he seemed to be almost as much in good humor as if he had actually swallowed his coffee.

"And pray," asked David, "what are the motives and intentions with which men pursue their daily callings — yourself, for instance? Is it not to get a living, to earn your bread? Don't you do just as much as you are obliged to do for that end, and no more? And if you could live without working, do you suppose you should ever plough another furrow?"

"No, I don't suppose I should; I tell you I would not drudge as I do if I could help it."

"And I suppose that is the case with most men; is it not?"

"Yes, candidly, I think it is; I am quite of Mr. P.'s mind, who says every body is just as lazy as he can be."

"I don't think it true of *every body*," said David, "but it undoubtedly is of very many; they follow their trade for a living; it is their livelihood. All their motive and intention is to get on in the world."

"Yes," responded Smith.

"And a man is to be judged, you say, by his motives and intentions?"

"Yes."

"Then I do not see how you can hold, that a man's business is all the work he has to do in life. He would do it

just the same if there were no God and no heaven. He *must* do it, whether he likes or not. He has no purpose to please God, or do his duty. Judged, therefore, by his motives and intentions, he is purely selfish and worldly."

"Just as if a man can't serve God in his business!" exclaimed the other, warmly.

"So he may; but then, mind you, it can only be by *intending* to serve him. If there be not the *intention*, there is not the service."

Smith looked as if a new thought had struck him. He was silent for a moment, and then said, in a little different tone from that which he had been using, "Then you think that I am all wrong, and I might as well be doing nothing."

"I wish I could say I think you are right; but it seems to me, that on your own principles you are condemned. But of this you must judge for yourself. All that I want to say now is, — for it is growing late, and we must not try the patience of our wives too far, — all I want to say is, that I believe in my soul, we are put here to do much more for ourselves and others, than just to earn a living or grow rich by a regular trade. We must turn *that* into the service of God by doing it with a religious heart, and we must contrive by other means to do some good and improve our minds. I do not think, considering that you and I can get a comfortable living as we can, that we have any more right to be *ignorant* than we have to be *dishonest*. No matter whether we become rich or not; but it would be a real disgrace to go through life no wiser or better than we began it. So, in spite of all your alarm for me, I shall get up at daybreak to-morrow, and study as well as work. So good morning; and I advise you to do the same."

He turned away to depart, but stopped on hearing his neighbor mutter, "A *pretty business* it would be for a jour-

neyman carpenter and a day-laborer to be thinking of such things as libraries and writing-desks!"

"Don't disparage us, John; we are men, are we not? we have eyes and souls, have we not? and did not God make us? and is there a scholar of them all, that looked more like a student in his cradle, or will in his coffin? Be more of a man, John, and believe that you have as good a right to know all that can be learned, and become as wise in the Holy Scriptures as the most favored scribe in Israel. Have you read Dr. Channing on Self-Culture?"

"No."

"I'll send it to you. Read it; he has written out my notions exactly. Don't sleep till you have read it."

He went his way, and Smith jumped from the fence to meet his wife, who was wondering what this long conference could mean. "He is a strange fellow, that Ellington," he said to her as they passed into the house; "he is as set and religious as any parson; and yet he is as pleasant and easy withal as if he had nothing on his mind. I should not wonder if he had the right of it, after all."

CHAPTER II.

The sun was well risen before Mrs. Ellington and her two little ones were awake. They who know the weariness that attends the mother's daily cares and nightly watchings, will appreciate David's reasons for indulging the slumbers of his wife after he had broken his own. So did she; and, being as energetic and conscientious in her sphere as he *was in his,* she found no difficulty in making all ready

against his return from his morning's work. Accordingly the children were dressed, and the house in order, and the breakfast prepared at the appointed season. "But why does not father come?" asked little Jemmy, who began to be impatient. The cause was evident enough when his mother, looking up the road, discovered him in earnest conference with John Smith; and while she waited, wondering at the lengthened talk, she congratulated herself that he was not one of the race of husbands that are discomfited and soured by an overdone breakfast. "It's well that you are not like uncle Giles," were her first words to him as he entered, "or I should tremble to see you, after breakfast had been kept waiting half an hour."

"I hope I never shall be such a fool as to be unhappy for such a cause," said David; "it's a comfort to have got above the luxuries that tempt to ill-temper. As long as we indulge in no niceties that can be spoiled by waiting, we shall run little risk of spoiling our tempers."

"That's one of the blessings of being poor," said his wife.

"So it is, as long as we have enough; and a man can always have enough if he will be content with what he has. Let us read the very chapter that tells us of this." And, opening the Bible, which lay ready for him on the breakfast table, he took Jemmy on his knee, while Jane held the baby, and read the last chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy. A few words of thanksgiving and prayer followed, and they seated themselves to their frugal and cheerful meal. How might thousands, who sat down that morning to their sumptuous tables, envy the happiness of that neat cottage, though they would wonder at and pity its poverty! When will men learn that the real gain is "godliness with contentment"?

"And after all," said *David*, as they sat deliberately dis-

cussing their decent repast, — for he used to say, that rational creatures, who can talk, have a right to spend five minutes more at their meals than the hogs, who can only eat, — "after all, I am not sure that we should not be gainers by greater frugality. You may laugh, dear; but soberly, if, in the warm weather, we should only drink water and eat cold bread, how much toil over the fire you would be saved! We should then need no fire. And this, besides saving your labor, would save fuel, and sugar, and coffee; — so that, by autumn, I could afford to buy that book we want so much. And a good book is as well worth having as a cup of coffee."

"I don't mind the work, David," said his wife; "so that my laboring over the fire is no reason; but after all, as you say, I had rather spend half an hour in reading than in cooking; so that, if you think it won't hurt our health, I should like to try it."

"O, if it hurts us, we can just go back to the old way. And if it agrees with us, we shall be able to procure some other indulgences beyond the book. I declare, I feel as if I was the richest man in the village already. I wonder how many of our neighbors feel as if they could afford to buy the Bridgewater Treatises."

"Uncle Giles will think you crazy."

"Ay, — and I believe neighbor Smith does already. By the way, I promised him a book this morning."

"A book!" exclaimed Jane, laughing; "a book for John Smith! Do you suppose he will read it?"

"Why, perhaps not; but I do not despair of him; his case is not hopeless; and if he can only be excited in the right way, he may come to something yet. He is free to talk and willing to listen, — that's something."

"*Something*, to be sure, but very little to put in the

scale against long habits of indolence and self-indulgence."

"But his conscience is not dead," said David, "and he sees that he is going behindhand, and it is a good moment to try to help him up. So I must not forget the book."

"What is it?" asked Jane.

"Self-Culture. He sneered at the idea of men like us trying to study, and I thought this would set him right. So let me have it and go. And as I have lost nearly an hour this morning, let me have some bread and cheese for dinner, that I may stay at noon and make up for it."

Away trudged he, accordingly; and his wife, having cleared away the room, drew forth her morning's work. A pleasant sight it would have been to peep in and watch her that morning, — and it was not very different from all her mornings. There she sat at the table, at work on a suit of clothes for her husband; the Bible lay open beside her, as I have often seen it in the abodes of humble life, and she cast her eyes upon it from time to time, to imbibe a verse that might direct and cheer her thoughts. The children were on the floor, frequently claiming her attention, and calling for the exercise of her ingenuity to prevent them from interrupting her employment; till, at length, wearied out with their play, they both fell into a long sleep, and the happy mother sat watching their cradle, and working and thinking, — as full of enjoyment as if there were neither want nor sorrow in the world. How blessed is the lot of a well-governed, contented mind, in a vigorous and healthful body! The pampered and self-indulgent know not the latter, and are strangers to the former. *Godliness with contentment is great gain.*

Meanwhile, David was as busy and as happy amidst his task at the *unfinished house;* — not able, indeed, like his

wife, to catch glances at a book every moment or two, but occupied with a quiet train of pleasant thought, which realized the expression in a favorite hymn of Doddridge, which he was fond of singing as he worked;—

> "And while the world our *hands* employs,
> Our *hearts* are THINE alone."

He had no idea that it could be necessary to confine down his mind to the mechanical work before him; he cultivated the habit of thinking. He was accustomed to say, "My definition of a right man is a man perpetually *thoughtful.* Ruin begins in the neglect of the thoughts." Thus, in fact, his hours of labor were hours of study; for his mind was busy on the subjects of his reading, and he made himself more thoroughly their master by reflection. Not only so, but he availed himself of every leisure moment to add to his stock another fact or a new idea, from some volume which he carried always in his pocket. And now, accordingly, when noon arrived, and toil ceased, and his fellows went away to their dinners, he first refreshed himself with his frugal fare, threw himself for a time at full length on the boards, in complete repose, and then, taking his book, occupied in reading the half hour that remained before his companions returned.

So passed on the laborious and tranquil day,—every moment turned to good account, and the mind provided for no less than the body. So its hours rolled away, till the descending sun gave token of the coming night, and brought the season of labor to a close. One is almost ready to pronounce it the happiest hour of the twenty-four, when the setting sun sheds his parting beams over the earth. There is a peculiar serenity and sweetness in the air. The last chirping of the birds, and the lowing of the returning cattle, fill it with the very spirit of contentment. The weary

laborer moves homeward, amid the lengthening shadows, to his waiting wife and children; throws off his burden, and enjoys the exquisite repose of love with those that are dear. The evening twilight imparts a beauty indescribable to the sky and to the earth; but it is the association with labor finished and families meeting, which gives to that hour its most affecting charm. To what thousands of our race does it bring the solace, their only daily solace, of a few short hours of rest and love!

David felt all this, as he walked homeward to his cottage, which contained for him a welcome, such as only an equal affection could offer to the highest and proudest — an affection, without which the palace is a desert, and with which the peasant is more than a prince. No one who could look into his heart at that moment, beating as it was with contentment, love, and devotion, could doubt that the greatness and riches of the world are dross, in comparison with the kingdom of the inner man. And as he sat by the side of his wife and little ones at the neat repast, while the sun threw in his last smiling rays upon the cheerful group, one would almost doubt whether it could be a fallen world, or whether the bower of Eden overshadowed more simplicity and peace.

"You have just missed of seeing uncle Giles," said his wife; "he has been here this hour, and hardly left when you came in."

David expressed his regret, and asked why she had not detained him to tea. "O," said Jane, "it was in vain to ask him; I fancy that we are a great deal too sober and frugal for him; he thinks us very mean and wretched, you may depend upon it."

This was true enough. Uncle Giles was one of those persons who measure *manliness and* generosity by the freedom

with which men spend upon themselves. To keep a good table and make a respectable show in dress, is spirited and noble; to practise frugality and self-denial, no matter for what cause, is mean and stingy. There are a great many persons of this class, — persons who will make any sacrifice of real comfort for appearance sake, but who wonder with infinite amazement at the man who will sacrifice any appearance for the sake of a moral or intellectual good. To such a one a character like David Ellington is a complete puzzle. Uncle Giles knew that he was a sensible and kind man, and a good workman; all the more strange that he should have such out-of-the-way notions about living. He really and sadly thought his niece to be an object of commiseration, in having become the wife of a man below her in rank, who seemed to care nothing about rising in the world, who was content with a one-story house, and esteemed books and knowledge more than riches or enjoyment. He had come to condole with her on her unfortunate condition; matters seemed to him to be growing worse and worse, and he would be glad to interfere, and bring about some change which should restore her to the position she occupied before her marriage. Jane could not help being amused at his unnecessary sympathy, while she appreciated his affection. "Indeed, uncle," said she, "you mistake the matter entirely; I never was so happy in my life. It seems to me that I have got into Paradise before my time, life is so easy and joyful to me. There is not a thing that I could alter for the better."

"Ah, Jane," he replied, with an incredulous shake of the head, "you young wives will say any thing, rather than have it suspected that your marriage disappoints you. But I am sure you may trust your own uncle. And don't I see with *my own eyes*? Are you not mewed up here all the day

long, working and drudging, and just to scrape along, because your husband chooses to spend all his earnings on those trashy books and instruments? Don't I know that you have given up all the generous living that you were used to, and are deprived of almost the very essentials of a decent meal? And where are the pleasant parties, and the brisk dances? Instead of them, here you sit, poring over your Methodistical books along with your Methodistical husband, till, I verily believe, you will think it a sin even to smile on your baby."

"Ay, ay," said David, when his wife repeated to him this conversation, "so it is,—when men can do nothing else, they contrive to affix an obnoxious name; and one is a Methodist and another an infidel, according to the effect they desire to produce, or the ill-feeling they wish to vent. How many good men have been sacrificed to this petty persecution! Not that I think," he continued, laughing at his own earnestness, "we are *persecuted* by your good uncle; but I could not help reflecting how this same self-satisfied ignorance, in a wider sphere, has occasioned half the sufferings of the church. If uncle Giles really *knew* how the case stands, he would not talk and feel so."

"So I told him," said Jane. "Said I, 'You should come and see with your own eyes, and judge from actual observation. There are different *tastes*, you know; and our mode of life might not suit your taste, but so long as it suits ours, we may be very happy in it; and if you would but come and see how entirely happy we are, and how full of cheerfulness and even fun, you might still wonder at our taste, but you would no longer be uneasy about us.'"

"I heartily wish that he would do so," said David, "but I fear there would be little prospect of convincing him. He has lived too long in the habit of regarding superficial enjoy-

ment as the chief good, to perceive any attractiveness in sober and mental pleasures."

"But it is not too late for him to be touched with juster notions of religion."

"No, not too late; it is never too late, I suppose, strictly speaking. There is an infinite power in divine truth to overcome any heart, if rightly introduced to it. But the difficulty is to introduce it rightly to one who has always, on principle, resisted it, and who prides himself on having the most sensible and rational notions. How are you to get at him? He is impenetrable."

"True; he looks down upon us with a sort of a self-complacent pity, as being in a delusion. He thinks that religion consists in going to meeting on Sunday, and keeping up a reputable appearance; any particular attention to it beyond this he regards as downright fanaticism."

"And fanaticism is to be despised. Therefore it is that men of his class are among the most hopeless. I should much sooner expect to see John Smith a hearty and devoted Christian. He is not hardened by the self-conceit of fancied attainment; he has never imagined himself a religious man. He may therefore be touched. And I do not mean to lose a speedy opportunity of continuing this morning's talk."

"But you must choose a better time for it than before breakfast. You spoiled his wife's temper for the whole day. She prides herself on her breakfast table too much to bear such a delay."

"Why, to be sure," said David, "it was rather unseasonable. And I have been thinking, for other reasons, that I must alter my plan a little. I am too much interrupted in my reading during the day; and now that the evenings are growing short, I think it will be best to do my studying

before breakfast. Then I shall have the day for work, and nobody can interrupt that. I shall then be a man of leisure for my work," he added, while he moved away from the table and began to romp with his children, "as Walter Scott was for his friends, after having done up his chapter before any body was stirring."

So this change of plan was settled; and after a hearty frolic with the little ones, the happy father composed himself to study, with a readiness of attention, and avarice of time, that even Bowditch hardly surpassed. The children were then quietly put to rest, and the cottage set in order, and the wife at length placed herself by his side, and he read to her aloud, and they talked of what they read, until the hour came for retiring. Then the day, which began in praise, was ended in prayer, and night and sleep sank down together, with a benediction of repose, on the simple-hearted, unambitious, and devoted pair.

ROBERT FOWLE.

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ROBERT FOWLE.

THERE are a great many boys who stand at the Boston market, with baskets in their hands, to carry home meat for gentlemen who come to buy. Many of them are dirty and ragged. Some of them are bad boys, who spend much of their time in wicked play, and use wicked language. They sometimes steal and lie; and they are so noisy as to be very troublesome to the people in the market.

One day Mr. Jones came to buy some beef; and a crowd of these boys ran up to him, crying out, "Shall I carry it for you, sir?" "Do let me take it, sir." "I spoke first, sir." Mr. Jones told them that he did not want them; and then said to the market-man, that he would send for the meat presently. He was just turning away, when a little boy said to him, "Please let me carry it home for you, sir." He spoke so modestly and softly, that Mr. Jones stopped to look at him. He was not, like most of the other boys, ragged and dirty; but his clothes were all whole, and his face and hands were clean. He had no hat on, and no shoes; so that he seemed to be very poor, though he was so very neat.

Mr. Jones was pleased to see this, for he thought that he must be a good boy, and that his mother must be a good woman. He asked the market-man if he knew him.

"No, sir," he answered, "I never saw him before in my life."

"I never was here before," said the boy.

"And how came you here now?" said Mr. Jones.

"My mother sent me here. She is sick, and cannot work, and has no money to buy any food; and so she sent me here to try to earn some. And if I cannot get any, my mother will not get well, and I shall not have any thing to eat."

Mr. Jones put the meat into his basket, and told him to carry it to Washington Place, on Fort Hill. The boy did not know the way; and Mr. Jones said that, as he was going home, he might follow him.

When they got to the house, and the boy had carried his load round to the kitchen, Mr. Jones called him into the parlor, and asked him his name. He said that his name was Robert Fowle.

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Jones.

"In White-Bread Alley, close by Mr. Parkman's meeting-house," said Robert.

"What is your father's business?"

"I have no father," said Robert; "he died two years ago."

"And what does your mother do?"

"She takes in washing and sewing, and does any thing she can. But she is sick now, and can do nothing. So I am obliged to stay away from school to help her, or else we should all starve."

"How many of you are there?" asked Mr. Jones.

"There are five besides me, and they are all girls, and I am the eldest, and I am but twelve."

"And have you no relations, nor friends, to help you?"

"No, sir," said Robert; "all our relations live a great way off, and we have not been long enough in Boston to know many folks here. So mother has to do all when she's well, and now she's sick, there's nobody but I."

Mr. Jones pitied the poor woman, and resolved to help

her. He gave Robert some money, and promised to employ him every day, if he behaved well. He determined also to find something more for him to do.

Robert hastened home to his mother. She was sitting by the fire, mending a child's gown, and looking very pale and sick. The children were standing round her, cold and hungry, and little Anne was crying because she had nothing to eat.

Robert was very glad that he had some money to buy bread, and as soon as he opened the door, he held it up in his hand, and said, "See, mother, only see what a good gentleman it was; see how much he gave me. Don't cry, Anne, for now we shall have enough. And he said it was because you was sick, and he knew you was a good mother, because I looked and spoke so nice. And he said we must all take care and be good children."

Mrs. Fowle told Robert not to talk now, but to run and buy some bread. Little children, who always have enough to eat, do not know how glad these little hungry creatures were to see the loaf that he brought home.

While they were busily and heartily eating, Robert told them all that he had done that morning, and that Mr. Jones had promised to give him something more to do.

He then went to school in the afternoon, for he loved his books, and his mother would not suffer him to neglect them. The poorest boys in Boston can attend the public schools, and Mrs. Fowle knew that children cannot be happy nor good, if they do not learn to read and write.

The next morning Robert washed himself, and washed and fed the smaller children, and took his basket to go out. "Good-by, mother; good-by, children."

"Robert, stop one minute," said his mother. "Do you know any of the boys *in the market*?"

"No, mother, not one," said Robert.

"Well, my dear son," said she, "I hope you will not play with them, nor have any more to do with them than is absolutely necessary. For I hear that some of them are bad boys, and do not speak the truth, and say wicked words."

"Yes, mother," said Robert, "and they fight. I saw them. And they swear terribly. And they were very saucy to some gentlemen."

"I hope you will not learn to do so, Robert. You had better starve than learn to be wicked. It would break my heart to have you a bad boy. Be very careful, then, Robert; and if they try to draw you away, do not go with them. Remember what I say, and remember your dear father. Remember what the Bible says, too."

Robert promised that he would be careful, and ran off to the market. Mr. Jones did as he had said, and Robert found enough to do to keep him busy, day after day, and to buy many comfortable things for his mother. He carried all his money to her, and would not spend any of it for apples and cakes, like other boys. He behaved so well, that many gentlemen always wanted Robert Fowle to carry home their marketing; and one gave him a hat, and another a pair of shoes, and so made him more comfortable and happy.

When the boys found that Robert had more errands at the market than any of them, some of them were very angry. They said that he was a new boy, and had no business there, and that he had come to get away their money. He would not pitch cents with them, nor play at any game in which they could get away his money; and so they called him mean and stingy. He would not keep company with them, nor hear bad stories; and they called him proud.

And because he looked cleaner and more neat than they, they gave him the name of the *little gentleman*, and sometimes the *white-bread gentleman*. In this way they teased him, and tried to make him unhappy. But he minded it as little as he could, for he knew that he was doing right. Yet he often felt grieved, and was glad when the time came for him to go home, and be with his mother and sisters.

"O mother," said he one day, when he came home to dinner, "how glad I shall be when I have done going to market!"

"Why, my dear?" said his mother.

"Because the boys plague me so," said Robert; and he told her how they treated him, and what names they called him.

"But is it not partly your fault, Robert? Perhaps you tease *them*, and are not obliging, and love to seem better than they."

"O, no, mamma," cried out his oldest sister, Mary, who was ten years, "I am sure it can't be so; for Robert is always obliging, and never teases any body."

"I try to be, I am sure," said Robert. "But you know you told me not to play with them, because they do not behave well."

"But you must treat them well," answered his mother, "and be kind to them. Always do to them as you would have them do to you. You know where that rule is?"

"Yes, mother, in the New Testament."

"If you always act according to this rule, by and by they will be ashamed to tease you, for they will see that you mean them no harm. Besides, if you knew how they came to be such bad boys, you would think them to be pitied."

"How is it, mother?"

"Because they *were never taught* better, as you were.

Some of them had no kind father, like yours, to take care of them; and some of them have parents who drink and quarrel, and never teach them any thing, nor send them to school. We should therefore pity them as well as blame them, and try to make them better. For if you had been brought up as they were, perhaps you would have been like them."

"I will remember what you say," said Robert; "but still, I wish I had done going where they are."

His mother told him that she hoped to be so well in a few days, as to work again, and then he would go to market no longer.

The next day, Robert had an opportunity of practising on his mother's advice. A boy by the name of John Saunders asked him to help carry a large basket to Bowdoin Square; and though it was very inconvenient to him, yet Robert was so obliging as to go; and John said he was the cleverest of all, for none of the others would go. Ned Field wanted to use his little basket while he was gone, because his own was not very clean. Robert gave him leave, but begged him not to let it get dirty.

"Don't be afraid," said Ned; "I shan't hurt your nicety."

But when Robert came back, he found his basket very dirty, and the handle broken.

"O Ned, how could you do this?" cried Robert.

Ned only laughed, and the other boys joined him.

"I should think you might do as you would be done by," said Robert, very quietly, and began to walk away. Ned knew he had done wrong, and therefore he flew into a passion, as people often do, that they may seem to think themselves right.

"*What's* that you say?" he cried. "None of your im-

nce, Mr. Gentleman. None of your mother's goody
Mr. White-bread clean-face."
I don't know why you should be angry," said Robert,
r what harm there is in a clean face. And I'm sure,
ou had been used to my mother's good lessons, you
d love them."
Do you say my mother is not as good as yours?" cried
; and he lifted up his hand, and struck him twice, so
most to knock him down.
A fight! A fight!" cried the wicked boys, clapping
hands; and they tried to make Robert return the
. But Robert knew it was wrong to fight, and there-
stood still, astonished, though not afraid.
He's afraid," cried the boys. "Coward! Coward!"
I am not afraid," said Robert.
Why don't you fight, then?" said they.
Because it's wrong to fight at any time," said Robert;
d I believe I did not do right in what I said just now;
it certainly will not make it right to fight about it."
he boys shouted, and hissed, and said it was mean-
ted to take back his words for a blow.
Not for a blow," said Robert, "but because they were
ıg. And I think it would be very mean, if I should
to Ned what was wrong, and try to flog him too."
That's a noble fellow," said a man that was standing
"Live up to that, my lad; it's the true spirit. Ned,
ought to take example. It's you that are to blame."
ed knew this, but he was sullen and obstinate, and
t away without speaking.
he next day, when Mr. Jones came to market, he asked
ert how his basket came to be broken. A man who
d near, the same who had spoken so kindly to Robert
day before, began *to tell the whole* story; and Robert

soon took up his basket, with the meat which Mr. Jones had been buying, and went away. Mr. Jones had listened very attentively to the man's story, and when it was done, turned round to take up the change which the market-man had laid down for him on the bench. But there was a silver half-dollar missing. Mr. Jones said he had seen the man put it there, but now it was gone. Perhaps it had rolled off on to the floor. No; they searched for it, and it was not to be found. Then somebody must have taken it. Who could it be? "Perhaps it was Robert," said the man; "he stood round that side."

"Robert!" said Mr. Jones; "where is he?"

"O, he went off long ago," said one of the boys.

"That's the reason he would not stay and hear the story through," said another.

"Ay, ay," said another; "I wondered what made him in such a hurry. It's plain enough, now."

"Yes," said another, "the white little gentleman wanted to buy him a new clean shirt, I suppose."

In this way they all talked loud, and called him many hard names. Nobody spoke for him but John Saunders; and he said he did not think it likely so obliging a boy would steal.

Mr. Jones did not know what to think. He set out to meet Robert as he should come back. But Robert had taken another street. Mr. Jones returned to the market, thinking to find him there. But Robert did not come back again that forenoon.

Every body was now certain that he had taken the half-dollar; and Ned Field, who had been of an errand, coming up, declared that he saw the sly little gentleman take it.

"Why did not you tell of it?" asked Mr. Jones.

Ned answered that he did it with such an innocent look,

that he thought it was something Mr. Jones gave him for being so good a boy.

"But why did you not mention it afterwards, when we were talking about it?" said Mr. Jones.

"I did not hear any talk about it," said Ned; "for a gentleman called me away to wait on him, and I have but just got back."

This was true; and Mr. Jones began to think, as every body else thought, that Robert was a thief. This grieved him very much, and he walked away with a heavy heart to Mrs. Fowle's house. "What a pity," he thought, "that so well behaved a boy should be dishonest! What grief it will be to his mother!"

Mrs. Fowle was very much shocked and astonished, when she heard that her son was accused of dishonesty, and she said that she could not believe it. Robert declared that he was innocent, and that he never should think of doing so wicked a thing; and when Mr. Jones told him that Ned Field said he saw him take the half-dollar, he burst out a-crying, and said, "O, what a wicked boy, to tell such a cruel lie!"

"But if you did not take it," said Mr. Jones, "what made you run away so suddenly?"

"I did not run away, sir," said Robert; "but you were all talking about me, and I did not feel right to stand by and listen; so I took my basket and went away."

"But what made you go home so slyly through the other street?"

"Because it was nearer, and I was in a hurry."

"What made you in a hurry?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Nothing in particular," said Robert, "but I had done all my errands, and I always like to be at home as soon as possible."

"Did your mother *want you?*"

"No, sir," said Robert.

"Was it not a great deal sooner than you commonly come home?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, sir," said Robert.

"Ah, Robert," said Mr. Jones, "that is all very much against you."

His mother thought so too. But Robert still protested most earnestly that he was innocent.

"I must search your pockets," said Mr. Jones.

Robert burst out a-crying again, and said, "Indeed, indeed, it is not there."

Mr. Jones made him empty his pockets, and there were two silver half-dollars there. His mother lifted up her hands, and cried out, "O Robert, how came you by them?"

"I came by them honestly, mother," he answered, drying his eyes; "but I did not mean you should know I had them, because I wanted to surprise you by and by. The way I did was this. Sometimes a gentleman would pay me more than enough; and I always laid that by, till I got enough to make half a dollar, and then I changed it for this."

"Who changed it for you?" asked Mr. Jones.

Robert said he could not tell, for it was in a shop as he came home one day, and he did not mind where it was.

Mr. Jones shook his head, and did not believe him. He asked him how he came by the other.

"You gave it to me yourself, sir, three weeks ago."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Jones; "but this one I think you stole. Every thing you say is very unlikely; and besides, Ned saw you."

Mr. Jones then said, that he should consider what ought to be done to such a boy, and went away.

Robert and his mother sat for some time, full of sorrow, but without saying a word. By and by Robert spoke out, "O, how glad I am that there is a God! for now there is one that knows I am innocent. My mother thinks I am a thief, and Mr. Jones thinks so, and every body thinks so. But God knows every thing, and he knows I am not. Every body else hates me, but God loves me just as well as ever."

"And if you are innocent, my son," said his mother, "trust him, and he will make your innocence appear."

"He knows, too, what a lie Ned Field told," continued Robert. "O, how dreadfully he must feel, to know that God heard him!"

Robert's father and mother had taught him to think much of God, and she was pleased to find that he thought of him now. It made her feel a strong hope that his innocence would be cleared up; but she did not say any thing. She thought it best in all trouble quietly to wait. She was sure that all would be well at last, for she always found that every dark side had its bright side, and that it is never right to despair, or be overcome with trouble.

Robert could not go to the market the next day, because every body thought him a thief. He therefore went to school. But the boys looked hardly at him, and avoided him. It was very hard to bear this, and he burst into tears, and could not pursue his studies. The master saw that something troubled him, and kindly told him that he might go home.

Robert went out, scarcely knowing where he went, till he came to the water side, where some boys were playing on the ice. One of them broke through. The rest were frightened, and, instead of helping him, began to run away. Robert called to them, and begged them to help the boy

out. But they were so frightened, that they could do nothing. Robert got a long pole, and slid it along on the ice, till the end of it reached the boy. He called to him to take hold of the pole and raise himself by it, and in that way the ice would bear him. Robert held the other end, and by great exertions the boy got out safe. It was Ned Field.

"O Robert," said he, "if it had not been for you I should have been drowned."

Ned was so chilled by being long in the cold water, that he was obliged to be carried into a house and put to bed. He was very sick. But when Robert was going away, he called him back, and said, —

"O Robert, you have saved my life; and yet how wicked I have been to you! I thought you was stingy and proud, and so I hated you, and tried to tease you. I spoiled your basket on purpose to plague you, and said you stole the half-dollar when I stole it myself. And now you have saved my life!"

Robert went home with a lighter heart, and told his mother what had happened, and what Ned had said. She told him to observe how God punished the wicked boy, and how unhappy he now must be.

"But perhaps he will be the better for it as long as he lives," she said.

"I dare say he will," said Robert. And as long as Ned was sick, he every day went to see him, and did kind things for him; so that Ned came at last to love him very much. He told every body that Robert was innocent, and for that every body was glad; for all who knew him loved him. They also forgave Ned, because he was penitent; and when he got well, he was ever after a better boy.

Mr. Jones came to see Robert, and shook him heartily by

the hand, and promised to do something which should reward him for his sufferings. He kept his promise; and Robert grew to be a very respectable and excellent man. And as long as he lived, he never forgot the lesson he had learned — to trust Providence even in the darkest hour, and to be always obliging and kind.

POETRY.

"If he had properly a worldly ambition for any thing, it was for the fame of a poet. He had constantly in view great objects to accomplish, and he therefore derived the greatest satisfaction from those employments which promoted them. But, apart from this source of interest, he took more pleasure in poetical composition than in any other occupation; and, although he indulged himself in it but little, it was an occupation more to his original taste than any other. When his mind was entirely unbent, when he had no immediate purpose to accomplish, as in travelling, or in sickness, he almost instinctively turned to poetry for rest or refreshment. But, with this strong love for it, it was, after all, only an accident in his life. He has only left enough to show of what he was capable, had he not been so exclusively occupied with what, in his view, had higher claims on his attention." — *Life of Henry Ware, Jr.* p. 468.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following selections from Mr. Ware's poetical writings comprise all he has left in a condition for publication, that I have felt authorized to print. Some of the pieces have been already published. A few are well known, and have been widely circulated.

It is to be regretted that he did not finish his "Dream of Life," fragments of which possess no ittle merit, and the design of which is admirable.

In preparing the manuscripts for publication, no .nore liberty has been taken in their correction and revision than was absolutely necessary. The supervision of the author himself would, doubtless, have induced a more severe criticism, and imparted a superior finish.

For the sake of completeness and convenience of reference, I have introduced here the few poems which were inserted in the Memoir. In the arrangement of the selections, reference has been had to variety and taste, rather than to chronological order.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

December, 1826.

To prayer, to prayer; — for the morning breaks,
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer; — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer; — for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her *new-born infant beside* her lies.

O hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the sinner's dying side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;
O, what are earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length!
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,—
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

GREENOUGH'S STATUES OF THE CHERUB AND CHILD.

"QUÆ NUNC ABIBIS IN LOCA?"

CHILD.

WHITHER now, sweet spirit, say?
Whither tends our lengthening way?
Sun on sun, and star on star,
We have left behind us far,
Till my awed and raptured mind
Longs a resting-place to find.
Shall these wonders never end?
Whither do we yet ascend?

CHERUB.

Gentle brother, onward yet;
Higher wonders must be met.
All these blazing worlds are dim
To the light that mantles *Him*, —
Him, who calls thee — with his *own* —
To the bliss before his throne.
There are all the pure in heart;
There the loving never part.
Thither pain nor sorrow come;
Happy brother, welcome home!

TO MARY.

October 2, 1833.

The forms they love, let others deck
  In robes of rich resplendent fold;
Fling chains of pearl around the neck,
  And tip the graceful ear with gold;
And bid the costly bawbles tell
How strong the heart's affections swell.

But she, whose presence cheers my life,
  Whose moral beauty makes my pride,
Far lovelier as the trusted wife
  Than when the lovely trusting bride,—
Jewels are no interpreter
Of what the husband feels for her.

I see her, on this joyful day,
  The idol of her happy home,
Whose grateful inmates kneel and pray
  That Heaven would bless for years to come,—
Long years of bright rejoicing life,—
This honored mother, friend, and wife.

Wealth has no gifts for such a day;
  Words try their feeble strength in vain;—
Yet some slight token may convey
  The feelings it cannot explain.
Mother,—this simple token take,*
And prize it for a father's sake.

* A little work on Domestic Education.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

1825.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant — stern,
Unwearied, resolute, — whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step; but on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the North forever know its place.
Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,

And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Joined the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
Ages have rolled their course, and Time grown gray;
The earth has gathered to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her — uncounted, unremembered tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal hills
Have stooped with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works, —
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal, — have been swept away,
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength,
And beauty still are thine — as clear, as bright,
As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.
I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched, — just as I see it now, —
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,

Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!
Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.
Yet what is this, which to th' astonished mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once; yet each from each
Recedes, as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire —
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote
That their swift beams — the swiftest things that be —
Have travelled *centuries on their* flight to earth.

Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what
Are ye, amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works!
And these are suns! — vast, central, living fires, —
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
Worlds — in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes!
Thus numberless in numberless abodes!
Known but to thee, blest Father! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care — and none o'erlooked
Of thee! — no, not the humblest soul, that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the thousand mirrored lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall.
None, none escape the kindness of thy care;
All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.
Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your thrones
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway — what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence

Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains, and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy?
Or are they yet all Paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life —
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of Love?
  Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! — No language? Everlasting light,
And everlasting silence? — Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know —
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give th' encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, amongst those vast, mysterious spheres;
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children — learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by *the hand of Power* divine

Lavished on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever-fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to th' instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories; while the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

SONNET

ON THE

COMPLETION OF NOYES'S TRANSLATION OF THE PROPHETS.

November, 1837.

In rural life, by Jordan's fertile bed,
  The holy prophets learned of yore to sing;
The sacred ointment bathed a ploughman's head,
  The shepherd boy became the minstrel king.
  And he who to our later ears would bring
The deep, rich fervors of their ancient lays,
Should dwell apart from man's too public ways,
  And quaff pure thoughts from Nature's quiet spring.
Thus hath he chose his lot, whom city pride
  And college hall might well desire to claim;
With sainted seers communing side by side,
  And freshly honoring their illustrious name.
He hears them in the field at eventide,
  And what their spirit speaks his lucid words proclaim.

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

August 17, 1813.

God dwells in heaven: he rules above,
  In everlasting might,
Beyond where stars their courses move,
  In uncreated light.

God dwells in hell: his vengeance there
  Gleams through the black abode;
The realms of anguish and despair
  Confess the present God.

God dwells on earth; and all around
  We view his wondrous power;
His terrors in the thunder sound,
  His mercies in the shower.

When man erects a house of prayer,
  There God resides within,
To witness every feeling there,
  And pardon every sin.

But most of all the Lord resides
  Within an humble mind;
The worth that modest merit hides
  His grace is sure to find.

By pious men he may be found,
  And every where adored;
Where'er they tread is holy ground,
  A temple to the Lord.

O, let me find thee every where—
  Around me, and within!
Be every day a day of prayer,
  And pure from every sin.

HYMN,

ON REVELATION IV. 2, 3; XV. 3.

1823.

AROUND the throne of God
  The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
  And shout perpetual songs.
    Him first they own,
      Him last and best;
      God ever blest,
    And God alone.

Their golden crowns they fling
  Before his throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
  Unceasing, day and night:
    "Earth, heaven, and sea,
      Thy praise declare;
      For thine they are,
    And thine shall be.

"O holy, holy Lord,
  Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
  Let all creation sing;

Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart.

"Great are thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might!
All just and true thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light!
Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love.

"Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And magnify thy name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim.
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise;
His glory own,
First, last, and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

SONG.

CLASS MEETING, AUGUST 25, 1813.

Tune, SANDY AND JENNY.

COME, classmates and friends, as ye mingle once more,
Renew all the feelings so oft felt before;
Return from your wanderings on life's weary main,
And join the glad circle of friendship again.

The world we have seen is cold, wayward, and strange;
It asks all our time, and gives little exchange:
Then gladly we cast all its troubles away,
And welcome the meeting of friendship to-day.

Smooth down the rough wrinkles of care on your brow;
From your eye dash the tear-drop of bitterness now;
Every cloud from the spirits be banished away,
And joy gild the moment of meeting to-day.

Has your lot, since we parted, been sad and distressed?
Has your eye lost its lustre, your bosom its rest?
You here shall rekindle its happiest ray,
And pillow your bosom on friendship to-day.

But if Fortune has clothed in her brightness your head,
And sunshine and flowers decked the path that you tread,

Then bring your bright garlands, your treasures display,
To gladden the meeting of friendship to-day.

How oft have we crowded this table around,
And pledged the high cup in festivity crowned!
To-day the same board shall its treasures display,
The same cup of feeling be mingled to-day.

And the taste of the wine, from this goblet of love,
Shall cling to our lips, and shall never remove;
Our cheeks the warm glow shall forever retain,
And bring back the thought of this meeting again.

Then pledge Alma-Mater — our joy, and our pride!
We have drunk at her bosom, we've walked at her side:
Our warmest affections we ever will pay,
And live to her honor: — we pledge it to-day.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

1817.

There is a very animated air and chorus, which I have heard sung with great delight, adapted to a triumphant song on the overthrow of the Egyptians —

> "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
> Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are free!"

The following lines, to the same tune, are more suitable to Christian worship. They are particularly adapted to EASTER DAY.

LIFT your loud voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die!
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high —
"The Savior hath risen, and man shall not die!"

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us death cannot destroy!
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

A POEM,

PRONOUNCED AT CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 23, 1815, AT THE

CELEBRATION OF PEACE

BETWEEN THE

UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

Once more we meet in peace; the storm has passed,
And cheerful suns ascend our skies at last;
The heavy cloud has rolled its gloom away,
And all the prospect brightens into day.
How glad the promise to our country given!
Lo, Peace descends, in angel form, from heaven,
And the dark train of misery and despair
Vanish, like misty forms of morning air.
Where late anxiety and gloom were seen
To cloud the brow, and agitate the mien, —
Where our sad fates, as slowly they unrolled,
Appalled alike the timid and the bold, —
Returning hope has marked the scene with joy,
And mirth and gladness every heart employ;
Joy on the tongue, and rapture in the eye,
The eager shout mounts upward to the sky!

Hark! the glad bell, the deep-mouthed cannon, sounds;
The city shakes, and every hill resounds.
Yes, we may well rejoice, and well repair,
With praise, to Him who heard our anxious prayer.
Let the loud anthem fill, with joyful strain,
These walls, that heard our burdened souls complain.
Glory to God be given! — the God of peace,
Who bids our fears subside, our troubles cease.
He sent confusion — and the nation mourned;
He smiled — the star of happiness returned.
The cloud that veiled us was our Father's hand;
The beams that cheer us shine at his command.
Then, as the fabled harp its warblings woke,
When on its strings the ray of morning broke,
So let our hearts respond the touch of Heaven;
So let our earliest hours to praise be given.
  Yes, we have cause of joy! O, need I say
How great the boon we celebrate to-day?
Need I the sufferings of the past recall?
Need I — O would I *could!* — recount them all?
Look first abroad — scan Europe's history o'er;
There the wild flood has wasted every shore.
For twice ten years the threatening tumult spread,
While Nature languished, and her beauty fled.
War drove his iron car from land to land,
And scattered rage and ruin from his hand;
Pale Europe trembled with the cannon's roar,
And helpless anguish wailed on every shore.
Destroying armies, here, triumphant passed;
There, houseless wanderers shuddered in the blast;
Here, wasted fields were burdened with the slain;
There, prostrate cities smoked upon the plain.

"When, when," we cried, "will ruin's work be done?
When shall the world behold a quiet sun?
O, when shall winds untainted move the tree,
And bloodless rivers mingle with the sea?
When shall the glutted vulture quit the plain,
And the dove wave her peaceful wings again?"
But long in vain we wished, in vain we sought;
Still thousands mourned — for still th' ambitious fought.
"Enough," we cried, "have tears and treasures flowed;
Enough have earth and ocean drunk of blood."
But still the breeze confusion's accents bore,
And every wave came crimsoned to the shore;
Now the loud shouts of victory rent the air,
And now were heard the moanings of despair.
But Heaven at length, to save a sinking world,
The restless conqueror from his chariot hurled;
Doomed, as he trod the northern plain, to know
"A horrid climate," and a horrid foe.
How short the reign! how sudden was the fall!
Europe once scarce sufficed — Elba is now his all!
Th' astonished nations, roused from long dismay,
Gazed with dread wonder as he passed away;
With doubting eyes surveyed the scene a while,
And smiled — and wondered they were free to smile;
And now look back as on a meteor's flight,
The transient terror of a troubled night.
The tyrant fell: his baleful influence o'er,
The morn of quiet dawned on Europe's shore;
Contending nations rested from their arms,
And wives and mothers hushed their wild alarms.
No more their cities trembled to the gun;
No more the battle-cloud eclipsed the sun;

The voice of mirth succeeds the harsh dispute,
And yields the warrior-trumpet to the lute.
No more by virgin hands are garlands twined
To shade the hero's brow, his temples bind;
But softest flowers are gathered for the fair,
To wreathe in bands of joy the flowing hair;—
Garlands, to crown the happy—not the brave;
To grace the dance—not wither on the grave.
See, the glad ray across the ocean streams!
Our hills are brightened by the joyous beams.
Arise, my country—join the general voice—
Wake the deep echoes—bid thy sons rejoice!
The clouds have passed, the tempest-thunders cease,
And hope's gay rainbow gilds the sky of peace.
Lo, on all sides the kindling raptures spread,
Beam on the brow, and lift the buoyant tread.
Hark! on the wind what joyful accents rise!
See, novel splendors light the evening skies!
The flag streams proudly to the favoring gale,
And Commerce wide unfurls her swelling sail.
Our eagle, quenched the lightning of his eye,
Floats with unmoving wing along the sky;
Far from his grasp the bloody arrows thrown,
His talons wield the olive-branch alone.
O, happy rescue from the ills that wait
On war's tumultuous and uncertain state!
O, happy rescue from the fearful train,
That thickened round, of wretchedness and pain!
Look back, and see the evils that were near—
The dangers, sufferings, poverty, and fear.
Drained was the public purse,—the credit gone,—
And private want urged public ruin on.

Who then the deep despondency could chase,
The settled sadness of the patriot's face?
Who could dispel the darkness of the breast,
And lay its chill and torturing fears to rest,
When the sick heart beheld its prospects droop,
And courage fainted on the tomb of hope?
The past — how sad the marks of woe it bore!
How blank the dreary waste that stretched before!
  But yet some gleams of glory rushed between,
And threw a dazzling brightness on the scene.
Whose heart was still, that heard the deeds of might —
Th' unequalled grandeur of our ocean fight?
Who felt not proud, when each returning wave
Rolled home a glorious tribute to the brave?
Who felt not proud, th' ennobling tale to tell —
"Our fathers' spirits in their children dwell"?
Who but the ardor of the contest knows,
From the high opening to the signal close —
From Hull's first flash, that woke th' astonished main,
To the last peal, that echoed on Champlain?
Ye gallant few, that trod the mighty deep,
Enough is done; now let your terrors sleep;
Sleep — like your native ocean — still, yet dread.
Its spirit slumbers — but it is not dead;
Be the calm moved, again its fury roars,
Raves to the blast, and dashes to the shores.
But now enough; retire, your country's pride;
Fame shouts your honors loud, and spreads them wide;
Enjoy the sounds upon a tranquil main,
Nor ask the triumph of the fight again.
Hushed be the war-storm on the sea and lake;
Long hushed the passions that its rage would wake.

And hail the flag that waves upon our *shore;*
Proud let it wave — and wave forevermore.
True, in the northern war it bowed its head,
Its stars were clouded, and their lustre fled.
Our capital beheld its deep disgrace;
Hide, ye that saw it, hide your blushing face.
Americans! and see your city fired!
O, *who* were they that saw it — and retired?
But stay — for those that bade the eagle *roam*
May well be found a feeble guard at home.
But plant the standard where are men to fight,
Ne'er shall it droop in war, or trail in flight.
It must not flutter in a foreign air —
A freeman's arm is weak and nerveless there;
And freedom's star alike its beam denies
To him who fights for conquest, and who flies.
But range our soldiers on their native soil,
They fear no danger, and they shun no toil;
They wait th' assault in thick and firm array,
Lift the high hand, and scatter wide dismay.
Such there have been, who met the fierce attack,
Rushed on opposing troops, and drove them trembling back.
And such, had rash invasion touched *our* coast,
Such would have been our hardy yeomen's boast;
They, like our sires, had bid the invaders know
Columbia bears no laurel for a foe.

But, ah! how poor the boast, to say we dared!
How small the glory, to the woe compared!
What boots it that the banners of our foe
Hang in our halls, a proud, imposing show,
If blood and tears the gaudy trophies steep,
To tell how many bled, how many weep!

Or that the laurel shades us, since it grows
In chief luxuriance where the brave repose?
Say, will its leaves assuaging balm impart
To ease the anguish of the wounded heart?
Say, will the honors, that on fame attend,
Console the widow, or restore the friend?
In victory's day, the shout is all we hear;
The sob of sorrow reaches not the ear.
The dazzling pomp is all that meets the light;
The toil, the suffering, is concealed from sight.
But could we tell how vast th' amount of woe —
Behold the wounded, and their tortures know —
Go to the chamber where the widow sighs,
And see the orphans' tears, and hear their cries —
Mark all the frantic transports of despair,
The piercing shriek, the mingled curse and prayer —
O, we should bleed at heart, when Victory's voice
Rang through the crowd, and bade the land rejoice;
Should shrink with shuddering from war's iron sound,
And tread its proudest trophies to the ground.

Then hail, sweet Peace, man's high, yet injured friend!
No gloomy terrors on thy steps attend;
No forms of woe, no demons armed with wrath,
But quiet, hope, and plenty wait thy path.
War wastes around him with consuming breath;
Our comforts fade, our friendships sink in death.
He treads along a track of living fire,
And science, arts, and happiness expire.
Demon, be gone! we hate thy savage mien; —
But Peace, sweet nymph, be thou our lovely queen.
Come, soothe our sorrows with thy cheerful song;
Bring all thy blessings, and continue long.

Lo, Plenty springs beneath thy verdant tread,
And Art, reviving, lifts to heaven her head.
White o'er the billows moves th' adventurous sail,
And riches pour to land with every gale.
The city sees its splendid domes increase,
With all the grandeur and the fame of Greece;
The country smiles in richer verdure crowned,
While cheerful toil and rustic mirth resound;
And Science sees her favorite mansions rise,
Till Harvard's turrets tremble in the skies;
Till other Miltons stretch a loftier flight,
And other Newtons tread new fields of light.
  Hail, hail, the distant beauty of our land,
That Hope has pictured with a glowing hand!
Roll on, ye happy years, in rapture roll;
Pour all your promise on th' impatient soul —
The brilliant promise of a lovelier day,
Of purer light, and clear, unclouded ray.
Fathers, your sons shall then in virtues shine,
That raise the human nearer the divine.
Mothers, your daughters, more accomplished then,
Shall smile with sweeter smiles on worthier men.
Then public good, on private virtue built,
Shall stand unmoved by vice, unstained by guilt.
Then, guided by the wisdom from above,
We all shall harmonize in perfect love;
Shall cast the trophies of our wars away,
And nobler honors to the world display.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN WORDS TO A CANON FOR THREE VOICES, BY J. H. C. BOMHARDT.

November, 1837.

The day of life is not all desolate;
Paternal Love o'er all presideth;
And though the doubting heart
May mourn when hopes depart,
Serenely Faith amid the storm abideth.
The darkest clouds of Fate
Are bright when Love confideth.

TO E. A. W.,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

Concord, N. H., August 22, 1831.

ABSENT! We are not absent, dear.
  Of all the happy throng you see,
Not one in spirit is more near,
  Or breathes a heartier wish, than we.
So take our kiss, and with it share
A brother's, sister's love and prayer.

May He who blessed your early lot
  With all that makes a happy home,
O'erwatch, with equal love, the spot
  That waits your life in years to come.
Trust Him, — let weal or woe betide; —
Trust; — and what can you ask beside?

HYMN,

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

April, 1839.

Tune, Lyons.

We rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,
Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;
But come in that spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

O, come in the power of thy life-giving Word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;
Till Faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And Love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

November, 1840.

Tune, Sandy and Jenny.

Come, uncles and cousins; come, nieces and aunts;
Come, nephews and brothers, — no *wonts* and no *cants:*
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away;
The year has rolled round; — it is Thanksgiving-day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth,
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm come away;
Home, home, with you, home; — it is Thanksgiving-day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed;
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best:
No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving-day.

Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts, —
Come forward and seize them, without *ifs* or *buts;*
Bring none of your slim, little appetites here; —
Thanksgiving-day comes only once in a year.

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round!
What treasures of love in its bosom are found!
New England's high holiday, ancient and dear!
'Twould be twice as welcome, if twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace;
The family ring is united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving-day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And trustful await what the future may bring:
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives *be* a Thanksgiving-day.

HYMN.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT HARVARD COLLEGE,

September 7, 1836.

GIVE praise to the God of our fathers! give praise!
At the shrine where they worshiped devoutly adore;
Kneel down, as they knelt in their perilous days,
His goodness to bless, and his favor implore.

For "Christ and the Church" they resisted and fled,
His cross for their banner, his word for their guide;
On a new world the broad light of Freedom they shed,
And poured through the wilderness Truth's living tide.

Then rose the high temple, the home of the soul,
And the proud hall of Science, the strength of the state,
That Religion and Letters might join to control
The hearts of the young, and the toils of the great.

We praise thee, O God, for the days that are gone;
We surrender the future in faith to thy hand;
O, cloud not the hope of our new-risen dawn,
O, pour the full sunlight of day on our land!

ODE,

ON OCCASION OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

September 7, 1836.

Fling wide the temple door!
The altar and the choir prepare!
Let the high chant and solemn prayer
Their holy raptures pour.
For, lo, in festal pomp arrayed,
Forth issuing from their classic shade,
The sons of Science crowd the sacred floor.

O, meetly to the house of praise
The fair and ancient mother goes,
And on Religion's altar lays
The offering due to Him who all bestows.
Grateful Memory brings her treasures,
Gathered through the centuries gone;
Hope, in sweet, prophetic measures,
Hastens brighter ages on.
The solemn rites let Heaven with favor crown;
The praise receive, nor on the vision frown.

Barbarian darkness dwelt
In hopeless night upon the land;
Till England's Pilgrims touched the strand,
And in the forest knelt.
Then light broke in; the kindling dawn
Blushed on mountain, grove, and lawn;
They planted round their growing home
The classic lights of Greece and Rome;
On every hill-top bade to shine
The blessed cross of Palestine,—
Blended beams of heaven and earth!
Like morning on the mountains spread,
A bright and genial day they shed,
And called the glories of New England forth.

Exalt their honored name!
Heroic founders of the state!
Inscribe their titles with the great,
Who live in deathless fame!
Nor last upon th' immortal scroll
Young Harvard's modest worth enroll;
Let his own halls resound with loud acclaim!

Through languid years of pain and gloom,
He faded slow, and early died;
Passed from the altar to the tomb,
And wrought in death the work that life denied.
Stranger in the infant nation
Where he lingered but to die,
Visions of its exaltation
Dawned on his believing eye.
Cheered by the view, serenely smiled the youth,
And *gave his little all to* Christ and Truth.

O, from that little rill
What soul-enlivening waters flowed,
What peace and hope to man's abode,
What joy to Zion's hill!
As when along the desert land,
Smitten by the prophet's hand,
The rock its gushing torrent sent
To bless the tribes where'er they went.

The years are passed, the fathers gone;
But still the fertile flood rolls on:
Free and glorious be its flow, —
A boundless wave of life and youth, —
Till knowledge, liberty, and truth,
Restore lost Eden to our world below.

HYMN IN SICKNESS.

March, 1836.

FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
  Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
  To warn me back to thy control;
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know;
  I feel my deep infirmities;
For, often, virtuous feelings glow,
  And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore;
  And let thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
  But wholly cast myself on thee.
O, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine.

ANTI-SLAVERY SONG.

February, 1843.

Tune, Wild Hunt of Lutzow.

The Pilgrims are launched on the wild winter main,
  Their bark on the foam madly tossing:
The tempest is high; but its threats they disdain;
They are fleeing from Tyranny's sceptre and chain;
  It is Liberty's sea they are crossing.
    Loud rings their cry o'er the stormy wave—
      "Freedom! Death or freedom!
    Freedom, or ocean our grave!"

Borne high on the breath of the soft summer gale,
  The slave-ship is proudly careering;
What sights of despair and what voices of wail,
What anguish and madness beneath that fair sail,
  To hopeless captivity steering!
    Hark! hark! from the black-hold the stifled cry—
      "Freedom! Death or freedom!"
    Hear how it pierces the sky!

In the darkness and rain of the chill autumn night,
  The slave from the cane-field is striding;
Through hunger and hardship he urges his flight;
Nor perils dismay him, nor blood-hounds affright,

By the north star his weary feet guiding.
Help, help for him — answer his eager cry —
"Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!"
Tell him that rescue is nigh.

Up, up with your banners to honor the brave!
O'er your forefathers' tombs be they flying!
And hail to the hero, though black and a slave,
Who shrinks from oppression, but fears not the grave,
And throws off his fetters by dying.
Join — join in the shout that he flings on high,
"Freedom! Death or freedom!"
Join — 'twas your forefathers' cry!

FOR MR. EMERSON'S ORDINATION.

March, 1829.

"PREACHING PEACE BY JESUS CHRIST"

How beautiful the feet of those
  Who publish peace from Heaven!
How glad the tidings they disclose
  From Him to save us given!
Glory to God! Good will to men,
And peace on earth, attend his reign.

The world was dark with woe and strife;
  Pain, sin, and death, bore sway;
And souls, ordained to nobler life,
  In guilt and bondage lay.
His word went forth — earth's evils cease,
And ransomed spirits rest in peace.

That peace which earth can never give,
  And never take away,
Shall conquer time and death, and live
  Through heaven's eternal day.
Praise to the Lord, whose boundless grace
Redeems and saves our sinful race.

THE CHURCH AT EAST LEXINGTON.

May, 1842.

The Follen Church — how beautiful it stands,
  Graceful and calm in that sequestered nook!
  How doth a blessing from its placid look
Flow o'er the hamlet and its fertile lands!
Fit monument to him who placed it there;
  Whose soul — all truth, benignity, and grace —
  Beamed forth in benedictions, from a face
Where might and sweetness met in union rare.
O light of love, too early quenched in death! —
  Yet, as that fane, though crumbled to the ground,
  Would still survive, in sacred influence round,
So flows, and shall, from him a quickening breath:
Death to the good man is but life's extension;
Earth mourns his loss; Heaven joys in his ascension.

FOR FAST-DAY.

1813.

Great King of all, our nation's God,
  O, hear thy people's suppliant cry;
We bow beneath thy angry rod,
  We raise to thee the tearful eye.

Dark tempests brood upon our land,
  And sorrow sits on every face;
O, may we own thy chastening hand!
  O, may we seek and find thy grace!

Thy favor, Lord, had raised us high—
  High as our loftiest hopes could soar;
But humbled now in dust we lie,
  And peace and glory are no more.

For we abused the gifts of Heaven,
  Consumed thy bounties on our lust,
Despised the word thy grace had given,
  And trod thy promise in the dust.

Lord, we with penitence confess;
  We own thy grace, our sins we own;
Deign yet to turn, receive, and bless,
  Nor drive thy children from thy throne.

THE

NCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF DEITY.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING WORDS:

"O MON FILS, ADOREZ DIEU ET NE CHERCHEZ PAS À LE CONNAÎTRE."..... *ANACHARSIS.*

1811.

God is a spirit, great and just;
  We his dependent creatures are:
His pleasure called us from the dust;
  His goodness keeps us, and his care.

He dwells enthroned in light on high;
  He lives throughout the boundless whole;
Invisible to mortal eye,
  Unsearchable by human soul.

To feeble man 'twas never given
  The great mysterious One to know,
To scan the Majesty of heaven,
  Or make his essence known below.

Enough for us, his sovereign word
  Reveals him as the God of love,
The just, the ever-gracious Lord,
  Who can but righteousness approve;—

Unfolds his blissful heaven above,
  And glory for his children there;
While those who slight his offered love
  Shall sink to darkness and despair.

There, also, is enough revealed,
  To guide us in the way we go;
And what his wisdom has concealed
  Might be but misery to know.

O, then adore th' eternal Mind
  With wonder, gratitude, and fear;
Nor seek, what man may never find,
  The knowledge of his essence here.

ON OPENING OUR ORGAN,

November 9, 1822.

Tune, Great Milton.

All nature's works His praise declare,
  To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
  In every breeze a song.
Sweet music fills the world abroad
  With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
  The thunder and the shower.

To God the tribes of ocean cry,
  And birds upon the wing;
To God the powers that dwell on high
  Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them let man the throne surround,
  With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftier sound
  Assist his feeble praise.

Great God, to thee we consecrate
  Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
  To *speak alone* thy will.

O, teach its rich and swelling notes
  To lift our souls on high;
And while the music round us floats,
  Let earth-born passion die.

OUR SOCIETY'S AUTHORS.

READ TO THE Φ. B. K. AFTER THE ANNUAL DINNER,

August 29, 1839.

I SPEAK you no speech, and I sing you no song,
And I hope not to keep you a minute too long;
I but rise to propose that you drink, as a toast,
"*Our Society's Authors;*" — not one, — but a host.

I premise, that perhaps you're not fully aware —
Though I am — how many and noted they are.
Of those, in whose honors our land is so happy,
How many belong to the *Phi Beta Kappa!*
To recite all their names I by no means insist;
'Twere a little too long for a post-dinner list.
I leave out each annual poet and orator:
That catalogue doubtless we all have *memoriter.*
I leave out the Philistine phalanx of editors,
Accounting them rather our debtors than creditors.
And I silently pass, to save patience and time,
All mere pamphleteers, both in prose and in rhyme.
I propose but the *bonos, meliores, et pessimos,*
Who appear in octavos and large duodecimos.
(And thus I escape all allusion to self;
For no *big book of mine* burdens any one's shelf.)

First, gravely we fill, with our waters or wines,
To the names of the gravest — our brother DIVINES.
And, beginning at home, I produce on the scene
Our brother the *Editor*, — no more the Dean, —
Whose two ample octaves, erelong to be five,
Are enough to make any man's memory thrive; —
Then *Norton*, the critic, sagacious, profound,
The fervent cloud-hater, who builds on firm ground;
And *Harris*, whose learned work, prized at a high rate,
Has twice been purloined by a base British pirate;
Our modest translator of prophecy, *Noyes*,
And the other translators, whose versions rejoice
The students that plod through the tomes of Mosheim,
Or seek the Eclectic, or love German rhyme;
Then *Burnap* and *Furness* — each one with a volume;
And *Jenks*, too, — with quarto, close printed and solemn;
And *Dewey*, whose travels and sermons are fame;
And *Channing*, the shout of whose eloquent name,
As a dear benediction or proud acclamation,
Rings loud from the echoes of every known nation.

Fill, next, to the LAWYERS, whose regal delight
Is in extra-sized octaves, bound neatly in white.
And here, — as before, — to begin with a resident,
We drink to the Author, the Judge, and our *President;*
Felix prole Librum — and each one a star,
Cœlicolæ omnes — all lights of the bar.
And around him arranged, lo! an eminent band,
Of *Sullivan*, *Pickering*, *Phillips*, and *Rand*,
And others demanding our hearty applause,
Who honor their country by serving her laws.

In order of merit and honor next follow
The diploma'd disciples of HEALING APOLLO: —

Men as scanty in books as they're various in humors; —
From *Warren*, who prints about heart-pains and tumors,
To *Oliver's* treatise of learned Physiology,
And *Bigelow's* Botany, Flora, Technology.

Now, leaving the learned professions, our glass
Let us fill to the more MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.
First, honor and laud, as are due, let us render
To the *Governor's* volume of eloquent splendor.
From one of the name pass we on to the other,
And quaff to the author of "Europe," his brother;
And since all are brothers alike at this board,
I venture to mention "Palmyra" restored.
Then defer not the notice to one moment later,
Of those in the precincts of fair Alma Mater; —
Her *Hedge*, *Farrar*, *Webster*, and *Cleaveland*, and *Peirce*,
Whose labors can hardly be hitched into verse, —
Philosophical titles, euphonious in science,
But setting the Muse and her rhymes at defiance; —
And him who once lectured in old Harvard Hall,
But doffed the Professor at Madison's call, —
That true "old man eloquent," — *Adams*, — in age
Filling up the strong lines of the Lecturer's page.

Then those who have TRAVELLED o'er mountain and main;
In Italy *Lyman*, and *Cushing* in Spain,
And *Bigelow*, roving from Scotland to Parthia,
And *Devens*, six weeks at the Vineyard of Martha.

Of POETS — our own — who have printed their tomes,
We all have known *Mellen*, and all laughed with *Holmes*.
We boast that the nervous and fanciful powers
Of *Dana, the Idle Man*, also, are ours;

And *Bryant*—the world never rings to his fame,
But our bosoms beat high to a brother's fair name.

Of HISTORIANS next, lo! the lengthening procession:
First, *Bradford*, Old Colony's honest expression;
Then *Allen*, whose ardor no industry dims,
With his five hundred Lives, and his six hundred Hymns;
Then the many fair writers in Sparks's Biography,
First trying their hands in small historiography;
As *Upham*, the eloquent champion of Vane;
And *Peabody*, guessing the matter out plain;
And *Francis*, portraying, as true pen should paint,
The career of the Indians' apostle and saint.
Next *Quincy*, who wrote his great father's career,
And has added his mother's within the last year;
Then *Irving*, who brings to his volumes of truth
The grace that adorned the light tales of his youth;
And *Sparks*, with his chapters transparent as day,
Inflexibly true, like the man they display;
And *Bancroft*, laborious, brilliant, and terse,
Enrobing grave truth in the diction of verse.
And *Prescott*, so favored beyond poet's dream,
To find, and then equal, that great epic theme.
When the nation's historical fame they discuss,
We will claim that *that* "thunder" belongs all to us.

Thus far of the living. But let me pass on
To utter the eminent names that are gone.
They speak, though they live not; their tones and their
looks
Come back with their souls, when we turn to their books
Thus *Tudor*, *Peirce*, *Frisbie*, and *Thacher*, still live;
Dehon, *Haven*, *Stearns*, and the *Abbotts* survive;

Amidst us do *Parker* and *Bancroft* still stand,
And *Bowditch* and *Buckminster* hallow our band.

Then pledge we in love, without fear or misgiving,
To the fame of the dead, and the hopes of the living.
We are proud of their works, we are proud of their number;
Their honor is ours, and our love shall not slumber.
Let Fame sound her trumpet, and tell to the breeze,
And the breeze to the nations o'er mountains and seas,
That our ancient fraternity, headed by STORY,
Quaffs to its authors the wine-cup of glory.

HYMN,

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN HINGHAM,

September 28, 1835.

Tune, St. Martin's.

We praise the Lord, who o'er the sea
  Our exiled fathers led,
And on them in the wilderness
  His light and glory shed.
In want and fear, for many a year,
  They spread their scanty board;
Yet loud and strong their grateful song
  The Giver's hand adored.

Two hundred years have passed away;
  The desert frowns no more;
And glory, such as Judah knew,
  Crowns hill-side, vale, and shore.
Then louder still, o'er plain and hill,
  Send forth the shout of praise,
And bid it run from sire to son,
  Through all succeeding days.

HYMN,

FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL,

July, 1842.

Tune, Portuguese Hymn

Farewell, dear scenes of study and devotion,
  Shades of the soul, in saintly musing trod;
Where, far from earth, and rude life's vain commotion,
    We walked in truth's bright beam,
    And drank of faith's pure stream,
And sought a true alliance with the Son of God.

Those precious days of preparation ended,
  Trembling our steps forsake the cherished sod;
Like Him, on whom the anointing dove descended,
    We stand at life's broad gate,
    And, looking upward, wait
The unction that shall seal us for the church of God.

Sin, sloth, and self, abjured before the altar,
  With fresh resolve our pilgrim path we plod;
Help, Lord, from heaven, that ne'er our feet may falter;
    But gird our steadfast youth
    With boldness, love, and truth,
And fill our trusting bosoms with the peace of God.

We fear no conflicts with Christ's banner o'er us;
  We dread no ill beneath our Shepherd's rod;
His strength and peace, his cross and heaven, before us,
    Shall arm our feeble faith,
    And quell the darts of death,
And win immortal succor through the grace of God.

Glory and honor be to Him forever,
  Who aids and cheers us with auspicious nod;
To him be consecrate all high endeavor;
    For him all toils be done,
    For him all trophies won,
Till grace shall crown our souls before the throne of God.

TO MARY,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Fairfield, Conn., October 2, 1822

"The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers,
  And heavily in clouds brings on the day;"
The roads are miry with continued showers,
  And rain and mud deter me from my way;
And yet to me it all looks fair and bright,
For on this day my Mary saw the light.

Many returns to you of this sweet day!
  And each return more happy than the last!
Peace to your heart, as thoughtful you survey
  The various fortunes of the checkered past;
And bright and glorious be the visions given
That clothe your coming years in hues of heaven.

SONG,

FOR THE ABBOT FESTIVAL,

Exeter, N. H., August 23, 1838.

Tune, Sandy and Jenny.

From the highways and byways of manhood we come,
And gather like children about an old home;
We return from life's weariness, tumult, and pain,
Rejoiced in our hearts to be schoolboys again.

The senator comes from the hall of debate,
The governor steps from the high chair of state,
The judge leaves the bench to "the law's wise delay,"
Rejoiced to be schoolboys again for a day.

The parson his pulpit has left unsupplied,
The doctor has put his old sulky aside,
The lawyer his client has turned from the door,
And all are at Exeter, — schoolboys once more.

O, glad to our eyes are these dear scenes displayed,
The halls where we studied, the fields where we strayed;
There is change, there is change; but we will not deplore;
Enough that we feel ourselves schoolboys once more.

Enough that once more our old master we meet,
The same as of yore when we sat at his feet;
Let us place on his brow every laurel we've won,
And show that each pupil is also a son.

And when to the harsh scenes of life we return,
Our hearts with the glow of this meeting shall burn;
Its calm light shall cheer till earth's school time is o'er,
And prepare us in heaven for one meeting more.

HYMN.

FAMILY MEETING.

August 20, 1835.

In this glad hour, when children meet,
  And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
  One song of praise our voices sing.

For all the faithful, loved and dear,
  Whom thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
For those who still are with us here,
  And those who wait for us in heaven;—

For every past and present joy,
  For honor, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,
  Our soul's imperishable wealth;—

For all, accept our humble praise;
  Still bless us, Father, by thy love;
And when are closed our mortal days,
  Unite us in one home above.

HYMN,

AT THE ORDINATION OF MESSRS. BARNARD AND GRAY.

November 2, 1834.

Tune, HOTHAM.

"FEED my sheep," the Savior said
  To the chosen of his love;
"Feed them with the living bread;
  Guide them to the fold above.
Feed my lambs," the Shepherd cried,
  "Ere their tender hearts are cold,
Chilled with worldliness and pride,
  Bring them safely to my fold.

"Preach my gospel to the poor,
  Sunk in earthly want and woe;
Give them treasures that endure,
  Peace and heaven-born hope bestow.
At the hedges and highways,
  Where in dust and sin they roam,
Loud the gospel summons raise,
  Call the hapless wanderers home."

On the sacred errand bent,
  Two and two they sallied forth;
Darkness vanished where they went;
  Peace immortal dawned on earth.
In their holy steps to tread,
  Other two we now ordain:
On their path thy glory shed;
  Lord, their steadfast feet sustain.

Heralds to the young and low,
  Give them words to touch and win;
Words to calm the sobs of woe,
  Words to wake the sleep of sin.
Heralds of eternal truth,
  Arm them with immortal love;
Spread thy shield around their youth,
  Take their honored age above.

A CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS:

LINES ON A NEW NOTION;

COMPOSED AT SEA,

Monday Night, April 6, 1829.

I SING the story of the ancient ark, —
That oarless, rudderless, and sailless bark,
Which through the deluge bore the holy clerk,
And saved the creatures in its chambers dark.
The clouds collect; the various tribes embark;
The fountains of the deep break up, — and hark!
Above the matins of the early lark
The thunders roll. Beyond th' appointed mark
Of ocean's ancient shores, this great nearch
Rides o'er the ruins of earth's fertile park.
How sad the wide-spread ravage to remark!
Quenched of all earth-born life the moving spark!
And wrecks, and beasts, and human corses stark,
Throng round the life-boat of the patriarch.
The months roll on. He sends the dove to mark
Th' abating floods. And now they disembark:
Men kneel; the creatures leap, fly, scream, and bark;
And o'er them circles Mercy's radiant arc.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY,

AN ODE, RECITED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

August 26, 1824.

THE matter of the following lines is not a poetical invention, but the simple versification of what was actually dreamed about thirty years ago. The dreams were repeated to the writer by one who heard them at the time, and to whose recollection they were brought by the exhilarating events of the last week. An English lady residing in Hingham, about 1794, imagined that there stood before her a vast and venerable building, which, as she was looking at it, began to wax hot and red, and at length, as if with the violence of the heat, flew to pieces and disappeared; when on the spot where it had stood, appeared a beautiful female figure, whom she knew to be the goddess of Liberty. About the same time, a gentleman in Massachusetts saw in his dream a temple of wonderful magnificence and beauty. As he was approaching to enter it, a bell sounded from the dome with an uncommonly musical tone. He cast his eye up, and was surprised to see written upon it, in golden letters, the name of FAYETTE.

The irregular stanza was chosen simply because it seemed to offer fewest embarrassments to a person writing in haste.

Is there some genial spirit of the night,
That rules the sleeping mind,
And pours within a more effectual light,
When the closed eye of sense is blind?

Is it some spirit, that, in vision,
The secrets of futurity betrays,
Unveiling those bright scenes Elysian,
That wait for man in better days?

Or is it but that Fancy strays
In bolder and prophetic ways,
When slumbering Reason drops her stern control;
And, from her plodding interference freed,
Resumes some native power to read
The unsealed records of Time's lengthening scroll?

The evening heavens were calm and bright;
No dimness rested on the glittering light
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high.
Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray;
The placid planets held their modest way;
And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

O, what an hour for lofty thought!
My spirit burned within; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawned and Sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night;—

When, lo! upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers;
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawned below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of Time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze!
So small at first, the zephyr's lightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread —
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red —
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power,
Till every fervent pillar glowed,
And every stone seemed burning coal,
Instinct with living heat, that flowed
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.

At length a crackling sound began;
From side to side throughout the pile it ran;
And louder yet, and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder peals it flew.
Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shattered walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'Tis done! What centuries had reared
In quick explosion disappeared,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place, —
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming —
Rose a fair, majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.
I marked her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,
My slumbers fled 'mid shouts of "LIBERTY!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlocked the word of fate?
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns, in every state?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defence: —
The fabric falls!

That fervent energy must spread,
Till Despotism's towers be overthrown,
And, in their stead,
Liberty stand alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven;
Accomplish thy design;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given
Freely on all men shine;
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And Peace and Virtue undisputed reign.

Again I slept; and where that maid had been,
Another temple rose upon the scene.
And O, what human words can render
Fitting tribute to the grace,
And the more than earthly splendor,
Of that bright and matchless place!
From thousand columns sprung the ample dome,
Of heaven's own form and heaven's own brilliancy;
It seemed some glorious spirit's favorite home,
Breathing of love and pure tranquillity.
No proud defiance, frowning there,
Looked threat and insult on the gloomy air,
But quiet dignity in conscious strength reposed.
No arms, no guards, no dungeons deep and closed;
But open, free — like God's free day,
That shines and smiles on all with heaven-descended ray.

Delighted and entranced,
I eagerly advanced

To enter and explore the glories there confined.
But suddenly, with tuneful stroke,
From the lofty dome a loud peal broke,
Flinging soft, silver tones upon the wind.
With strong, melodious swell,
Rung forth a magic chime, that fell
Like midnight music on the sleeper's ear,
Making it paradise to sleep and hear.

That strange, mysterious sound,
Soft as the mellow horn's most gentle note,
Seemed lightly on the buoyant winds to float,
And spread through all the world around.
O'er the mountain and the plain,
Beyond the desert and the main,
Wherever man is found,
Went forth that winning sound,
And breathed its summons in his raptured ear.
The tone went home to every heart;
It bade the thrilling tears of Freedom start,
And ransomed nations in her halls appear.

My eager eyes I upward threw,
The wondrous instrument to view,
In which such piercing power and ravishing sweetness met;
And on its splendid form, behold,
Inscribed in living light and gold,
That all mankind might read—thy honored name, FAYETTE!

O for a tongue of fire, to tell
How gloriously the vision was fulfilled!
How, at the touch of Liberty's sweet bell,
The hearts of *countless* myriads have thrilled,

And Destiny her brightest page unfurled,
Roused by the spirit that had waked the world:

Even Europe loves the sweet and stirring note;
Southern Columbia rises at the call,
With kindling eye and tyrant-scorning tread;
And Greece calls back the spirits of her dead,
And bids her ancient banners float
Where Freedom's martyrs fell, and proudly still shall fa

O Greece, reviving Greece! thy name
Kindles the scholar's and the patriot's flame.
On thee our anxious eyes we bend.
For thee our earnest prayers ascend,
That never may thy lifted banner fall.
For thee, thine own strong eloquence
Pleads in Columbia's legislative hall.
And is there none to *arm* in thy defence?
No ardent, generous, devoted youth,
To pledge his fortunes and his truth,
And, nobly exiled, cross the wave,
To join th' oppressed and aid the brave?

Go forth, if such there be, go forth;
Stand by that nation in her second birth.
Coupled with her high cause, thy name,
Like his whose welcome presence draws
A nation's rapturous applause,
Shall ring through earth from sea to sea,
The favorite watchword of the free,
The purest shout of fame.
And when Time's slow and favoring hand
Restores the glories of that lovely land,

Thither, perchance, thy pilgrimage thou'lt take;
And while earth's older empires shake,
Receive the welcome of the new;
Which round thy steps in grateful shouts shall break,
Than those which follow kings—how heartier and more
true!

TO MRS. M. R. C. E.,

ON HER MARRIAGE,

December 6, 1832.

To guard the marriage ring,
  Another ring I send:
Protector of that sacred thing,
About your finger let it cling,
  And with its magic circle blend,
  The image of your absent friend.

To guard the marriage vow,
  Another vow must bind —
To Him whose care and grace allow
The cheerful hopes that gladden now,
  And in whose love the trusting mind
  Its only deathless home can find.

That heavenly love shall be
  The strength to this of earth;
Shall guard its truth and purity,
From change, decay, and sorrow free,
  And pour upon your humble hearth
  A light of pure, celestial birth.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE BOSTON THURSDAY LECTURE,

October 17, 1833.

LIKE Israel's hosts to exile driven,
  Across the flood the Pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
  And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

There, where their weary ark found rest,
  Another Zion proudly grew,
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
  With light that Israel never knew.
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her head.

Then let the grateful church, to-day,
  Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
Our fathers' God! their children pray
  Thy blessing, though the fathers sleep.
O bless! as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

FOR AN ORDINATION.

March, 1829.

Tune, Old Hundred

O Thou, who on thy chosen Son
  Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
  And seal the Messenger of love, —

And, when the heralds of his name
  Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame,
  To hallow each devoted head, —

So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
  With holy unction from above;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
  Give him the temper of the dove.

Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day!
  Accept our work, our souls possess.
'Tis ours to labor, watch, and pray;
  Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

DEDICATION

AT LECHMERE POINT,

December 25, 1827.

Tune, Tolland.

O Thou, who for thyself didst raise
  Creation's wondrous frame,
To be a temple to thy praise,
  An altar to thy name, —

And yet art pleased to dwell below,
  And there thy name record,
Where'er assembling mortals go,
  To own their common Lord, —

O, write thy name in favor here;
  And, while we bend in prayer,
Lord, bid thy glorious cloud appear,
  Thy presence to declare.

As in thy gracious courts above,
  So in these courts below,
Reveal to every soul thy love,
  And *heavenly* peace bestow.

Here may thy holy will be learned,
  And here thy will be done;
Till all to truth and Heaven be turned
  Through thy beloved Son, —

Till all who kneel in worship here,
  Be faithfully prepared
In higher temples to appear,
  Crowned with thy great reward.

FOR THANKSGIVING.

1825.

Tune, Melton Mowbray.

Father of earth and heaven,
  Whose arm upholds creation,
To thee we raise the voice of praise,
  And bend in adoration.
We praise the Power that made us;
  We praise the Love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away
  Thy gracious care confesses.

Life is from thee, blest Father;
  From thee our breathing spirits;
And thou dost give to all that live
  The bliss that each inherits.
Day, night, and rolling seasons,
  And all that life embraces,
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
  And claim our thankful praises.

Though trial and affliction
  May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
  Of light on all before us.

That Love has smiled from heaven
  To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
  To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory
  Has shone through Christ the Savior,
The holy Guide who lived and died
  That we might live forever.
And since thy great compassion
  Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
  And love as well as fear thee.

And when death's final summons
  From earth's dear scenes shall move us, —
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
  From all that know and love us, —
O, then, let hope attend us;
  Thy peace to us be given;
That we may rise above the skies,
  And sing thy praise in heaven.

ON LAYING THE CORNER STONE

OF THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE,

July 6, 1825.

Tune, Old Hundred.

O Thou, in whom alone is found
  The strength by which our toil is blest,
Upon this consecrated ground
  Now bid thy cloud of glory rest.

In thy great name we place this stone;
  To thy great truth these walls we rear:
Long may they make thy glory known,
  And long our Savior triumph here.

And while thy sons, from earth apart,
  Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,
Fill with thy spirit every heart,
  With living fire touch every tongue.

Lord, feed thy church with peace and love;
  Let sin and error pass away;
Till truth's full influence from above
  Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

AT THE

DEDICATION OF DIVINITY HALL.

1826.

With praise and prayer our gift we bring,
  And consecrate to Power divine.
Great God, accept the offering,
  And make it wholly, only thine.

O that we may not look in vain
  To see thy glory here displayed!
As when, within thine ancient fane,
  Thy royal servant knelt and prayed, —

We kneel — we pray — with earnest voice;
  Our fervent supplications swell;
Speak, Lord, and bid our souls rejoice
  To know that here thy grace shall dwell.

O, let thy presence ne'er depart;
  Far hence be earth and error driven;
Raise, warm, and sanctify each heart,
  And teach pure lips to plead for heaven.

Here let the love of God engage
  The spirit's purest, first desires;

While Truth unfolds her ample page,
  And Zeal enkindles all her fires.

Thus honoring, and like their Lord,
  May gifted bands of teachers rise,
To bear his glorious name abroad,
  And train immortals for the skies

THANKSGIV

November,

I REMEMBER, I remember, whe
How the last week in Novemb
with joy;
For then Thanksgiving always c
And I for once could eat my fi

I remember, I remember, how
With rolling paste, and chop
patty-pan;
And proud was I to pound the
plums,
Or crack the shagbarks with fl
my thumbs.

I remember, I remember, how
Kept the kitchen in an uproar,
Till all was done and cleared a

loaded plates and smoking bowls assailed our winking sight,
h "Johnny cakes" and chocolate hot, to whet the appetite.

member, I remember, when the dinner came at last,
r, like the kings of Banquo's race, the dishes came and passed:
exhaustless line seemed threatening to run on till crack of doom,
le still a voice from every stomach cried, "There yet is room."

nember, I remember, how those lessons in gastronomy
e sometimes mixed with questions upon Latin and astronomy,
in geography how John did once, in accent murky,
ly that Canaan was in Ham, and Paradise in Turkey.

member, I remember, then, how tight my jacket grew,
f 'twould burst a button off with every breath I drew;
so, to settle all, we boys kicked foot-ball down in town,
went to see the marksmen *try* to shoot the tied hens down.

member, I remember — *not* — what happened after tea,
we had then no grandfather whom we could go and see;
ly know we went to bed when nine o'clock was rung,
nd you had better do the same now that my song is sung.

THE

FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

A POEM FOR MUSIC.

In Two Parts.

"Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed powers employ
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee."..... Milton.

To SAMUEL A. ELIOT, Esq.
PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THIS ATTEMPT
TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IMPORTANT OBJECT,
TO WHICH HE HAS SO SUCCESSFULLY DEVOTED HIMSELF,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,
H. WARE, Jr.

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The Feast of Tabernacles was one of the three great festivals of the Jewish people. In many respects it was the most remarkable of the three, being celebrated with a pomp of ceremony which is said to have attracted to it the attention of heathen nations, *beyond* any other solemnity of their law. It took place in the

autumn, at the gathering in of the corn harvest and the vintage, and continued for seven days; during which time the people dwelt in booths, formed of branches of trees, to commemorate their ancestors' dwelling in tents in the wilderness. Each day had its appropriate solemnity; but the last was "the great day." It was the day of annual Thanksgiving for the abundance of the earth, and was termed "the feast of in-gathering." It was a season of great exhilaration and rejoicing. It was attended, as the preceding days had been, by the singular and striking ceremony of bringing water from the fountain of Siloam, and pouring it out at the altar with songs of hosanna and dances; and was closed by an illumination of the courts and porches of the Temple.*

An attempt has been made, in the following pages, to produce a representation of the imposing scenes in the Temple on this day, which might be adapted to musical recitation and accompaniment. The work was undertaken and written with that view. The author has aimed to be generally faithful to the facts, as far as they are known, and has taken no liberties with the subject, excepting that he has not scrupulously adhered to what may be called its costume. He has freely drawn from those passages of the Old Testament which refer to this festival, but has not sought to confine himself to modes of thought and speech exclusively Jewish.

Music adapted to the work has been composed by Mr. Charles Zeuner, who has devoted to it his eminent genius and science, in a manner that cannot fail to gratify those who love the original and beautiful in his high art. Of this the public will soon have an opportunity to judge, as the piece is in preparation for public performance at the Odeon, by the choir of the Boston Academy of Music, and under the direction of the accomplished professors of that institution.

It may be proper to remark, that the copy here given differs in many passages from that to be performed in the oratorio. It was convenient to the purposes of the composer to make variations and additions for the sake of the musical effect. As the author, how-

* See Leviticus xxiii. 34—43. Numbers xxix. 12—40. Deuteronomy xvi. 13—15. Exodus xxiii. 16; xxxiv. 22. Nehemiah viii. 13—18.

ever, presumes to hope that the poem may interest his friends, and find favor with some readers, independently of the music, he has desired to exhibit it in its original form, and for that reason has made this separate publication.

H. W. Jr.

Cambridge, *March* 14, 1837.

PERSONS.

High Priest,	Watchmen,
Priests,	Women,
Levites,	People.

Place. *The Temple at Jerusalem.*

Time. *The Last Day of the Feast*

PART I.

THE MORNING SACRIFICE.

Watchman.

The morning dawns. Its first faint beams betray
Th' approaching sun, and bid the sleeping earth
Awake. O'er Olivet[a] the light streams up,
Tinging the thin clouds with a thousand hues.
It glances on the Temple's golden tiles
And Zion's palace roofs. The mists of night
Risé from the hills, like clouds of early incense,
And heaven's sweet warblers tune their morning hymn.
'Tis time for man to wake, and join the praise.

'Tis light toward Hebron![a] Send the cry abroad,
And call the servants of the altar forth.
'Tis light toward Hebron! Send the cry abroad.

WATCHMEN, (one after another.)

'Tis light toward Hebron!

WATCHMAN.

How beautiful the morning light
  Breaks on the city as it sleeps!
Fair as His love, who, day and night,
  His watch o'er favored Israel keeps.

CHORUS OF WATCHMEN.

Wake, Zion, wake! and bless the Power
That guards thee in the midnight hour.
Wake, Israel, wake! and homage pay
To Him whose love outshines the day.

WATCHMAN.

See, from their sacred chambers issue forth
The priests. In flowing robes arrayed, they come
To wait around the altars, and renew
The Temple's daily pomp. Jehovah clothe
His servants with salvation! that his saints
May fill these holy courts with shouts of joy.[b]

PRIEST.

Seven days the people, in their countless tents,—
Spread on the mountain-side and in the vale,
Stretched on the joyous house-tops, street by street,
And in Moriah's sacred courts,—have kept
The holy season.[c] Solemn rite, by day,

And lofty pomp and choral song, have filled
The circling hours; by night, the cloistered halls,
Bright with ten thousand lamps, have echoed back
The shouts and anthems of th' assembled tribes.
The final day has come, the day of chief
And holiest concourse. Let the trumpet sound,—
The consecrated trumpet,—to proclaim
The last, the great day of the festival.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND WATCHMEN.

Welcome the dawning light!
  Welcome the joyous day!
Let Jacob's tribes again unite
To celebrate their ancient rite,
  And grateful homage pay.
Wave the willow and the palm!
Bow the knee, and chant the psalm!
Throng the holy altar round!
Bid the lofty courts resound!

PRIEST.

When, from Egyptian bondage driven,
  Our fathers sought their promised home,
For many a year offended Heaven
  Condemned them in the wild to roam.
No house received their weary forms,
  No city knew their way-worn feet;
In tents they braved the winter's storms,
  In tents endured the summer's heat.
And now, in Judah's prosperous days,
  Oft as the harvest month comes round,
Our humble tents and booths we raise,
  And houseless, like our sires, are found.

We bring to mind their sins and woes;
  Their path o'er Jordan's wave we trace,
Till on these fruitful hills arose
  Their heritage and resting-place.

CHORUS.

Praise for that fruitful heritage!
  Praise for that glorious resting-place!
The home and pride, through every age,
  Of Zion's God and Israel's race.

HIGH PRIEST.

Now let the morning sacrifice begin!
Fire the rich censer! Let the incense rise
In rolling clouds of fragrance, till it fill
The Holy Place, and with the clouds of heaven
Mingle its perfume. Bring the victims forth!
Bid the high altar blaze! And while its fires
Flash upward, brightening all the morning sky,
Ye white-robed Levites,[d] at your sacred post
Exalt his name for whom these honors rise.
Strike all your strings! Breathe forth your loudest voice!
Wake, timbrel, harp, and lute! wake, psaltery, pipe,
And sackbut! cymbal, drum, and trumpet, wake!
Let Zion hear, and Israel's utmost shore;
Let farthest Gentile catch the sound, and know
That Jacob's God is God of earth and heaven.

LEVITES.

Glory to God! Bid the glad tribes rejoice!
Let earth and heaven reëcho to their voice!
Down with the idols that usurp his throne!
Exalt Jehovah, King and God alone!

Sing, O ye heavens! ye unknown worlds, adore!
Praise Him who was, and is, and shall be evermore!

VOICE from among the multitude, (as in soliloquy.)

How gloriously to heaven that odorous cloud
Rolls from the altar, brightening in the sun!
How like celestial harmony, that hymn,
Chanted by holy voices, peals along
Th' echoing porches! With the flame and song
Send up thy heart, O Israel, and be blest.

HIGH PRIEST.

Children of Abraham! to the altar throng,
And add your voices to the Levite choir.
Fresh from the vintage and the harvest field,
Present your annual offering. Bow your souls,
Adoring; while your wives and children kneel,
Uplifting heart and voice in holy joy.

PEOPLE.

We hear, and we obey.
From all the borders of the land,
Assembled at the call we stand,
And hail the festal day.
Before the altar humbly bowed,
We lift our thousand voices loud,
And grateful homage pay.
Let our anthem reach the skies!
Let our thanks accepted rise!

VOICE.

From Carmel's fruitful mountain,
From Hebron's ancient towers,

From Jordan's rushing fountain,
From Sharon's vale of flowers, —

PEOPLE.

We come, we come, the harvest o'er,
To meet in Zion and adore.

VOICE.

Lo! Ashur brings his treasures,
Drawn from the heaving main;
And Issachar his measures
Of life-sustaining grain.

PEOPLE.

The varied gifts of Heaven we bring,
And pay our thanks to Israel's King.

VOICE.

Lo! the vineyard's ripe donation!
Lo! the honey from the rock!
Lo! the olive's pure oblation!
Lo! the fleeces of the flock!

PEOPLE.

Blessing, honor, glory, be,
Lord of life and love, to thee!

VOICE.

Like a full, o'erflowing river,
Blessings from on high descend;
Glory to the bounteous Giver!
Glory, till the world shall end!

PEOPLE.

Let our anthem reach the skies!
Let our thanks accepted rise!

WOMAN.

And hark, the sweet voices of Jacob's fair daughters[f]
Join the high chorus of gladness and love;
From the hill-sides of Judah, from Galilee's waters,
They crowd to the courts of their Sovereign above.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

From our homes by the hill-side, our rest by the waters,
We crowd to the courts of our Sovereign above;
We bring the full hearts of wives, sisters, and daughters;
We join the high chorus of gladness and love.

ALL.

Join, every voice, in the rapturous chorus;
Swell the loud anthem of gladness and love;
For the blessings of Heaven spread around us and o'er us,
Shout to the praise of our Sovereign above.

HIGH PRIEST.

Not unto us, O Lord, is glory due.[g]
We are but dust and sin. The gifts, the grace,
The glory, all are thine. Be thine the praise!
All other gods are idols; human hands
Have made them, human folly serves. *Our* God,
Jehovah, *lives*. Earth, heaven, all things, he made;
He rules o'er all supreme. Praise him alone!

PEOPLE.

Praise him alone!
Beyond the splendors of the sun,
He reigns eternal, glorious, one,
On no divided throne.
Round that throne what wonders meet!
Clouds, the dust beneath his feet;[h]
Thunder, but his voice; and fire,
Angel of his love, or ire.
Raise the universal song!
Sound it, Zion, first and long!
Hosts of heaven, angelic choirs,
Strike it on your living lyres!
Sea, and earth, and skies, unite,
Sun, and moon, and stars of light!
Praise him, praise, with one accord!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

PART II.

THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

HIGH PRIEST.

AGAIN lift up the voice! Wake, trump and harp!
Repeat the chorus of your sounding praise!
Let Asaph's tuneful choir the strain resume,
And Israel, with his thousand voices, sing
Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails!

CHOIR OF ASAPH.

Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails![1]

HIGH PRIEST.

Let Aaron, with his sons, repeat the song.

CHOIR OF PRIESTS AND LEVITES.

Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails!

HIGH PRIEST.

Let all who fear the Lord repeat the song.

PEOPLE.

Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails!

ALL.

Praise! hallelujah! praise!
Adore his wondrous ways!
Ye tribes, prolong the grateful song,
And utter all his praise!

PRIEST.

Our fathers trusted in his name,
And leaned upon his hand;
He led them by his cloud and flame
To this the promised land.

ALL.

Praise, hallelujah, praise!

PRIEST.

When, pressed by fears and foes, they dwelt
In darkness and dismay,

He made his powerful presence felt,
And turned their night to day.

ALL.

Praise, hallelujah, praise!

PRIEST.

And when, in mad and stubborn pride,
They rose against his word,
His mercy turned their sins aside,
His pitying grace restored.

ALL.

Praise, hallelujah, praise!
Adore his wondrous ways!
Ye tribes, prolong the grateful song,
And utter all his praise!
Power, grace, and majesty are his alone!
Send up the anthem to his heavenly throne!

HIGH PRIEST.

'Tis done. The praise is said. Another rite
Succeeds. Bring forth the sacred golden bowl;
And let th' appointed priest convey it down
To Siloa's hallowed fountain. Let him draw
The sparkling waters: and with cautious step,
In glad procession, bring them up the mount,
And bear them to the altar of the Lord.
Attend him, ye that will; and ye that will,
Abide, till, with loud trump, and echoing shout,
And waving palms, the absent throng return.

WOMEN.

They go; they pass the gates; the sacred courts
They leave; their distant tread dies on the ear.
Wait not in silence for their slow return;
But wake the echoes of the Holy Place
With song, and warble forth the coming rite.

SONG, (WOMAN.)

Flow on, flow on, thou bright, clear stream!
  Flow on, thou fair, perpetual fount!
Transparent as the sun's warm beam,
  Bathe the stern foot of Judah's mount.
The sun above, thy waves below,
Unsullied shines, unsullied flow;
Thou as the crystal heavens art pure,
And like the heavens thou shalt endure.

The Temple crowns Moriah's height,
  Thy waters murmur at its base;
That seems Jehovah's throne of light,
  Thou his exhaustless fount of grace.
And when the emblems we would join
Of holy Love and Power divine,
We draw thy waters from their bed,
And pour them on the mountain's head.

(*Trumpet.*)

PRIEST.

They come, they come; their signal notes resound;
Their steps approach; their gladdening songs draw near.

PEOPLE, (returning.)

Hosanna! hosanna! we bring the libation,
The waters that flow from the fount of salvation.[k]

HIGH PRIEST.

Now let the sacred element be borne
To the high altar's top; there, with the wine
Already hallowed for the sacrifice,
Let it be mingled. With a reverent hand[l]
Then pour the mixture out; while, flinging high
Their verdant palms, with solemn shout and song,
The people dance around their glorious shrine.

PEOPLE.

Hosanna! hosanna! pour out the libation!
Glory and beauty, O altar, to thee![m]
With gladness we draw from the wells of salvation
Waters of life, ever flowing and free.

Joy to thee, joy to thee, life-giving river!
Glory and beauty, O altar, to thee!
The streams of salvation roll onward forever, —
Life to the universe, boundless and free.

HIGH PRIEST.

Now tell your children what this rite intends;
What mean these glowing forms, these words of joy.

PRIEST.

The prophet gave the blow;[n]
Forth gushed the cool, refreshing wave,
The parched and perishing to save,
Far as its waters flow.
Recalled to life, the dying band
Pressed eager to the destined land.

So, in some latter day,
When Israel lies in woe and fear,
Her great Anointed shall appear,
To chase her dark dismay.
From Him a holier stream shall flow,
To save the world from darker woe.

O, haste the glorious hour!
Haste, David's Son, illustrious King!
Come to thy waiting saints, and bring
Thy glory, peace, and power.
Hosanna! let the people cry;
Hosanna! earth and heaven reply.

HIGH PRIEST.

The day declines. The slow-descending sun
Casts lengthening shadows o'er the darkened vales.
Light up the temple! Through the pillared walks
Hang out the lamps,° and from the crowded courts
Keep off the gathering night. Then, while the blaze
Is flashing from the altars, gates, and roofs,
Till evening shines with more than noonday fires,
Let one loud choral anthem close the day.

PEOPLE.

Jehovah dwells in light!
Bright on his glorious courts below
Ten thousand lamps their splendor throw;
To build his throne of heavenly light,
Ten thousand suns their flames unite.
There dwells the pure, immortal ray!
Serene, resplendent, infinite, alone,

It robes the essence of the Holy One
In everlasting day.

From this dim, shadowy sphere,
We seek that central day on high.
Hail, holy Light, all hail! we cry;
Send down the full effulgence here,
Till earth's long darkness disappear.
Author of light and being, hail!
The soul, the stars, the universe are thine;
Bid light o'er all, thy light immortal, shine,
Till truth and love prevail.

HIGH PRIEST.

The anthem ends; the festival is o'er.
To-morrow sees you scattered on your way,
Hastening o'er hills and valleys to your homes.
Israel, depart in peace! Jehovah send
His angel by your side! Nor sun by day,[p]
Nor moon by night, nor pestilence, nor foe,
Annoy your march, and peace await you home!
Now humbly let your inmost souls receive
The solemn benediction of the Law.[q]
Jehovah bless and keep you! bless and keep!

PEOPLE.

Amen!

HIGH PRIEST.

Jehovah cause his face to beam in love
Upon you, and his favor be your life!

PEOPLE.

Amen! Amen!

NOTES.

Pages 290, 291.

(a) The Mount of Olives was on the east
rectly over against the Temple. Hebron lay
distance of about twenty-five miles. One of t
a watchman for the sake of the scene, was a
the first dawning of the day. On its approa
day." "But is the heaven bright all up to
in reply. — See LIGHTFOOT'S "*Temple Servic*

(b) Psalm cxxxii. 16. "I will also clothe
vation; and her saints shall shout aloud for

(c) Nehemiah viii. 16. "So the people we
them, and made themselves booths, every one
house, and in their courts, and in the courts c
and in the street of the water gate, and in the
Ephraim."

Page 293.

(d) The music of the Temple was perform

Page 294.

(e) The law required it only of the males to be present at the festivals; but there is no doubt that they were largely attended by women and children. It is enough to refer to the instances of Hannah, the mother of Samuel, and of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Page 296.

(f) There is reason to suppose that women, as well as men, were engaged in performing the musical portion of the daily worship. 1 Chron. xxv. 5, 6. Ezra ii. 65. Psalm lxviii. 25. Calmet gives additional reasons in confirmation.

(g) Psalm cxv. This is one of the psalms appointed to be sung at this feast.

Page 297.

(h) Nahum i. 3. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm; and the clouds are the dust of his feet."

Page 298.

(i) Psalm cxviii. 2, 3, 4. "Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth forever. Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth forever. Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth forever."

Page 299.

(j) "This pouring out of water was used every day of the feast; and their rejoicing upon it was so great, that in all this feast, nay, in all their feasts throughout all the year, they had not the like. One of the priests, with a golden tankard, went to the fountain or pool of Siloam, and filled it there with water. He returned back again into the court through that which was called the water gate, and when he came there the trumpets sounded. He goeth up the side of the altar, where stood two basins, one with wine in it, and into the other he put the water, and he pours either the wine into the water or the water into the wine, and then pours them out by way of libation." — LIGHTFOOT.

Page 300.

(k) The people, during this ceremony, repeated Isaiah xii. 3: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." It

is supposed to have been at this period in the solemnity, that our Lord, on the last day, the great day of the feast, stood and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," &c. John vii. 37, 38.

Page 301.

(l) *With a reverent hand.* It is said that, at the moment of pouring out the water, the people cried out to the priest, "Hold up your hand;" the reason of which was, that on a certain time there was one who poured it upon his feet; upon which the people pelted him with the pomecitrons which they carried in their hands during this festival, and in the disturbance a horn of the altar was broken.

(m) "Beauty be to thee, O altar! beauty be to thee, O altar!" was the exclamation of the people, as they retired through the gates nearest to the altar.

(n) Exodus xvii. 6. It is said, by some, that the unusual rejoicings which attended this festival were connected with the expectation of the Messiah's coming. "The Jews acknowledge," says Lightfoot, "that their latter Redeemer is to procure water for them, as their former redeemer, Moses, had done." Beausobre says, "The days of the Messiah were styled by the Jews *the Feast of Tabernacles.*"

Page 302.

(o) "Dancing, music, and feasting were the accompaniments of this festival, together with such brilliant illuminations as lighted the whole city of Jerusalem." — Horne. — It was a proverb among the Jews, "He that never saw the rejoicing of the pouring out of water, never saw rejoicing in his life." It has not seemed necessary, however, to adhere strictly to the accounts we have received of the manner in which the festival was closed. Those who would make the comparison may be pleased to see the following passage from Lightfoot, the latter portion of which is translated from a rabbinical author.

"Towards night, they began the rejoicing for the pouring out or drawing of the water, which mirth they continued far in the night, every night of the feast. . . . . .

"The manner was thus: —

"They went into the court of the women, and there the women placed themselves upon balconies round about the court, and the men stood upon the ground. There were four candlesticks (or

beacons, rather, I might call them) of an exceeding great bigness, and mounted on an exceeding great height, overtopping and overlooking the walls of the court and of the mountain of the house, at a great elevation; by every candlestick were four ladders set, by which four of the younger priests went up, having bottles in their hands, that contained a hundred and twenty logs, which they emptied into every cup. Of the rags of the garments and girdles of the priests they made wicks to light those lamps; and there was not a street throughout all Jerusalem that did not shine with that light.

"The religious and devout danced before them, having lighted torches in their hands, and sang songs and doxologies. The Levites, with harps, psalteries, cymbals, and other instruments of music without number, stood upon those fifteen steps, by which they went down from the court of the women, according to the fifteen psalms of degrees, and sang. Two priests also stood in the upper gate, which goes down from the Court of Israel to the Court of the Women, with two trumpets in their hands. קרא גבר. When the cock crew, [or the president gave his signal,] the trumpets sounded; when they came to the tenth step, they sounded again; when they came to the court, they sounded; when they came to the pavement, they sounded; and so went on sounding the trumpets, till they came to the east gate of the court. When they came thither, they turned their faces from the east to west, and said, Our fathers in this place, turning their backs upon the Temple, and their faces toward the east, worshipped the sun; but we turn our faces to God," &c.

"The rabbins have a tradition. Some of them, while they were dancing, said, Blessed be our youth, for that they have not made our old men ashamed. אילו חסידים ואנשי מעשה. These were the religious, and men of good works. And some said, Blessed be our old men, that have made atonement for our youth. And both one and the other said, Blessed be he who hath not sinned; and he who hath, let it be forgiven him." — LIGHTFOOT's Works, IX. 105; XII.°300.

Page 303.

(p) Psalm cxxi. 5—8. "The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee

by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore."

(q) Numbers vi. 23—26. "Speak unto Aaron, and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

STANZAS,

ADDITIONAL TO MRS. HEMANS'S "BIRD'S RELEASE."

February, 1827.

And thou art happier now
In the free, wide fields of the boundless air,
With thy wing on the wind, and thy thought without care,
And thy home on the forest bough.

Even so with the lost and dear;
She is soaring in regions of light above;
She's at home with the blessed in their bowers of love;
And who would recall her here?

LINES TO W. R. G. BATES.

WILLIAM RUFUS GRAY BATES, son of Joshua Bates, Esq., of the house of Baring, Brothers, & Co., London, was born in Boston, July 2, 1815. When three years old, he accompanied his mother to France, where his father was then residing. This poem was written on the occasion of his embarking.

Lo! how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses, eager to be free!
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,
And she will move in stately grandeur on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.
O, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds —
Those freest agents of almighty power —
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes. — Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing — thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking man
Shrinks back into himself, — himself so mean

'Mid things so vast, — and, rapt in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
Th' ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.
'Tis wonderful! — and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. O, then, be early wise;
Learn from the mariner his skilful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path,
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O, learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thyself from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in heaven.
Farewell! Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. Yes, and more than this —

* The young person to whom these lines wer
accidentally killed by the discharge of his fowling
in the county of Huntingdon, (England,) in 183
nineteen years. His improvement and virtues l
love and esteem of his friends, and filled the h
rents with fond hopes of his future success and

TO MARY.

Salisbury and Vergennes, September 4 and 5, 1823.

Dear Mary, 'tis the fourteenth day
  Since I was parted from your side;
And still upon my lengthening way
  In solitude I ride;
But not a word has come to tell
If those I left at home are well.

I am not of an anxious mind,
  Nor prone to cherish useless fear;
Yet oft, methinks, the very wind
  Is whispering in my ear,
That many an evil may take place
Within a fortnight's narrow space.

'Tis true, indeed, disease and pain
  May all this while have been your lot;
And when I reach my home again,
  Death may have marked the spot.
I need but dwell on thoughts like these,
To be as wretched as I please.

But no,—a happier thought is mine;
  The absent like the present scene

Is guided by a Friend divine,
  Who bids us wait serene
The issues of that gracious will
Which mingles good with every ill.

And who should feel this tranquil trust
  In that benignant One above, —
Who ne'er forgets that we are dust,
  And rules with pitying love, —
Like us, who both have just been led
Back from the confines of the dead? —

Like us, who, 'mid the various hours
  That mark life's changeful wilderness,
Have always found its suns and showers
  Alike designed to bless?
Led on and taught as we have been,
Distrust would be indeed a sin.

Darkness, 'tis true, and death, must come;
  But they should bring us no dismay;
They are but guides to lead us home,
  And then to pass away.
O, who will keep a troubled mind,
That knows this glory is designed?

Then, dearest, present or apart,
  An equal calmness let us wear;
Let steadfast Faith control the heart,
  And still its throbs of care.
We may not lean on things of dust;
But Heaven is worthy all our trust.

SONG.

1815.

O, SAY not that love is the light of an hour,
  Which fades when youth's wildness is o'er;
It glows with its purest and liveliest power
  When beauty and mirth are no more.

I covet the love that will waken and stay,
  Like the progress of light from the dawn,
Which opens in blushes, and spreads into day
  More bright as the minutes move on.

The face I could love must reflect the fair beam
  Of a soul that is lighted from heaven;
Its smile, like the sunshine that glows on a stream,
  Forever unruffled and even.

Then sorrow might come, but it would not be dark;
  That love on the shadows would shine;
And the near hope of heaven, with its rapturous spark,
  Would lighten and warm our decline.

1819.

Tune, Old Hundred.

Great God, the followers of
  We bow before thy mercy-s
To worship thee, the holy Or
  And pour our wishes at thy

O, grant thy blessing here to-
  O, give thy people joy and
The tokens of thy love display
  And favor that shall never c

We seek the truth that Jesus
  His path of light we long to
Here be his holy doctrines tau
  And here their purest influe

LINES

Written March 29, 1836.

It is not what my hands have done,
  That weighs my spirit down,
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
  And over earth a frown;
It is not any heinous guilt,
  Or vice by men abhorred;
For fair the fame that I have built,
  A fair life's just reward;
And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas! they only see in part,
  When thus they judge the whole;
They cannot look upon the heart,
  They cannot read the soul;
But I survey myself within,
  And mournfully I feel
How deep the principle of sin
  Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame
Without a deed that men can blame.

They judge by actions which they see
  Brought out before the sun;

But conscience brings reproach to me
  For what I've left undone, —
For opportunities of good
  In folly thrown away,
For hours misspent in solitude,
  Forgetfulness to pray, —
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed
  With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest,
  Till I escape this doom.
Help me, thou Merciful and Just,
  This fearful doom to fly;
Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust; —
  O, help me, lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love.

TWO SONNETS OF TASK-WORK.

I.

We arrived at Bolsena, between Florence and Rome, on a cool evening, December 11, 1829; and to help cheer the dismal hours in a huge, comfortless apartment, it was proposed to have a sonnet on our approach to the Eternal City. I called on the company for rhymes, *à la mode improvisatrice;* and having obtained them, I wrote the following:—

HAIL our approach to venerable Rome!
  We go to kneel and wonder at her shrine,
  To watch where still her parting glories shine,
And bear the memory of her greatness home.
There the late marvel of her sacred Dome
  Doth with her hoary monuments combine,
  Like ruined elm o'ertop'd by towering vine,
To stir the souls of those that thither roam.
There, 'mid her crumbling relics, we will stray
  To tread her Forum in the noonday bright;
  Her Colosseum under midnight skies,
And there, in grief, with silent gaze survey,
  The world's chief glory fading from its height,
  Till in the dust it sinks, and all ignobly dies.

II.

This was written at St. Agata, on the way to Naples, in the same manner, December 31, 1829.

HARK to the summons of departing Time!
  Its echoes die upon the fading year;
Build up its requiem in some solemn rhyme,
  And bring the final end of all things near.
The tide of being, rushing from afar,
  Bears on the fortunes of the deathless soul;
Bright o'er its waters beams a holy star,
  And heaven's blest island crowns the glorious whole.
Review the past of this all-varying scene;
  Recount with gratitude its every joy;
How few the days unclouded and serene!
  How mixed the happiest moments with alloy!
Yet from this mingled mass the soul may reap
The harvest gathered after death's long sleep.

A SUNDAY MORNING ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DEATH OF REV. GEORGE WHITNEY, OF JAMAICA PLAIN, ROXBURY, AND REV. DR. HARRIS, OF DORCHESTER.

SCENE. — *A rustic Cottage on a Hill-side; a Lake beneath; a Village in the distance beyond. — A Child is sitting on the bank near the cottage door, at which his Father appears.*

CHILD.

Is it not time, dear father, for the bell?
I'm weary listening for it. Here I've sat
Since breakfast, waiting, waiting; but I hear
No sound. I'm tired of waiting!

FATHER.

How the child
Delights to catch the music of that bell!
And so do I, in truth. I love its peal,
As it comes swelling o'er the placid lake,
And stirs the silence of our far hill-side.
The undulating tones float calmly on,
As if from heaven's broad depths they wafted down
Sweet messages of peace, such as befit
A Sunday's sacred calm. — Come hither, boy;

Sit on the door-stone by your father's side,
And I will listen with you for the bell.

CHILD.

How beautiful it is!

FATHER.

What's beautiful?

CHILD.

Why, every thing; — the trees, and flowers, and clouds,
And pond, and houses; — all are beautiful.
What makes them always look most beautiful
On Sunday morning?

FATHER.

Do they so?

CHILD.

Why, yes;
And mother says so too; and then she asks,
If heaven will be more fair than this bright earth.

FATHER.

Well, child, and will it?

CHILD.

O, I asked her that;
She answered, "Surely yes;" and said the hymn,
"If God hath made *this* world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Must Paradise be found!"
But why on Sunday should it seem *most* fair?

FATHER.

Because the mind is then in tune; its thoughts
Of holy truth have roused it to perceive
The harmony of all with things divine:
The heart, attuned to heavenly melody,
Beats in accord with nature's melodies,
Which always are of Heaven. You understand?

CHILD.

O, yes; for mother always says, you know,
If I am sweet and pleasant, every thing
Will pleasant be to me and sweet; and so
All things will be most heavenly to the eye
Beneath a Sabbath sun, because ourselves
Are then most heavenly.

FATHER.

Ay, but might we not
Find all as full of heaven another day?

CHILD.

Surely, — as all would pleasant be to me
If I were always in a pleasant mood.

FATHER.

But children fret, and then all joys are soured;
And men disturb their minds with foolish cares,
Till nature's peace and God's great presence fade;
Till noxious mists have darkened all their world,
And rarely yield a moment's glimpse of heaven.
Bless me, this day, my God, with one such glimpse!
Lift off the darkness from my soul! Remove
The dimness of my eye, that I may see,

The dulness of my ear, that I may hear,
The melodies and beauties of thy realms.

CHILD.

Hark! hark! Methought I heard it. — Have they bells
In heaven, father?

FATHER.

They have *music*, dear,
And worship — love and angels. — Hark! — 'Tis strange!
'Tis very strange! The shadows have grown short,
The sun rides high, and yet no call to church!
The air is still — we could not fail to hear.
But what should cause that iron tongue to lie
Speechless to-day, which for two hundred years
Ne'er failed before to ring its summons forth,
Proclaiming, to the forests and the hills,
That toil had pause, and earth was bowed in praise?
What can it mean?

CHILD.

List, father! Up the steep,
Straight from the village, comes the sound of wheels.

FATHER.

And now I see the wagon, as it winds
Round yonder turn. I will approach and know
The reason of this mystery. — Neighbor, hail!
A Sabbath's salutation to you, friend!
But why this more than Sabbath's silence? Why
No customary bell?

NEIGHBOR.

Have you not heard?

FATHER.

I have heard nothing.

NEIGHBOR.

Not the heavy news
That fills the vale with sadness, and makes dim
The eyes of all its dwellers?

FATHER.

Not a word.

NEIGHBOR.

Then hear and weep with them. Our pastor's dead!

FATHER.

Dead? Dead? Impossible; so young, so strong—
Impossible! I saw him three days since.

NEIGHBOR.

A sudden illness, with its stern assault,
Leaped on his sturdy frame, and bore him down.
But yesterday he sat as he was wont,
Scarce conscious of an ill beyond the dull
And languid apathy which often keeps
The student from his books. This morning's sun
Beheld his spirit mounting from its clay,
And stricken children weeping o'er his corse,
Appalled and comfortless.

FATHER.

God comfort them,
And us, and all! What mystery is this,
That puts this fearful pause to so much life

And useful cares, so needed and so loved, —
While withered forms, that scarce can drag their limbs,
And spent their stores of blessings long ago,
Still bear the burden of infirmest age,
Helpless and hopeless! Who can note unawed
God's deep-sealed secret? Why was he not left
To run his tranquil course of seventy years,
And then, all duty done, reposing wait, —
As in the twilight of a summer's day
The rustic lingers at his cottage door, —
And to the pressure of Time's heavy hand
Yield gently, sinking to the grave as men
Withdrawing to their chambers seek their rest,
In Sleep's protecting bosom?

NEIGHBOR.

So, last night,
In ripe old age, and ever gentle faith,
That old man passed away; life's twilight calm
Still beautiful around him; no more toil
For him on earth, and every hope in heaven.

FATHER.

What old man speak you of, whose sun has set
In timely beauty thus, while yonder orb
Is stricken headlong from its noonday height?

NEIGHBOR.

You know old Father Simon; long withdrawn
From charge of holy things, but loving still
The hallowed office which so long he held,
An humble priest. A messenger was sent
To tell the venerable man that death

Had robbed our altar of its youthful priest,
And lead the elder to the vacant rite.
Guess what a thrill of consternation struck
The village heart when he, returning, told
That Father Simon, too, had died last night!
Therefore it is that every sound is mute; the church
Is closed; the scattered flock, that should have thronged
The house of prayer, amazed, and pale, retreat,
And mournful silence broods o'er all the scene.
I, too, would fain retire. I have no heart
For human intercourse to-day. Farewell!

FATHER.

Farewell! — His work was done. From early morn,
Through all the heat and burden of the noon,
Unresting, — always at the task he loved, —
He labored on, till round him gathering eve
Began to cast its shades. The wearied man
Now sat him down to rest; about him cast
A placid look on his accomplished task,
And smiled that all was done. What had he more
To live for? Pleasures, hopes, and useful toils,
For him there none remained, except in heaven.
There they awaited him; and there his trust
Serenely fixed, the gentle summons came,
And called him home — "Go to thy rest, old man!
Peace waits thee in the Father's house, on earth
Unknown. Go, we have known and loved thee long;
We can but weep to miss thee; but our tears
Are tears of hope as well as fond regret —
Of joy yet more than grief; of sympathy
With thy rejoicing in thy new-found bliss."

But other feelings wake at W******'s death.
Gone, in his prime — not two score years yet told —
The vigor of brave manhood in his limbs;
And youth's frank hopefulness upon his brow; —
As suddenly as if from this green bank,
Just where I sit and gaze upon the flowers
That lift their smiling beauty 'mong the grass,
And deck the verdant hills with countless hues,
Now, as I look, some hidden fount of fire
Should spout, like Etna's flaming torrent, forth,
And in an instant desolate the scene.

Gone, in his prime! In him how many homes
Their light have lost! how many poor their stay!
The young a counsellor — the old a staff —
The flock of Christ a shepherd kind and true.
Yes, we have lost a friend; but heaven has gained
One more inhabitant; and Sabbath choirs to-day,
With loud rejoicing, shout him welcome home.

A WINTER SCENE.

AN EXTRACT FROM A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

January 13, 1829.

O, WOULD you could see, since the last week's rain,
What splendor adorns our grove and plain!
For it froze as it fell, and the drizzling sleet
Cast thick o'er the earth an icy sheet;
The crusted trees in their glory appear,
Each like a crystal chandelier,
On whose brilliant jewels the sunbeams glance,
As their limbs in the light breeze twinkle and dance;
And every twig and spire of grass
Is a splendid prism of solid glass,
Sparkling and flashing in day's broad glare,
With all the hues of the rainbow there.
O, 'tis a gorgeous sight to behold
The fields all strewed with rubies and gold,
And emeralds, bright with their rich green rays,
And diamonds, that fiercely burn and blaze,
And sapphires and pearls profusely strown,
Till a more magnificent view is shown,
Than the garden of gems in the Eastern tale
Which Aladdin found in the secret vale.

THE WATERFALL AT CATSKILL.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM IN THE HOTEL,

July 2, 1826.

Bold, bold, and beautiful, the headlong wave
Leaps from the dizzy height — in floods of foam
Broken and glittering — flinging up its clouds
Of playful mist, that meet the wanton sun,
And take all hues, and deck the shattered stream
In floating rainbows, that, like fairy forms
Before the dreamer's eye, flit here and there,
Now bright, now faded. Thus it plunges on,
Roaring and restless, till the gulf profound
Spreads wide its peaceful bosom, and the vexed,
Impetuous torrent slumbers in the shade.
Such be my quiet, when life's troubled tide
Shall reach the vale serene of tranquil age!
So it has been for ages — so shall be
For ages yet to come. Years roll on years,
And find that sound and motion still unchanged.
Things that have life decay; but thou, fair rill, —
So like a living thing, that yet art none, —
Thou changest not. The forests round thee die;
The beasts that roam them perish in their shade;
The solid rock, thy bed, is worn away;

Empires are moved. And man, the prince of all,
Lives but to die. And thou dost see this change
Pass upon all, and in perpetual youth
Dost sing and frolic 'mid a world of graves.

HYMN TO THE GOD OF BATTLES.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM ON THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

God of our fathers! who didst bear
  Their pilgrim footsteps o'er the wave,
O, listen to their offspring's prayer!
  Rise, as for Israel, rise and save!

God of our children! spare for them
  The heritage our fathers gained;
Let Freedom's glorious diadem
  And Truth's pure light abide unstained.

Great God of battles! to the field
  Lead forth our armed and conquering host;
Be thou their strength, their guide, their shield,
  And drive th' invader from our coast.

Hear, Lord! Without thy aid we die:
  Hear us! To thee our cause we trust:
O, hear! and, from thy throne on high,
  Rescue the offspring of the just.

ANTI-SLAVERY SONG.*

March 15, 1843.

Oppression shall not always reign:
  There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, bursting every chain,
  Shall have triumphant way.
Then Right shall over Might prevail;
And Truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
  And hold eternal sway.

E'en now that glorious day draws near;
  Its coming is not far;
In heaven and earth its signs appear;
  We see its morning star;
Its dawn has flushed the eastern sky;
The western hills reflect it high;
The southern clouds before it fly.—
    Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

It flashes on the Indian isles.—Hurra!
It gilds their plains with gladdening smiles.—Hurra!

* This was Mr. Ware's last composition in verse.

Eight hundred thousand, newly free,
Pour out their songs of jubilee,
That shake the globe from sea to sea. —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

That shout which every bosom thrills — Hurra!
In thunder rings from all our hills. — Hurra!
The waves reply on every shore,
Old Faneuil echoes to the roar,
And rocks as ne'er it rocked before —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

What arm shall check its onward way? — Hurra!
What voice arrest the growing day? — Hurra!
What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Or Slavery's night of guilt prolong? —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Then shout, ye lovers of your race! — Hurra!
The glorious hour comes on apace! — Hurra!
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Thy flag unfurl, thy trumpet swell!
From land to land the triumph tell! —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

The day has come, the hour draws nigh! — Hurra!
Send forth the tidings far and high! — Hurra!
From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree, —
"All chains are broke! all men are free!" —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Then shout! The hour comes on apace! — Hurra!
The hour of glory for the race! — Hurra!
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
Bid high thy sacred banner swell,
And trump on trump the triumph tell. —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Franconia, August 8, 18

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* * * * * *

Is past; the bold rock stands unv
One effort more. 'Tis done. Bre
We stand upon the peak above th
Vast and immeasurable! How th
Searches the great expanse for re
Magnificent obscurity! sublime!
Dim! fathomless! Above, is only
Spread forth o'er all, in deep, pur
Below, earth — only earth — yet so
As fills the gazing soul with trem
O, what a place for thought! Gi
And leave me here alone. I'll wi
To keep me from the keen, impe
And hold a moment's musing by
And not a human foot within t

en I upward gazed from common earth.
ascended, yet have not drawn near;
ings of earth, how changed! Man and his works
arce discerned. Yon hills, whose vastness seemed
surable, lie, beneath my look,
ed to vulgar eminences. Lo!
ıey onward roll, like waves at sea,
ıd still less, till in the horizon far
ningle with the clouds and disappear.
ɔnder speck is ocean! infinite, sublime,
ess ocean! pride and dread of man!
ut a glittering thread of twinkling light,
faint lamp reflected from the pool,
ı, so faint, we doubt if it be there.
then, am I — when all earth's mightiness
lisappears? Instruct me, awful Teacher,
from this stand of truth I measure earth
eaven! instruct me of myself. O, teach,
me to feel that by approach toward Heaven
ngs are seen in their own magnitude.
seems more grand — man crumbles into dust."
ɔmp of wealth and power, the state, the luxury,
rife which mad ambition seeks, and earth
with hot convulsions to attain,
how for what they are — hollow and vain —
ıs those clouds, that, floating in mid air,
ıut a glory to the eye below,
op their shroud upon the summit rock,
ide with empty vapor earth and heaven.
these clouds as truly God resides,
the dark pavilion which arrayed
nai's top — as truly gives a law
attendant servant. Lend thine ear,

And hear it — ope thine heart, and honor it —
Bend reverently to its message all thy soul;
And let the lesson thou hast gathered here,
In solitary thought and intercourse
With truth and nature, cause thy unveiled soul,
Like Moses' face, to glow with obvious light —
Be a commandment to thy devious step,
And keep thee on thy high, immortal march. —
The body climbs toward heaven in vain — the soul,
If it will climb, may reach and enter in.

THE WILLEY HOUSE.

Here pause upon this ruin. What a tale
Of grandeur and of woe is written here!
He, whom we think not of, because his power
Leads all things gently with the cords of love,
Doth sometimes teach us with a startling blow,
That wakes our senses to his majesty.
He touched the trembling mountain and it fell, —
Fell, with its burden of rent rocks and trees
Of giant growth, a fearful avalanche, —
Fell, amid storm and tempest, while the clouds
Dropped down in floods, and angry lightnings flashed,
And thunders echoing rolled. It seemed as God
Descended in his terrors, as of old
On Sinai, wrapped in darkness, clouds, and storm.
The mountain felt him near,
And trembled from its base; the swelling streams,
Each with its own commission, carried forth
The message of destruction, bidding man
Tremble, adore, and think upon his God.
Behold this house. Thus near the horror came,
A few short feet, and stayed, and left it safe.
O, had its panic-stricken tenants staid,
They had been safe; but in their fear they fled, —
Fled from their shelter to the very death
They feared. The morning saw them in their tranquil home,

They talked, perchance, and marvel
That, seemingly exhausted, still pou
Floods inexhaustible, and gathering
Blackness and fury tenfold, as the
Passed on. Yet what felt they of f
Were they not sheltered in a quiet
And what but pleasure, from their
To look abroad on this sublime dis
Of nature's glorious and unusual po
So came the eve, and with the e
The tumult thickens, fiercer winds
More copious torrents fall, the mou
Signs of unwonted dread are heard
But what do they portend? — the d
The safety, where? in quiet or in
O, horrible suspense! and, at some
Of ominous import, forth at once
Wife, husband, children, in distracti
Again the sound terrific, like the c
Of earth's last wreck, burst on thei
And the descending ruin bears then

To worship at this mountain, countless tribes,
With numbers yearly growing, shall be found
Seeking their sepulchre, to learn their names,
To hear the story of their fate, and speak
One word of pity at the awful tale.
Sleep, then, in peace; unwonted death was yours;
Yours an unwonted monument; and yours
Funereal pomp that kings have never known.
Here, in the embosomed depth
Of these your native mountains, sleep in peace,
Till the last tempest rend the mount again,
And call you from its bosom into light.

THEN reverently we bar
And from that holy bard,
Beheld the wonders of the
We raised the hymn so wc
In its pure early worship.
I trust our hearts rose up;
Bore them, like incense, up
A soul of deep devotion br
On all the things we saw:
The eloquent call, of Milton
And uttered praise. The su
Heard, as they rose above u
The lake responded with he
The mountains, that encomp
Near and more distant, seen
The birds joined harmony;
The waving trees, the lowly

Of nature, as of man, — the general soul
That fills and vivifies whate'er exists.
'Tis well to worship where the pomp of man
Intrudes not. So infirm are we, so bound
In chains of sense, that crowded chapels, throngs
Of dressed adorers, bursts of choral song,
The formal, eloquent routine of praise,
Sometimes excite, sometimes distract, confound,
Or dissipate the soul.
'Tis well to know that piety
Draws its best nutriment from solitude,
Withdrawn from man, in secret intercourse
With man's Creator; on the mountain-top,
Beside the waterfall, within the dark
And silent forest, on the midnight bed,
Within the chambers of the secret mind,
Where no eye pierces, no ear listens, save
That of the indwelling spirit, which pervades,
And moves, and blesses all. Then worship grows
A holy, heavenly thing; th' unfettered soul,
Emancipate from earth, no more disturbed
With others' thoughts, nor bound to tread
The path by others signified, springs free,
Exalted, spiritualized, and carries back
To earth and life a fragrance and a strength
That earth gives not, and that prepares for heaven.
Such Sabbath is not lost; and, from the mount
When we descended, with the little flock
That gathers in an humble, upper room,
Like that, perchance, wherein Paul preached, we, too,
Were found. A touching sight, thus far from home,
Amid the wild hills, to behold a few,
Summoned at call of Him who rules the earth

As King, and numbers millions for his own,
In every age and nation, bending down
In prayer, and listening to the word of life; —
A fragment of the universal church;
Pondering upon the thoughts which make the joy
Of spirits in heaven, and urged to find, like them,
Their happiness in glorifying God.
How truly came from Heaven a messenger
Like this, — how surely leads to Heaven.

MY DREAM OF LIFE.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I KNOW not how to describe the Dream of Life better than by calling it a Poetical Autobiography. It is unfinished and fragmentary; but the portions which Mr. Ware has left are enough to show that he intended to record in it (allowing himself great freedom) the prominent events of his own life, sketches of natural scenery, of his journeys and his friends, and his impressions at different periods, and under different circumstances.

Between two and three thousand lines, more or less perfectly written out, have been found in several disconnected manuscripts, composed at intervals, sometimes of days, and sometimes of years —at home in his study, and in various places in Europe. From these I have selected such portions as appeared to be most nearly finished.

It was one of his pleasing anticipations, that he might complete this poem in those seasons of comparative tranquillity and leisure, which, if he lived, he hoped to enjoy in the evening of his life, after the hard toils of his manhood.

The poem has two mottoes—

Dicite, lectores, si non sit grave, qua sit eundum,
Quasque petam sedes hospes in urbe liber.
OVID, *Trist.* III. 1.

Quel est donc ce veillard si modeste, avec tant d'amour propre,
et si malheureux avec tant de bonheur?

The few following fragments will enable the reader to form some idea of the character and merits of the Dream of Life.

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

THERE is the spot! My memory has a spell
Which clothes it with ten thousand charms, unseen
By other eyes, by other hearts unfelt.
The low, white house, whose far-retreating roof
Turned two front stories into one behind;
The green-capped picket-fence; the gay front yard,
Skirted with rose and lilach; here the plat
Of grass, divided by the gravelled walk,
And shaded by the spreading apple-tree;
There, the neat garden, more for use than show,
Bordered with box, with gaudy holly-hocks gay,
And crowded with th' unsightly forms of things
The palate loves, the tasteful eye disdains.
Beyond, the orchard flung its fruitful arms,
And stretched its thirsty roots along the bank
Of that fair pond, which lies 'mid gentle slopes
And fertile meadows, like a lovely babe
Upon its mother's bosom, — now at rest
In tranquil beauty; now all smiles and charms,
Now, in capricious passion, wild and fierce.
Lake of my youth! I love thy flowery shores —
Thy buoyant waters more — for they have tossed
My wayward skiff through many a playful hour,
When dancing ripples sparkled to the sun —
And murmured round my moonlight bark, that seem
A floating paradise of youth and love —
And lent their marble surface to my flight,
When my steeled foot would emulate the winds,
Or when, descending from the headlong steep,

Breathless I dashed through drifting snow, that flew
Like dust about my path, and furious plunged
Across the solid flood. O, those were days
Whose memory warms the blood, and makes instinct
With life and soul the whole surrounding scene.
Nought meets the eye but wakens in my heart
Old thoughts that make it throb. The very earth
Possesses conscious life, and every tree
Tells its own tale, and asks a smile or tear.
There stands the ancient elm, whose giant growth
My boyish eyes admired, and on whose boughs,
Adventurous, I would rock myself, and swing
Above the carriage path, and shout to catch
Th' applauding eye of passengers below.
It shadows with its venerable arms
The simple dwelling where I had my birth.
How dear is every room beneath that roof!
There we assembled at the cheerful meal,
And asked Heaven's blessing on a band of love.
There the gay circle, on a winter's eve,
Gathered about the lavish blaze, and pressed
Within the chimney's ample range, to catch
The tales of wonder childhood loves to hear,
And age delights to tell. There stood my bed;
There I lay waiting for a mother's kiss,
And soft good night; then, breathless, sought to catch
Her last faint footstep as she slow retired;
Then drew the blanket o'er my face, and slept.
Time, in its lengthened flight, has wrought such change,
That hardly could I recognize those walls;
But that sweet evening kiss, I feel it now;
I hear that soft good-night, that parting step

Still faintly fall upon my waiting ear.
The past comes thick around me — faded shapes,
But beautiful, of all that once have been,
And are no more. I sit beside the hearth,
And weep at scenes that once were only joy.
  O, what is tender like a mother's love?
And what can pay its loss? To her I looked
To cheer and guide me in the fearful way
That leads through toil and peril into life;
And trusted then, when strength and wealth were mine,
To rock the cradle of her fading age,
As she had soothed the infancy of mine.
But Heaven refused the boon. There is a grief
Severe with double anguish; when the heart
Sinks burdened with a present woe, and waits
For darker evils hastening in its train.
Such grief was ours. . . . . .
  What darkness followed then!
It settled down upon the present scene
In thick dismay, and on the future cast
An ominous shade, involving earth, and life,
And hope. The sacred light of home was dimmed.
The tender smile, the voice of patient love,
The anxious counsel, the directing eye,
Cheered the sad pathway of my youth no more.
The shadow settled on my heart. The world
Had other lights, but none to fill that void;
And friends, but none that wore a mother's heart.

IMPRESSIONS ON ENTERING COLLEGE. PORTRAIT OF HIS EARLY FRIEND, JOHN E. ABBOT.

THUS months rolled on, and academic halls
Received me to their venerable shade.
What awe befell me, when beneath my foot
Echoed those walks and chambers, consecrate
To mind, and hallowed by the memory
Of older times, and memorable men!
There roamed the bashful rustic, friendless, lone,
Unnoticed. Every form that crossed his path
Was new, and each to his enthusiast eye
His far superior. These were sons of light,
Favorites of Science, votaries of the Muse,
For whom the laurel puts its honors forth,
And Fame prepares her pedestal, and Earth
Waits with her myriads through all future years
To take instruction from their reverend lips.
He shrunk aside, — for what, alas! was he,
Amid the throng of Learning's hopeful sons?
His spirit sickened, and the thought of home,
Where he was cherished, and could feel himself
To that recluse and unambitious walk
Not all inadequate, weighed on his frame.
He panted to return — longed to resign
His hope of lettered honors — and repose,
Not all alone, upon the hearth he loved.
Then — like an angel who can read the soul,
Appointed to come down and cheer the weak —
The generous, the devoted Reginald,
My elder, my superior, but through love
And lowly self-abandonment my friend,

My palsied energy — breathed hope, life,
And emulation; with a brother's arm,
And love like that a gentle sister feels,
He led me onward, now no more alone.
How blest the passage of those halcyon
When mind with mind communed, and h
As, freed from care, in learning's shady
We culled the idle fancies of the hour;
Or, in our higher moments, talked of tr
Of science, virtue, and philosophy —
The powers of nature and the soul — th
Strange history — man's illustrious works
And wayward fate! Then all the ages
Came in review to help us prophesy
Of those to come, and judge of that wh
These were rich hours. We had them
The sages of all time were summoned
To talk with us, and thoughts grew larg
And manhood swelled within us as we
Their glorious accents in. And thence
To watch the dawn of an Augustan age

New truths, new lights, new wonders grew and spread;
And from the very horrors of the field,
Which teemed with blood and crime, leaped forth to life
The science that adorns, the arts that bless.
Genius awoke in every land; a voice,
Loud as the cry which from the cloisters rang,
And armed all Europe for the sacred war,
Spoke to the earnest heart of generous youth,
And bade them join this new crusade for man.
We heard the voice—our bosoms gave response.
We spoke strong words of gratulation deep,
That we were born to witness and partake
The high excitement of the teeming age.
We longed to know the issue of events,
And what this toiling energy of mind,
With Heaven co-working, should bring forth to bless
The waiting earth. How glowed our prophet words!
How eagerly we sketched our plans! How pure,
How large, benevolent, and resolute,
The track of useful glory he portrayed!
And with enthusiast eye, and thrilling voice,
That trembled with the emotion of the soul,
He breathed his hopes aloud, and none could doubt,
Who heard him pour his burning spirit forth,
That he had will to make his visions truth,
And only death could rob him of the power.
  I had not thought him mortal. For he seemed
So fitted for some chosen work on earth,
That, in my rash fatuity, I thought,
God cannot spare him from this suffering sphere;
Life shall be long to him, and crowned at length,
In the calm evening of a gray old age,
With heaven's bright chaplet of successful toil,

... colored language that shall paint
Give me the words, that I may draw h
And lovely as he was to those he love
Gentleness sat upon his even brow,
And from his eye beamed meek benign
While its peculiar, almost tearful gaze,
Went to the soul of all it fell upon.
If we might think some spirit, purified
From evil stains, robed once again in fl
And sent on messages of love to men,
Such we might deem my friend; so pure
So unregardful of the petty cares
And small impertinences that annoy
All other men; so thoughtless of himself
So bent on others' good; so seemingly
Unconscious of the tempting things of ea
And musing ever on some purer scenes.
How quietly, yet forcibly, he stood!
Humble, yet bold; not eloquent, indeed,
But something better; winning, clear, an
Where his fond flock looked up to hear
No [illegible]

The style and efficacy of his work;
While from the sacred rostrum he came down
To cheer the humble, and reclaim the bad,
And as a friend, from house to house to spread
Improvement, consolation, joy, reproof,
And turn his parish walks to walks of heaven.
  What was my joy to sit beneath his voice,
To witness the intense, devoted love
Which bound his people to him, hear their words,
And see their tears of gratitude and praise,
And watch the growth of goodness from his toil!
O Heaven! that I should see it all, and live
To see its end, its mournful end so soon!
A few short months in manhood's early prime,
He labored, faltered; — and my broken heart
Felt that yon grave had buried in its womb
The strongest tie that bound me to the world.
  So pass the friendships of this earth away;
So shades and sorrows fall upon the path
That beamed the brightest. But the shades of grief
Rest not forever on the darkened soul;
Time gently scatters them; and deathless hope
Throws back the curtain of the fearful tomb,
And shows its tenants robed in radiant day.
The heart no more is troubled; anchored fast
On this strong hope, it sits in peace,
Serenely waiting — wisdom harshly learned,
Perchance, but needful, known in words to all,
But husbanded and real to the few,
Who, willingly submissive, at the feet
Of stern affliction sit. And blessed are they
Who bear that sweet serenity of mind
Taught by the consciousness that every good

Sever them not; for earth, to them, and
Are one; and in communion of the soul
In all that truly makes th' immortal min
In thoughts, affections, wishes, they are
Inseparably; till hoary Time, at length,
The great restorer, lifts his awful veil,
And ushers them to glory, face to face.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A SISTER'S love! I dwell upon the
The only love on earth to which the e
Has given no taint of self-regardful car
In even the mother's breast, a selfish fe
Throbs with the pulse of pure maternal
And her own image mingles with the s
Which Hope makes radiant with her b
But in a sister's breast affection lives,
All pure, unselfish, looking but to him.
Angel for angel glows with such reg
Thus whole, deep, self-forgetti

True in all change — unchilled by coldness. Scorn,
Neglect, and rudeness such as man's poor pride
Sometimes returns for all the gentle cares
And sacrifice of sisterly regard, —
These never move her. Patient to the last,
She watches through an unrewarded life,
And smooths the pillow of ungrateful death.
But when the brother knows and owns her worth,
Tell me, what fellowship on earth like theirs?
See what a radiance glows upon their path!
Such as thy hand has drawn, illustrious bard,
In Jane de Montfort — image unapproached
Of noble tenderness — or such as stood
In tears and woe at Korner's early tomb;
Or sat, through days of waywardness and love,
By Elia's side, to cheer a languid hope,
And soothe th' unequal pilgrimage of pain.
And always thus — beneath a thousand roofs,
It toils, waits, watches, and imparts a hue
Of holiest heaven to low humanity.

THE OLD ELM.

Graceful and vigorous to the last, thine arms
Still stretching forth their broad, protecting shade,
With wooing invitation, and thy leaves
Smiling and whispering peace, — so dost thou wait
With patient gentleness the slow decay
That bears thee to the dust. I bless thee, friend,
Companion, teacher. Many are the joys
And much the wisdom I have drawn from thee

At noon and evetide musing in thy shade,
In childhood's sport and manhood's thoughtfulness;
And now, upon thy venerable form,
Which years have shattered, my enfeebled eyes,
Which years have dimmed, I rest, — and gather in
Lessons of strength and peace to cheer life's slow decline.

* * * * * * * *

There the bright oriole built his airy home,
Pendent from slender bough, beyond the hope
Of truant boy. In safety there his brood,
Rocked by the varying winds, enjoyed repose.
Gay, brilliant creature; hidden 'mid the leaves,
Silent, or shouting forth his rich, free note;
And now from bough to bough flitting along,
Just seen by glimpses, like a bright-red flash
Stealthily gleaming from the ragged clouds: —
Or redbreast, at the twilight close of day,
Pouring out happiness in cheerful tones
Of clear, strong melody. * * * *
Or watch the swallows — while on busy wing,
Now mounting high in frolic play, and now
Skimming with level sweep the grassy plain,
Or pool's smooth surface; chattering now
In congregated crowds upon the roof,
Or darting in and out the ancient barn,
With notes of glee and motions of delight,
That made me long to join their gladsome sport,
On buoyant wings like theirs; — and now retired
Apart from crowd and song, and gliding soft
On silent pinions poised, as if to muse
In meditative wisdom, and restore
The sober balance of a thoughtful mind.

AMBITION.

Like the fierce war-horse on the battle's verge,
That sees the tumult and the fire, and pants
To be a sharer in the crimson strife, —
Youth stands upon the threshold of the world:
It sees the stir and struggle; courts a share,
Impatient, in the manly enterprise,
And burns to wreck its buoyancy of mind
And body in some province of the field
Where action would be glory. Health and hope
Fill every vein with fire, and urge the charge.
It cannot bear to be the thing it is,
Nor suffer other men to be so — thinks
All might be better, and resolves they shall.
Then, in the deep recesses of its breast,
Muses, and plans, and builds its vast designs,
Like the prophetic architect, who sees
The purposed fabric ere its columns rise,
And feeds in prospect on its future fame.
Or moved, it may be, with less generous aim,
The young adventurer for *greatness* pants;
And, cheated by that most perverted word,
Plots mischief, rides on ruin's wing, extends
The empire of his name, and lives on blood,
The vampyre of his age. — 'Tis from these dreams
Of passionate youth the germ has sprung to life
That ripened into Cæsars. Praise to God,
Who baffles human madness as he will,
That schemes of such ambitious wickedness
So often fall, like bad, untimely fruit,
Blasted in early budding! But, alas!

Among the ruins, melancholy hills
My sad, regretful spirit. Not in Rom
Nor glorious Athens, nor the older wo
Entombed beside the Nile, the wander
More fruitful themes for curious, pensi
And meditative wisdom, than are giver
By the strewed remnants of those brilli
Those wasted day-dreams of magnificer
Which built their splendid structures i
And rose and fell like visions of the n
Some proud and selfish, like that prodi
Extent of stone and gold which Rome'
Reared on the Palatine — the wonder,
And folly of the age — the monument
Which preyed on others, and of pride
At man, and virtue, justice, truth, and
Some pure and generous, like those huge
Which stretch their haggard lines acros
Campagna, formed, in better days, to b
Refreshing streams of purity and health
To Rome's hot crowd; some consecrate
Like that rich house, the wonder of the
Which on the sacred mount received th

LOVE.

THEN came the June-like season, when fond youth,
Like solitary man in Paradise,
Finds there is yet a good he has not gained.—
Maternal Nature whispers in his heart
That there is somewhere one to make him blest,
And guides him, by her mystic sympathy,
To find the stranger out. The new pursuit
How full of wild delight! Through what strange walks
Of timorous eagerness, doubt, fear, and hope,
He shuns, approaches, trembles, joys, despairs!
In twilight walks, in moonlight reveries,
In midnight watchings, she is with him still.
The wave reflects her form; the balmy air
Breathes on him with her breath; the rustling bough
Repeats the name that murmurs at his heart.
One object fills and satisfies his soul.
Others are there by sufferance—joys and tasks
Alike are hurried through with absent thought,
And nought finds welcome but the one, one loved
And ever-present image. This, enshrined,
Like some select divinity, within,
Fills with its conscious presence all the place;
Sheds its own hue and character around;
And lulls the spirit in delicious trance,
Like the half-waking sleeper of the morn,
Who knows he dreams, yet loves his dream the more.
O, days to be remembered! days of balm!
Spring-tide of life! when flowers strew all the path,
And odorous blossoms burden every bough!
Is there a path about my native home,

The groves and waters, of the musing mo
In which I roamed, and thought of her I
* * * * * Lately I ret
Threaded the woods again, and climbed tl
And launched upon the pond, — and spite
Which time had made, a voice rose up fr
The voice of early hope, and told again,
In the same tones, the tales it told of yor
But other voices mingled in the breeze,
And sung, methought, a requiem for the
So wild, so soothing, that my fancy deem
The sainted spirit, once the life and breat
Of all these scenes, was present yet again,
Hovering on wings celestial and unseen,
And pouring blessings on the heart she lo
Why should we deem it fable that the goc
Lean, sometimes, from their paradise on h
To soothe and pity those they loved below
It was not beauty which had won my h
But something more enchanting. Beauty l

If energy and strength of resolute will,
To do and suffer, though all earth oppose, —
Like faithful Abdiel, — kindness never tired
In toil for others, quiet self-respect
Which awes th' unworthy from too near approach,
With unassuming diffidence of self,
Which scarce dares hear, and never asks for praise,
And deep, confiding trust in Him whose work
And minister it was her joy to be, —
If these be traits that mark th' angelic host,
Then was she one of that illustrious choir.

* * * * * * * *

To one upon the threshold of the world,
Whose opening way to life is thronged with forms
That lie in wait to threaten and seduce,
There is a worth untold in virtuous love.
'Tis as a talisman of power: unhurt
It bears him on, through snares of crafty vice,
And long array of pleasure's subtle host,
Baffling with potent charm their wily arts,
That lose their power to touch him. Thoughts impure,
Low aims, and selfish passions, shrink away.
It keeps him chaste — makes all his purposes
Companions of a virtuous hope — beats down
The harmful empire of the present hour,
Pointing his thought to some sweet future home,
Henceforth his central purpose, which imparts
Fresh vigor to his enterprise — to hand
And mind gives nerve, to pleasure turns all toil,
Makes honor doubly dear — all that is bad
In young ambition purifies, and lifts
High above selfishness the darling plan
Which forms his ruling passion. For he toils

No more alone, nor only for himself.
The honor, peace, yea, life — and, more than all,
The good opinion of a purer mind —
A second, better conscience, — whose reproof
Stings deeper, whose approval gives more joy
Than his own breast — are all at stake in him;
And for her sake, in whom are hoarded up
The dearest treasures of his life on earth,
He keeps an uncontaminated heart,
And scorns the base seductiveness of sin.
  O holy power of pure, devoted love!
And O, thou holy, sacred name of home!
Prime bliss of earth! Behind us and before
Our guiding star, our refuge! When we plunge,
Loose from the safeguard of a father's roof,
On life's uncertain flood, exposed and driven,
'Tis the mild memory of thy sacred days
That keeps the young man pure. A father's eye,
A mother's smile, a sister's gentle love,
The table, and the altar, and the hearth,
In reverend image, keep their early hold
Upon his heart, and crowd out guilt and shame.
Then, too, the hope, that in some after day
These consecrated ties shall be renewed
In him, the founder of another house;
And wife and children — earth's so precious names —
Be gathered round the hearth, where he himself
Shall be the father — O, this glowing hope,
With memory co-working, lightens toil,
And renders impotent the plots of earth
To warp him from his innocence and faith.

MANHOOD.

WILD solitude of precipice and flood,
Romantic Trenton! let me sing thy praise.
The hills were cleft to give thy waters way;
The rocks were riven to form their chasmed bed.
On either hand the steep, dark walls ascend,
Like ruined towers o'erhung with tangled vines,
And plants that love the rock, and tall, thick trees
That twine their boughs above, and fling a hue
Of solemn darkness on the flood below.
Rushing impetuous through this charmed ravine,
Thy roaring torrent pours — now swift and smooth;
Now shattered by intruding crags; now hurled
Headlong down sudden gulfs, where dizzying whirls
Point to the fearful depth that yawns below;
Now crowding fiercely through the straitened pass;
Now in th' outspreading basin finding rest
In cool and sombrous shades — a lucid lake
Of clear, black waters, motionless as glass —
Thence, issuing swift, they leap the precipice,
And, foaming down from ledge to ledge, keep on
Their reckless way; till, from the hills set free,
Through level plains they calmly glide along,
Refresh the quiet meadows as they pass,
And seek their mother sea. Upon thy bank,
Fair creek of Canada, the wanderer's foot
Ne'er wearies. Kindled by the varying scene,
From crag he springs to crag, from pass to pass —
Now, treading on the low, broad marge, his foot
Touches the wave; now, clambering the ascent,
He creeps with cautious step along the shelf

Hewn midway in the dizzy precipice—
Nor stays his course, till in the open heaven,
Freed from its troubled channel, he beholds
The wearied flood roll languid o'er the plain.
O Life! so often likened to a stream,—
Thus by thy youth's wild banks and rushing tide
My memory fondly lingers—thus I trace
Its bright, impetuous, fickle, playful course,
Wild, changeful, beautiful. But now the flood
Emerges into manhood's sober day:
With useful wave it irrigates the mead,
And crowds and duties press its fruitful shores.
But "the Nine" haunt it not. Romance forsakes
Its tamer borders. Vulgar toil, with plough
And wagon, treads its busy banks,
And soulless drudges scornfully survey
The beauties of the stream that yields them gain.

AGE.

Youth's fires are quenched, and manhood's toils are o'er;
The days of early hope, the older years
Of disappointment, all have run their course,
And hope and disappointment here below
Are mine no more. From morn to noon, my life
Has rolled its brightening and its cloudy way,
And noon begins to wane. The Spring has seen
Her garlands blush and wither on my brow;—
The Summer wheeled her burning suns abroad,
And I have toiled beneath their ripening blaze.
Now, welcome to my faint and weary limbs

Autumn's cool breath, and sober bowers of rest.
I long to sit in their refreshing shade,
And bare my whitening tresses to the wind,
And pluck th' o'erhanging fruit, and yield my mind
To pensive musing. Come, advancing age —
I bid thee welcome with thy reverend brow,
And mien of bland composure. Come, and lay
Thy hand benignant on my aching head;
Pour thy tranquillity upon my heart;
And let thy soothing calm, thy thoughtful peace,
Thy wise and venerable cheerfulness,
Hush down the stormy elements of strife,
And rock my harassed being to repose.
  There are who paint thee hideous — eyes of rheum,
And ears that catch no sound — bones full of pain —
The day a burden — night one weary watch —
The temper soured — the heart's sweet fountains dried —
Mind dull and prejudiced — this curious frame,
This matchless instrument of sense and soul,
Turned to a rack of torture — and this life,
Once of itself enjoyment, made a curse.
  O, come not in this fearful guise to me!
This garb of living death — nor lengthen out
The useless hours of this poor tortured clay
To pine in stupid dotage — to annoy,
With its encumbering helplessness, the path
Of those who love me, and to be a mark
For gaze and insult to th' unfeeling crowd,
That mock at human weakness. More than all,
Spare, spare the mind! from touch of fell decay
O keep the spirit free! nor let a frost
Fall on the heart's affections, to congeal
Its generous blood. 'Tis sad, 'tis horrible,

When the frail, tottering, shrivelled form of age
Shakes with its petty passions, and degrades
Its sacred hairs,
And dull fatuity, with garrulous tongue,
Prates from the lips which should be wisdom's throne.
'Tis horrible to see the great mind bowed,
The spark ethereal quenched, thought, feeling, heart,
And all that makes man honored, loved, revered,
Sunk in the baby idiocy of years
Without revival. Then, if length of days
Must bring such degradation, be their flight
In mercy stayed, is still my earnest prayer.
I would not see the day when I might wish
My friend or father dead — when friend or child
Might wish me so. O, when in good ripe age
A sharp disease would summon us away,
Let not too fond affection interpose,
Compelling us to stay. Better depart
While we can go lamented, ere the hands
Of those that love are weary of their charge,
And o'er our tomb no voice exclaims, "O, friend
Too early lost!" I saw an old man once
Laid on a couch from which there seemed no hope
That he should rise. He had been one of those
Whom all men honor, and whom friends revere.
Years had not dimmed his mind, and his warm heart
Glowed with youth's generous fires and faithful loves.
Disease had changed him not. The placid brow,
Furrowed by time, yet speaking cheerful things,
The mild, sweet smile, the serious, playful eye,
Adorned his bed, as they had decked his health;
While quiet words of love to friends below,
And trust in Him above, flowed forth from lips

Accustomed to their utterance. Ripe he seemed
For Heaven's immortal garner; and if then
He had been gathered by God's reaper in,
Admiring, weeping crowds had led him home,
And made his tomb a shrine of pilgrimage.
But wife, friends, children, day and night, with tears
And cries that would not be refused, desired
That he might live. They knew not what they asked,
Blind through excess of love. The answer came,
Fraught with rebuke and wisdom. He was spared.
His flesh came to him like a child's; his frame
Once more grew strong; but back to infancy
His doting mind returned — he lived a babe —
Sense, memory, knowledge, all deserted him,
And left him but a blank, an idiot blank,
To be watched, tended, chidden, like a child;
Till those who had refused to set him free,
Because they loved him fondly, lived to mourn
His wearily-protracted days, and wish
That Death would strike and rid them of their charge.

* * * * * * * *

But thou, most ancient and majestic elm,
Whose ample arms my childish sports o'erspread,
Whose long familiar shades, with grateful gloom,
Are still so welcome to my fevered brow,
Thou — in thy vigorous and brawny form —
Hoary, yet cheerful — gently touched by time,
Not broken — tellest of a kindlier age —
With what a stately grace thy massive trunk
Bears up its burden of a hundred years!
With just enough decay upon its boughs
To lend a graceful sadness to its strength.
In form like this, I woo the slow advance

Of long-protracted life — protracted not
Too long. — Such be its deep tranquillity,
Its cheerful vigor, dignity, and grace,
And calm, religious peace, as Bryant sketched, —
Whose tints are beauty, and whose pencil truth, —
Or like the reverend portrait Tully drew.

* * * * * * * *

For I have faith that in that distant day —
That bright, enduring day, for which man's soul
Is destined — I shall roam, from light to light,
Through all your orbs, and tread your spotless courts,
Read the long records of your ancient day,
And share your toils and pleasures. Glorious hope!
To spring from this dim planet, wafted on
To brightness after brightness — visitant
And witness of the infinite abodes
Of perfect truth and love — to trace with joy
In all the One Almighty, and to join
The harmonious choirs of heaven, whose glorious song
Rings through the eternal arches evermore —
To sit in converse blessed, not with the saints
Alone on earth illustrious, but with those
The sage and holy of remoter spheres —
The ransomed from all planets — sons of grace
And purity from all the stars — whose eyes
Have never looked, perchance, on sin; whose ears
Have heard, whose hearts conceived no crime;
Whose stainless hands have wrought no task but love's;
Whose voice has uttered only wisdom; — bards
Inspired from founts of highest heaven;
Philosophers, to whom earth's science lies,
When loftiest, infinitely low; whose mind,
Not creeping step by step, like man's, but quick

And piercing, like the light, flashes on truth
And knowledge; and whose love of excellence,
Unsullied by the low desires and tastes
Of earth, is ever active, vigilant, and free.

* * * * * * * *

This is my present dream — my last, best dream.
A dream? No — not of that false progeny,
Engendered when the mind has shut its eye
To all things real, and in darkness dwells
With unsubstantial phantoms — not a dream —
A *faithful vision,* based on promises
Which reason knows substantial, wrought in light
On nature's broadest page, and spoke in words
By the strong utterance of a prophet's voice,
From the tomb ringing. It is Faith that pours
Its radiant flood of glory on my soul,
And lights the future with a steadfast ray
That cannot lead aside. Have I not seen
The very flowers beneath my foot decay
And live? the worm upon the summer bough
Entombed and raised? the forest fade? the field
Lie dead, and Nature in her cold, white shroud —
Yet summoned back to life? and tell me why,
Except as teachers to immortal man.
Have I not heard the marvels of thy name,
Great Prince of Judah? seen the powers of Heaven
Poured lavish on thy head? and by thy word
Felt the creation of another life
Burst in upon my mind? and from the cave
Hast thou not risen victorious over death,
To tell misdoubting man that he shall live?
I slept, — but now I wake; my opened eyes
Have dropped their earthly scales, and see how all

Its holy shadow on the sleeper's be
And, with the anthems of its daily
And deep-toned worship of its holy
Utter perpetual requiem — works of
Though consecrate to Heaven, are
And I would rest my dust with Go
Of mystic grandeur, anthem-peal, or
Of sacred bell, can hallow what the
Of vulgar crowds, on boisterous toil
Or wealthy pleasure rolling constant
Shaking the very tombs, must desec
Even sacred night is sacred there n
And weeping love in vain desires tl
To see the spot where buried frienc
And nourish heavenward thought up
Not in the city's churchyard lay me
Whose trodden paths lead to no qui
For holy contemplation, and the ho
Of solitary thought, that soothes the
Purges from earth, exalts, and fits f
But bear me far away from man's

THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY WARE, JR., D.D.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
LONDON:
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THE

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EDITOR'S PI

THIS volume — the second Ware's Works — contains sel lished and unpublished Misce embraces his Biographical Sk of his larger and more importa in various forms, with the e which are reserved for a sepa

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. JOHN E. ABBOT.

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. JOHN E. ABBOT.

THERE are some men whose characters belong to the public. They whom Providence has placed in a conspicuous station, and who adorn that station with eminent virtues, may improve mankind by their example, and therefore their example belongs to mankind. Their history and character may do good, when they are no more, and should not be hidden. Although, therefore, we are no advocates for indiscriminate biography, and for laying open the private retirements of all good men, yet we conceive that there are cases of unquestionable propriety, and even duty, when the example of those who have left us should be fully set forth, that men may see it, and be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven. There are few things which more affect, encourage, and animate the living, than to know how they endured and what they accomplished, who have gone before them in the path of glory.

We are unwilling, therefore, to suffer the late Rev. J. E. Abbot to sleep with his fathers, without endeavoring to perpetuate the remembrance of what he was, and exhibiting his character to the imitation of Christians. To those who know him, *no description* or eulogium can adequately

portray the image which remains upon their memories. There are traits which cannot be presented in language. We can attempt no more than to give the leading incidents of his short life, and so to display the beauty of his religious character, as to promote the cause of truth and piety.

John Emery Abbot was born in Exeter, N. H., on the 6th of August, 1793. He seems to have been destined to the ministry from his very birth. His mother, whom he is said to have greatly resembled, and who lived but a few months after his birth, solemnly dedicated him to God before her death. The knowledge of this circumstance made an impression on his mind, and he seems never to have lost sight of his destination. His religious character commenced early; he probably never knew the time when he was destitute of religious impressions. The same amiableness of disposition and gentleness of demeanor marked his childhood, which characterized him when a man, and made him then, as he was always, an object of more than ordinary interest to those who knew him. "While in the Academy," says one of his schoolmates, "no one regarded him as capable of doing wrong. We looked on him as a purer being than those around him."

He completed his classical education at Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, and was graduated with reputation, in 1810, at the early age of seventeen. His college life appears to have been of a piece with his whole existence — unassuming and exemplary. At times, however, his diffidence and self-distrust oppressed him with the idea that he should disappoint the wishes of his friends, and become a useless being. He has since told a friend, that so great, at one period, was his despondency, that he would willingly have exchanged all his future hopes and prospects for the certainty of a living as a schoolmaster in some remote

village; the office of a clergyman, although, from his earliest recollection, the object of his most ardent desires, appearing to him a situation of too much dignity for him to aspire to.

After leaving college, he soon commenced his preparation for the holy work to which his heart was always devoted, and pursued his theological studies partly at the university in Cambridge, and partly under the direction of the Rev. William E. Channing, in Boston. This term of preparatory discipline he passed with great diligence and fidelity. Religious truth was dear to his mind, and he entered with interest into those inquiries which are necessary to ascertain and define it, and without which the mind of a theologian is unfurnished. But there was one part of the ministerial preparation to which he attached supreme importance, and to which, consequently, his principal attention was directed. He thought the *religious character* of infinitely greater moment than all other qualifications of talents or acquirements. He had an extraordinary reverence for the sacred office, and dreaded above all things a diminution of that personal interest in religion, which alone can fit one for it, or make him useful in it. He believed that the knowledge of human nature, and of the modes of addressing and moving the conscience, which might be gained from the habitual study and discipline of his own heart, would be far more important to himself, and to his flock, than laborious researches into some subjects connected with theology, which might make him more learned, but would be in danger of making him cold. And therefore, upon the principle that the affections are worth every thing to a religious man, and especially to a minister, it was his favorite aim and object to keep them alive. His wish was to be a good and useful, and never to be a great man. To this single object he bent his fine powers, and girded himself,

like his Master, *to go about doing good.* There was no selfish ambition in any of his plans; they all centred in the supreme desire to become a good minister. How much he had this at heart, and what his favorite views of the profession were, may be seen from the following extract of a letter, written just before he began to preach.

"How soon I shall be presented for approval, I know not exactly. As I draw nearer the close of my course, I feel a greater importance to be thrown into the little time which remains before its termination. And the more I reflect, the more solemn appears the office of a shepherd of the Christian flock. To enlighten the ignorant with truth, to guide the wandering and the doubting, to give hope to the penitent and consolation to the sorrowing, and to arouse the sleep of the sinner, is indeed a blessed, but a most responsible office; and it seems the more solemn when we think that it is committed to '*earthen vessels*,' who themselves are ignorant and wandering, surrounded with temptations, darkened by error, and polluted with sin. It is a most animating thought, that He who promised to his apostles, 'Lo, I am ever with you,' forsakes not their feeble successors."

His sentiments and feelings in regard to his profession are yet more fully discovered in a letter written just after he began to preach. "By these active duties I hope to acquire a habit of more energy, and to gain something of practical wisdom, and to become a better member of society, and minister of the hopes and comforts of the gospel to the poor and sorrowing. My dear ———, what a holy and glorious profession has God permitted me to assume! I feel that it is a blessing for which I can never be grateful enough. Its duties seem to be those of the good spirits who are messengers of mercy and love to us; bearing consolation to the afflicted, and hope to the desponding, and

warning to the wanderer, and animation and peace to the humble and penitent. I often feel that my earlier anticipations of the happiness of the profession are indeed surpassed."

With such views of the profession in which he was to labor, he entered upon its duties. With his talents, preparations, and earnestness, he could not fail to be acceptable, and he won many hearts and left deep impressions in the several places to which he was called to preach. There was no parade of oratory, no effort for effect, nothing done for display; but his simple, unaffected, and serious style of preaching, with the uncommon purity and solemnity of his devotional exercises, excited the best sort of interest; while his exemplariness as a man, and devotedness to duty, gave the promise of usefulness to the people with whom he should be united. When the pulpit of the North Church in Salem became vacant, by the death of the venerable Dr. Barnard, the eyes of his people turned at once to Mr. Abbot as his successor. He preached to them, became acquainted with them, and was ordained as their minister on the 20th of April, 1815.

The trials of a clergyman's life are never small to a conscientious man, and in the place to which Mr. Abbot was called, they were, on some accounts, peculiarly great. He succeeded an aged and experienced minister, who had gained the full confidence and affection of his flock by his intimacy and fidelity in parochial duties. Mr. Abbot's own inclinations and views of duty would lead him also to pay peculiar attention, and devote a large share of time, to this, the most trying and difficult part of ministerial labor. He had come to a large parish, when not twenty-two years of age, with but little experience, and oppressed with a sense of responsibility. But he showed himself to be equal to

the charge. "Young as he was," says one who knew him well, "he discovered at once the wisdom and prudence which we should suppose could be the result of experience only." He secured to an uncommon degree the respect and attachment of his people, and his own love for his duties soon amounted, as he himself expressed it, almost to a passion. As far as was practicable, he made himself personally known to every individual, interested himself as a friend in their welfare, was always by their side in perplexity and sorrow, and ready to make any sacrifices of personal ease for the sake of their good. At the same time, he pursued his studies with diligence, and made especially the preparation of his sermons for the pulpit an object of chief attention. These were distinguished for the judgment with which the most impressive thoughts were selected and arranged, for great affectionateness and earnestness of address, and for a style of uniform neatness, purity, and beauty, not often excelled. He wrote much besides them to assist himself in the course of his religious inquiries, but not with a view to publication, and engaged but little in studies not connected with his profession, though he was a good classical scholar, and always fond of elegant literature.

His frame was too feeble to support this various load of cares. He had never been robust; and the duties which he pursued with so much ardor, insensibly diverted his attention from the care of himself. In the spring of 1817, his health was evidently impaired; and a little cough, which seemed alarming to some of his friends, but too slight to attract his own attention, followed him through the summer. In October, he took a little journey to the south, which injured instead of benefiting him. He felt it his duty, feeble as he was, to preach in the Unitarian church at Philadelphia, and on his return the weather was cold and

stormy; he took a severe cold, which settled upon his lungs, with a violent cough, and was accompanied with bleeding. Fearing lest he should become too weak to reach home, he pressed on with injudicious rapidity. On the day after his arrival in Salem, the first Sabbath in November, he preached to his people. The weather was tempestuous. His utterance was interrupted by a perpetual cough; and the service of the holy communion, which he administered for the last time, was a season of distress to his church, and full of the saddest forebodings. He was too ill to attend worship in the afternoon, and from that time appeared to be in a rapid decline. During the winter, he was confined to his chamber, and principally to his bed; his weakness was extreme; his voice only a whisper; and he believed himself to be a dying man. But there was nothing in him of distress, agitation, or gloom; he was the same tranquil and cheerful man that he had been in health. His unwillingness to speak of himself, and his great aversion to talking much of what was passing within him, which was always a prominent trait in his modest character, prevented his conversing much, or to many persons, of his feelings and prospects. He knew that religion did not consist in being forward to tell the secrets of the soul. He did not conceal, however, from those friends who had a right to know his thoughts, that he thought his days were numbered; and to a friend, who often watched with him, he spake frequently without reserve; dwelt upon the thought of dying with perfect calmness; expressed with energy the satisfaction and peace which he derived from the views of religion he had imbibed and preached, and especially from those affectionate and confiding sentiments respecting the essential goodness of God, which had always lain at the foundation of his piety and hope.

intimate friend, presents a bea
habitual piety. "I think," he
and now cannot but rejoice in t
time I felt it necessary to check
permitted to minister the gospel
this restoration I see the *direc*
breathed into me the breath o
the powers of medicine, seeme
the warmth of *his* sun, the bri
of the earth which *his* goodness
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kindled the feeble and dying fl
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and influential as they ought to

In another letter he speaks th
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help my mind from wandering n
with recollections of the past y
had not been present at the ordi

him, became again alarming, and it was thought expedient that he should spend the winter in a warmer climate. He acquiesced in the measure, but did not greatly desire it. "Life for its own sake," he said, "was scarcely worth preserving at such a price; but he was not his own; and he felt it to be a duty to use every means which presented a hope that he might be restored to his people." On the 8th of November, he sailed for Havana, to spend the winter with a friend in that place. But all hope of benefit from this step was disappointed. His voyage was rough and fatiguing; and although, as he very gratefully acknowledges in his journal, every possible attention was paid to his accommodation and comfort, he yet suffered much. "Upon the whole," he writes after his arrival, "I have been disappointed in regard to the voyage. My cough is somewhat increased, and my strength lessened." His residence upon the island was not more salutary. The kindest attentions of devoted friends were vain. It was soon found hazardous for him to remain within the walls of the city, and he quitted the hospitable dwelling of the old friend with whom he at first resided, for a lodging among strangers in the country. He felt that nothing had been gained, and he sometimes said so; but no complaint ever escaped his lips, no look of discontent overspread his countenance. And when it was mentioned as a subject of regret that he had quitted his country, he said, "By no means; that he considered it the peculiar appointment of Providence, and, whatever might be the event, he would not alter a single circumstance if he could."

A minute account of his residence in Cuba would be exceedingly interesting. "There was not a day of his exile," says the friend who accompanied him, "that he was not a subject for home and a nurse; yet his mind was tran-

was alive to all around him, and could
he always did. His remarks upon the c
of the Roman Catholic superstitions,
he made full inquiry and observation.
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who never would suffer the opportur
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with several friars of distinction, with
verse by means of a pencil in Latin;
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daily exchanged visits. Through him
hospitality at the convent of which h
tained access to the library, with libe
and was requested to visit freely at a
the prison, the slave-market, and the l
isans, — where he attended the funer
fellow-passenger, — and other similar

strength hourly decayed, when, in one of those sudden changes to which the climate is subject, but against which man has made insufficient provision, he took a severe cold, which threatened a speedy termination to his sufferings. As soon as he was a little relieved, he embarked for Charleston, S. C. The sea breeze in some degree restored his appetite and strength; and when he arrived, the sensation, which every one feels on treading again his native shore, gave a stimulus to his exhausted frame, which he mistook for returning health. He immediately found kind and devoted friends, though he came to them a stranger; and received every comfort which the most affectionate and tender sympathy could bestow. But he soon found that his feelings had deceived him, and his spirits sunk for a moment under the pressure of disease, and disappointed hope, and the delay in returning home, occasioned by the lateness of the New England spring. On it being remarked to him that he was in low spirits, he answered, "No; not in low spirits, but sober. I think it very doubtful whether I am ever any better, and it is time for me now to consider myself a stranger and pilgrim on earth." He would often say, "O that I had wings like a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!" He sometimes regretted the distraction of mind produced by travelling, and said there was great justice in the remark of Jeremy Taylor, that "no one can be devout who leads a wandering life." The thought of dying was evidently familiar to him. As he was riding one fine morning, he applied to himself the lines written by Michael Bruce, just before his death —

> "Now spring returns — but not to me returns
> The vernal joy my better years have known;
> Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
> And all *the joys of life* with health are flown."

left Charleston, and reached Philade
22d, so much reduced that it was th
he could live to reach home. His fat
met him there. Their presence pr
hilaration of spirits, but his strength
and from that time he could speak on

He arrived in Exeter, at the ab
June. During the summer, his de
gradual. He had too long contem
moved by it. His whole demeanor r
tranquil. There was a quietness in
gentleness in every look and word w
which discovered that death had no
deject him, and that he had no duty
his interest from earthly things, and
heaven." The same desire to save ot
had always been eminently characteri
him for a long time from speaking of
who were with him, and made him rel
by any thing in his manner, that he t
his departure. But about a fortnigh

disclosure, his mind seemed relieved. Every thing indicated composure of spirit and a quiet waiting to be gone. He was, for the most part, spared much pain, and the powers of his mind remained perfectly unimpaired. During the last week of his life, he listened occasionally, in the little time in which his extreme exhaustion would suffer him to command his attention, to passages from the Bible and other pious books, and never omitted his habit of retiring to his devotions till a few days before his death. Two days previous to that event, he made a memorandum, in writing, of several little things, which he wished should be given as remembrances to some of his friends, and renewed the request, which he had made on leaving the country, that a certain part of his library, containing his most valuable theological books, should be given to his church for the use of their future ministers.* In the night of October 6th, his complaints increased, and his dissolution was evidently near Toward morning, he passed through a severe paroxysm of pain, and his breath afterward grew shorter. He called his brother to him, and bade him look upon him, and see what religion would do for man at the hour of death. When the time of his departure came, he was sensible of its arrival, and calmly said, "Mother, I am going to leave you." He kissed her, and said, "Where is my father?" When his father came, he gave him also a parting kiss, and then, looking up to heaven, pronounced in an audible, distinct voice,

* The following is a memorandum which he made when he sailed for Havana: —

"I wish to leave all those books, which are marked in the catalogue which I handed you, to the North Society for the use of their pastor for the time being. In this way I hope that, when I shall speak to my beloved people no more, I may still, in a remote manner, be doing good to them and to their children."

beautiful. He was indeed ripened fc
career was short, but few men will li
ligion. One such example of the p
purify and exalt the character, and
lustre over the bed of death, is worth
ministerial usefulness.

I have been thus minute in the det:
because it appeared to me that his ch
drawn only by thus making it speak
description of it would convey but a
of what he was, and be quite insuffi
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character. There appeared in hi
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other morality. He might well be ca
phrase which Dr. Buchanan has rec
BEATITUDES." You saw, upon the
that he had formed himself with care
Master, and that it was his aim to be
tle, meek, humble, and tranquil. His
temper were undoubtedly good; he n

attachments strong and pure. It gave him great zeal in his religion, and probably influenced him to consider it, so much as he did, a matter of the affections. He valued its purifying, elevating, and consoling influences on the heart, as the great object and design of the gospel. He could not bear that it should run into literary or metaphysical speculations, or be wasted upon any thing which has a tendency to cool the fervor of the spirit, or repress the warmth of the affections. But there was nothing of extreme animation, nothing loud and furious in his fervor. Religion was emphatically with him *the still, small voice;* all within and without obeyed it, but without any bustle or ostentation; it was always sober and calm, except when occasionally it excited to excess the gentler emotions, and checked his utterance, and found vent in tears. This, which describes his general character, is a description also of his preaching. He, perhaps, never was vehement, and seldom touched the strings of the stronger passions; but he always interested you, and his sentiments came upon your soul like the mild fanning of a sweet breeze, and you forgot to ask whether he was eloquent; and you perceived how much he was engaged, not by the power of his declamation, or the violence of his gesture, but by the quivering of his lip, and the filling of his eye, and his interrupted utterance.

These qualities rendered him particularly engaging in the pastoral duties of his office. His tenderness and sensibility soothed those whom he visited in trouble, and rendered him deservedly dear to his flock; while the evident sincerity and depth of his piety wrought as an example to promote their devotion; teaching them by his own devout and serious, yet cheerful deportment, to make religion the constant and intimate friend of their lives. His devotedness to them was great. He made their interests his own, and appeared to

Letter from Charleston, March 9, 1811.

feel in silence. I have not yet suffic
speak to any one of my fears and he
trust myself yet to look steadily forw
of the future. Before I was sick, perh
more firmness of heart: but the numb
expressions of kind interest which the
has called forth, from those whose aff
earnestly to conciliate, have created a
which I can never lose, and strive as
regulate." His sensibility upon this
every other earthly object seemed to be
of heaven; and the constant, kind, and
the people he so much loved were i
grateful and soothing.

It is not strange that to such a man
warmly attached; and the energy with
him forms the most unsuspicious eu
They seem to labor for expressions
convey their sense of his excellence;
him from infancy, who have been fami

mates;* for it is they, chiefly, that looked upon him with wonder. They say that although, being human, he must have had his faults; yet they never discovered them, and cannot tell what they were.

Habitual and fervent piety was his ruling principle. It was his settled reverence for the divine character, and his trust in the perfect wisdom and goodness of Providence, that supported his perpetual evenness of disposition, and gave him so much resignation and cheerfulness in the long trial of his sickness, and his weary approach to the tomb. During his voyage, when his nights were made restless by his cough and boisterous weather, his mind, he said, was tranquillized by the recollection of passages from the Psalms; and he remarked on their wonderful adaptation to every season and circumstance of affliction. He mentioned also the pleasure he took in repeating that beautiful hymn of Mrs. Steele, which begins thus: —

> "O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
> And teach me to resign
> Life, health, and comfort to thy will;
> And be thy pleasure mine."

The sentiment of this hymn expresses the habitual temper of his mind.

I do not believe that he had a particle of asperity in him. He indulged no ill-will; he would not willingly hurt the feelings of the meanest, and never allowed himself to feel uncharitably toward those who differed from him. He was truly liberal; although perfectly decided in his own opin-

* Hannah More has applied it to *Christians*, once in its full extent, and once as follows: "It requires as much circumspection to be a *Christian* as to be 'a hero to one's *valet de chambre*.'"

ions, and in his aversion to some systems, as corruptions of the gospel, and of injurious tendency, yet he unfailingly spoke of those who held such views with tenderness and respect; he allowed them, readily, the excellences that belonged to them, and found pleasure in commending where commendation was due.

The views of the Christian religion, on which a character so truly Christian was built, and to which he held with unaltered and even increasing satisfaction to the last, were simple and unperplexed. He loved to regard the gospel as a gift to all men, of every condition and capacity, which the simplest might understand, and every one alike practise. Its great, important, essential doctrines he believed to be very few and very plain, and grieved that they should have been so much darkened by words without knowledge. In accordance with this, he observed, after his partial recovery from his first confinement, that the truths which he then found important to him, were exceedingly few; and that to which he clung for support, when, from extreme debility, his mind was incapable of retaining another idea, was, that salvation had come to him by Jesus Christ.

He was a decided Unitarian upon principle and from inquiry. He believed the doctrine of the single and unapproached supremacy of the Father to be a clear and most important doctrine of revealed religion. He honored Jesus as the Son and Messenger of God, and believed that he had an existence before he entered our world; he never spoke of him but in terms of veneration and love; but he reserved his *worship* for the Father. HIM he delighted to contemplate and speak of in his paternal character; his goodness, universal and impartial, he believed to be essential to his perfection and glory, and was perpetually displaying it in *his* preaching to the adoration and love of his people. He

had no belief that he had formed any being necessarily evil, and incapable by nature of pleasing him; or that he suffers men to come into existence subject to a corruption which they cannot remove, on account of which they are to perish forever, except he please of his own mercy to prevent it; and that this mercy he will exert only in favor of a few elect. He knew that the Scriptures did not teach him this; he felt that reason and conscience, and the affections of the heart, revolt from it; and he was sure that it appeared to attribute a dishonorable government to the God of mercy. He, on the contrary, believed that all men are placed on an equal footing, to be tried with an impartial trial, and judged with an impartial judgment; that none are excluded from the benefits of the gospel; and that nothing but an abuse of the means, which are put in every man's power, can deprive any one of that immortality for which he is created. Hence his preaching was affectionate; he endeavored to move by representations of the astonishing goodness and mercy of God, and to win by accents of kindness. He did not neglect, however, occasionally to urge the terrors of the Lord. But he did it as "a strange work," with a faltering voice and quivering lip,* and was once so affected by the subject that his emotion obliged him to pause and recover himself.

His views of the Christian life were exceedingly exalted, and he insisted upon a very pure and rigid standard of moral excellence. "It seems to me," he says, "that very much of the want of religious principle and conduct among men is owing to their want of conviction how hard it is to become a sincere and obedient follower of Christ. We are apt to think too little of the extent and variety of religious

* See a fine passage in Robert Hall's Sermons.

perfect.

His opinion in regard to the de licity on character, and the manne prepares for it, is so well stated in th and was so important in its influenc gious system, that we cannot forbear t ing it. It is from a letter without da all the obedience which the gospel req rules, and spirit, — is to form us to a c tain habits and feelings, which are t spiritual state hereafter. When we world, it is evident, that, in order to services relating to it, in order to en comforts it yields, we need a peculiar character *adapted* to this world. It i a future state; in order to be qualifie joys, we need to have certain habits, d without which we should be unqualifi vices or share its joys. Death mak character, — it only alters the *state* c we shall enter a future world with the

of what he was can never pass away from the minds of his friends and people; and we have done enough, perhaps, in our endeavor so to make him known as shall promote the interests of religion.

As such a character is valuable to all Christians, so it is especially to those who are pursuing their preparation for the sacred ministry. The cause of truth and human improvement rejoices in the services of such men; and let them go forth to the labors of the church thus exemplary and blameless themselves, and they need not fear to be disappointed or overthrown. Let them make it their first care to *live* the gospel, and they cannot be unsuccessful in preaching it.

And while such men are formed beneath the influence of the plain and simple doctrines of Unitarianism, let none be so absurd as to believe that they deny all which is vital and sanctifying in the gospel. Who can look upon such and not be persuaded that this faith is abundantly sufficient to all the wants of the soul; that man does not need mysterious and unintelligible dogmas to excite a reverence for God, and keep piety alive; but that the virtues and graces, which most adorn man, and which are by all Christians most valued as the genuine fruits of their religion, may spring up, and flourish, and become mature, under the influence of a system which has been branded as cold, heartless, and impious — as the offspring of boasting reason, and little better than infidel philosophy? If our Lord was right in declaring that false prophets should be known by their fruits, who will pronounce *this* man a false prophet? And who, with an ordinary share of candor, will refuse to acknowledge, that that MAY at least be the truth of God, which has proved so abundant in the fruits of his spirit? For ourselves, we rest upon it with perfect confidence; we rejoice in it as the

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* The writer of this article is indebted t
friends, whose communications have assis
and whose language he has occasionally ir
when it could not be altered without injury

MEMOIR

OF

NATHAN PARKER, D. D.

"How shall we mourn thee?—With a LOFTY TRUST!
With a GLAD FAITH! whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of LOVE."

MRS. HEMANS

MEMOIR

OF

NATHAN PARKER, D. D.

THE author of this volume of Sermons * was one of those men who leave a mark on the society in which they lived. He did not leave the world as he found it. He impressed upon it the character of his mind, teaching, and example. His friends feel that he ought not to pass away without a memorial, nor without some attempt to extend and perpetuate the influence of his character and principles. His principles are set forth in his sermons as they came from himself. His character presents an example of personal and professional fidelity, upon which all Christians, and especially Christian ministers, may dwell with improvement. I may not succeed in my attempt to display it; but I can truly adopt the words of John Newton in a similar case: "If it have the same effect upon my brethren in the ministry while they read it, that it had upon me while writing it, it will humble and shame them." May it also encourage and quicken them!

NATHAN PARKER was born at Reading, Massachusetts, on the 5th day of June, 1782. He was the son of a re-

* The Memoir was originally prefixed to a volume of Sermons selected from *the writings of Dr. Parker.*

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It is not surprising, that, w

two sons, was to be of this number. Having received his preparatory education at Boxborough, from his relative, the Rev. Joseph Willard, minister of that place, he became a member of Harvard College, at the age of seventeen, and was graduated in 1803.

The succeeding year he passed at Worcester, as teacher of the grammar school; availing himself of that honorable office to earn the means of pursuing his professional studies, while he gratified his love of action and usefulness by imparting instruction. He had intended to study law; but, being led to change his purpose, he, the next year, entered the family of Dr. Bancroft as a student in theology, and there remained until he began to preach. During his residence in this place, he endeared himself to all who knew him, and with the venerable and distinguished divine with whom he was domesticated, he formed a friendship which continued unbroken and cordial until his death. His letters abound in expressions of attachment to him and his family.

In 1805, he was appointed tutor in Bowdoin College, Maine, where he remained for two years, discharging its duties, and at the same time preaching on Sunday, when opportunity presented. In the month of May, 1808, he preached, in the way of exchange, in the pulpit of the south parish of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, then vacant after the death of Dr. Haven. He was a stranger to the place and the people; few of them knew even the name of the young man whose clear good sense and simple earnestness of manner were taking hold upon their minds. The impression was decided. They desired to hear him further; and the result was, that the society gave him an invitation to settle, as its minister, on the 6th of July, in which the

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result with God. "I thought the path of duty plain," he said, "and I became the minister of this people. With what feelings I entered on the office, it were vain to attempt a description. I considered that I was only making an experiment, and expected that a short time would terminate my connection with this people." * But Providence ordained that he should continue, and granted him a signal recompense of his fidelity and devotion. It is an example to encourage others to attempt fearlessly any work which Providence may assign them, assured that disinterested efforts in the cause of Christ cannot be lost.

As his history, from this time, is but the story of his ministry, I shall complete my view of this before going on with the personal narrative of his life. He appears to have laid down for himself two great principles, from adherence to which his success, through the divine blessing, mainly resulted. The first was, to maintain a perfect independence; as he himself says, "It was among the resolutions with which I entered on my ministry, to conduct it in all respects as if I were to be forever in the office which I then entered; to adopt no temporary expedients to gain favor; but to pursue the path of duty whenever it was discovered, and wherever it might lead." † To this principle he strictly adhered; and not less so to the second, which was, to make his profession his only care, and to allow nothing to interfere with his attention to that great concern. One might fancy that he was constantly repeating to himself the words of the apostle, — *Give thyself wholly to them;* and he became a minister only, as Paul was an apostle only. He felt that he should be unworthy of his place, if he could not devote himself to it exclusively. He carried this feeling so

* Sermon on leaving the old meeting-house, 1826.

† Ibid.

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of imperfection and sin, and needing great exertion to bring him to holiness and God, seemed to him the view on which the preacher should rest. Therefore he was accustomed to address men as sinners, exposed to ruin, and needing to be reclaimed. Whence repentance was esteemed by him the grand theme of the pulpit. "Whatever my subject may be," he used to say, "I always come round to repentance before I have done with it. Christ began with it, and men will need it, at least as long as I am here to preach to them." He thought it a sad error to address promiscuous congregations as if all were interested in religion, and needed but to make progress in it. He knew that the great majority need to be persuaded to *begin* a religious life; and, as he remarked shortly before his death, he esteemed those the best sermons which urge men to begin to be religious, and teach them how to begin. It was this idea which suggested his advice to a young preacher, to remember, in preparing every sermon, that it might be the last discourse which some impenitent sinner would have the opportunity to hear; and to say something which should be suited to touch the heart of such a one.

His adherence to these maxims gave a weighty and affecting tone to his pulpit. It also established a central point about which all his teaching revolved, and to which all was referred. It enabled his hearers to discern to what the whole system tended, and showed them what use is to be made of every truth. Some preachers fail of presenting any such rallying point. They discourse at random on a great variety of topics, but have no one grand idea running through them all, by which they are connected together and made to appear as parts of one great whole; in consequence of which their ministry has no unity, no purpose, no tendency to any *result;* the blows they strike may be

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to urge the doctrines of religion; he knew that they are the only foundation on which holy principle and steadfast virtue can be erected, and that no man will care enough for religion to build up for himself a religious character, unless he is interested in the glorious realities which religious doctrine unfolds. But he would not treat those doctrines controversially, in the way of debate and disputation. He thought this more likely to hinder than to promote the practical influence he desired. He explained them agreeably to his own view of them, and in their own connection with duty, leaving erroneous views to perish of themselves. As he himself expressed it, "he acted on the maxim, that the best way to refute error is to preach the truth; and he did not think it his duty to bring forward and refute, in a controversial manner, the errors which exist among Protestant Christians, any more than to bring forward and refute the errors of Popery."

Instead of controversially, he may rather be said to have preached religious doctrines *experimentally;* for it was in their bearing on the affections and desires, the joys and trials of the spirit, on the struggles of the soul with its temptations and sorrows, and in the encouragement, strength, and peace which they impart in the various conflicts of the spiritual life, that he habitually delighted to think of them and speak of them. Hence the unction and impression which the most serious and devout found in his discourses, and the interest which they had to those who were anxiously seeking for the way of life.

Thus his preaching was useful from its constant union of sound instruction with affectionate exhortation. It excited the mind to a train of thought, and on that thought built an appeal to the heart and conscience. Without any display of what is called oratory, or of the elegance and splen-

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He never preached in his church extempore. But he was accustomed from an early date of his ministry to speak in a familiar way at a private meeting, held in the house where he boarded; and he thus gradually prepared himself for a more public service, which he afterwards conducted in a hall or lecture-room during a large part of every year. He was not gifted with any native fluency of speech; and his first efforts at extemporaneous speaking are represented as having been far from successful. Some of his friends doubted if it were worth while for him to persevere. But he was not to be discouraged; he told them that if a few of them would stand by him, he would learn. They did so, and he learned. And it should be distinctly told, for the sake of other beginners, that, by dint of application and perseverance he became a ready, interesting, and occasionally eloquent speaker. His little evening meetings were the favorite resort of those who most valued his influence. There he was seen and heard to the greatest advantage. Unshackled by notes, unembarrassed by a huge house and a promiscuous assembly, surrounded by confiding friends, and sure of their sympathy, he gave free scope to his mind and feelings, and was often borne away by his excitement into regions of thought and imagination which surprised both himself and those who heard him. I understand that he placed great confidence on these meetings as eminently adapted to be useful. His particular opinions respecting them may be learned from a passage in a letter to a young minister, which is so just and important that it deserves to be quoted at length.

"With regard to extra meetings for religious instruction, I will make a few remarks, suggested by my own experience. I believe that they may be very useful; but great discretion and independence are necessary in managing them. They

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who would delight to be thus distinguished, but who are totally unfit for the service. If I were to ask assistance from the wise only, the vain would be grieved, and become uneasy. If I were to call upon the latter, it would destroy what little humility they now possess; injure them, and, as I think, the cause of religion. I therefore perform myself all the devotional exercises."

It is often thought that private meetings, such as here spoken of, should be made to have a different object from those of the regular congregation on Sunday. But Dr. Parker appears to have thought otherwise. I cannot find that in his selection of subjects, or his manner of treating them, he varied from his ordinary preaching, excepting that in his private lectures he pursued *courses* of subjects, and thus was somewhat more systematic in his instruction. The topics of these courses were very various; the exposition of a book; a view of fundamental truths and duties; the history and ritual of the Old Testament; the parables of Christ; the being and attributes of God; — which last series is remembered with peculiar delight by those who heard it. But, various as they were, he adhered sacredly to his rule of immediate usefulness. Whatever the discussion, he always conducted it to an appeal to the heart and conscience. You would suppose it had been selected for no other purpose than to afford an opportunity for an exhortation to a religious life, and that instruction and argument had no other end than to lay the foundation of a call to faith, repentance, and obedience.

I close this view of his character as a preacher, with a description, from one who heard him much, of his manner at these private lectures. It is written in a glowing style, but is valuable for its corroboration of what has been said, and for some hints respecting the preacher's personal appearance.

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heart, and was in haste to touch a theme more congenial with his own pure spirit,—he would, with the most winning accents, descant upon the beauty of holiness—the peace and joy of believing—the bliss of heaven,—and kindred subjects, on which he so much delighted to dwell, long after the time usually allotted to such exercises had expired."

Dr. Parker's views of the ministry and its objects, as well as the bent of his own mind, led him to attach peculiar importance to the private duties of the pastoral relation. The mere preacher, however excellent, seemed to him to be fulfilling very partially the design of the sacred office. He regarded the minister as the servant and guide of the people, not only, like the priests of old, by appearing before God for them in the temple, but by a constant intercourse of sympathy, counsel, and kind offices, teaching from house to house, and watching for souls in season and out of season. Upon this idea he formed his own ministry. As I have already said, he regarded his time, his knowledge, his talents, himself, as not his own, but as belonging to his people, and to be devoted absolutely to their service. He was therefore always amongst them, sharing their joys and sorrows, and close at hand in every moment of trial, anxiety, and sin, with consolation and warning. This was his favorite employment. Many men have more frequent formal conversations on religion; perhaps he had less of this than would have been well. But there is a religious silence, as well as a religious speech, and the very air and presence of a truly devout man has oftentimes more influence than an exhortation. When occasion required, he could speak, and at any length; but his habit was, to watch the course of conversation, turn it imperceptibly to useful channels, and point to the Christian

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and close his eyes in their last sleep. At such seasons he had great power to sustain and soothe; not through his much speaking, but by the expression of his whole demeanor, the affections of his soul speaking through his eyes, his countenance, his whole mien. His words might be few, but they were chosen words, and the trust reposed in him made them powerful. To one he said, as her self-distrusting spirit trembled at approaching death, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax;" and her answering smile showed that the promise went home with a soothing power. On another occasion, as the fearful silence of the chamber of the dying at midday was broken by the cheerful notes of a bird alighting on a tree near the open window, he brightly said, "God is still good; — he does not forsake his creatures." In this way he said what was suggested by circumstances. Like his Master, he drew lessons from the most common objects, and sanctified trivial occurrences by making a holy use of them.

He did not go through such scenes without severe trials of feeling, which sometimes almost unmanned him; but such was his self-restraint, that he would always appear collected and calm to those whom he was called to comfort and sustain; so that his wife would sometimes remark to him, that his friends would not suspect that he had any real feeling for them; his reply to which was altogether characteristic: "It is of no consequence whether they know that I have or not."

It is a gratification to know that his solicitudes and cares were not unrewarded. He was not left to mourn over the inefficacy of the truth which he had preached, but was happy enough to witness in others, as he afterward experienced himself, the peace and hope which it imparts to the trusting spirit in its approach to the tomb. From among

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However fruitless may have been my labors, I cannot doubt the efficacy of the religion which it is my duty and my honor to preach.

"The events which have taken place have excited an increased interest in religion among us, and called me to greater efforts to assist my people in their inquiries. I trust that much good will be the result; that the death of those who were interested in every thing good, will impress religious truth upon many minds, which their living virtues could not reach. In this prospect I greatly rejoice."

It was at the period here spoken of that he closed a discourse full of Christian consolation in the following strain: —

"I cannot close this discourse without offering an humble tribute of gratitude to God and to the Redeemer. Scenes of suffering and death have opened before me with most astonishing rapidity. The great destroyer, with fatal aim, has hurled his arrows at one after another, and they have fallen before him. Mourning and death have met me at every step. Though tears have been my meat day and night, yet — blessed be God! — the scene has not been all darkness around me. I have witnessed the power of his gospel. From scenes of suffering and desolation, I have been able to gather arguments of religious gratitude and praise. I have witnessed this one truth, that the religion of Jesus, in the form in which I have been accustomed to contemplate it and to love it, has power to sustain the soul under the severest afflictions and in the hour of death. The conviction of this truth, I trust, has been wrought into my soul, and will remain there while my heart continues to circulate the warm current of life. In the house of God, I bear this testimony to the power of Christianity, and of my confidence in Christ. With a deep impression of its value and

of its necessity, I press upon you, my friends, a grateful acknowledgment of the Savior. Have any rejected his grace, I beseech such to pause, and to consider. I beseech them now to repent and turn to God, to open their hearts to the heavenly Comforter, and to the joys of a pure faith. 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!'"

In filling up his office as a parish minister, it was his object to be always doing something, and in as various ways as possible, but with as little of noise and notoriety as might be. Perpetual activity, but no bustle, seemed to be his design. He, therefore, in his plans for doing good, consulted circumstances and occasions, and pressed no measure till he had prepared the way for its success. Hence he rarely, if ever, failed in any measure which he attempted. Being resolute and persevering, but never rash, he went in accordance with the intimations of Providence, and found aid from thence. When he would kindle the flame of devotion and philanthropy, he blew upon it gently, and never gave those furious and impatient blasts which put out the fire they are over-eager to light. It would be well if all who conduct important enterprises would study such examples, and learn that bustle is not strength, nor precipitation success. Real energy is calm; true power works without passion. I have seen the commander of a ship on the Atlantic Ocean move about the vessel quietly, never raising his voice, never looking or speaking as if excited, equally composed in pleasant weather and in storms, maintaining order by the power of his self-possession and tranquillity, and keeping all as quiet as himself, by the confidence which he inspired. So should it be with the spiritual pilot of the church; steadily watching for the safety and *progress* of all, but without impatience, impetuosity, or

tumult, he should neither strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street; but with the gentleness of his Master when on earth, and imitating the sober order of Providence, should lead the way to charity and truth.

It was in this spirit that Dr. Parker projected and executed the several plans which he set on foot for the improvement of his flock, and by means of which he effected so much for its advancement in knowledge and true holiness. It is necessary to describe these at some length, because they exhibit his pastoral policy, and the genius of his ministry, and present the picture of the religious organization of society on principles and in a method which can hardly fail to secure happy results wherever adopted.

The first of these in point of time, and certainly not the least in usefulness, was the formation of the church, that is, the communicants, — which had formerly been a body, like most churches, set apart simply for maintaining the ordinances, — into an association for religious improvement and benevolent action. It was a favorite idea of Dr. Parker, that the Founder of Christianity was the originator of that great system of associated action, by which his followers are, in the present age, accomplishing so much. The institution of the Christian church was the first instance of this association, and by the power which belongs to it, as such, it has made its way through the world. He wished to restore to the body of the communicants its place and duty in this regard. He thought that it possessed advantages beyond most other methods of organization, for the promotion of truth and charity. In an Address delivered, in 1824, before the Ministerial Conference in Berry Street, Boston, he explained his views on this point, and illustrated the principles on which he was acting. I regret that no copy of this Address has been found among his papers. It

was in conformity with those views that the church in his own parish had instituted, in 1813, a regular series of quarterly meetings, as of a society, for devotion and charity. At these meetings is transacted all the business which ordinarily demands attention, such as the appointment of delegates to any council, the care of the charity funds, and the discussion of cases of discipline. Then conversation ensues on the state of religion, the condition and wants of the poor or tempted brethren, and the measures to be devised for their relief. The meetings are thus a great means of keeping up a mutual acquaintance among the members, and a proper Christian sympathy in each other — an end still further secured by the regulation that every individual shall keep by him a list of the members. Since 1823, one of the brethren has for each meeting written a dissertation on some important subject of religious inquiry or duty, which has given a direction to the conversation of the evening. Thus the church acts as a perpetual standing committee of inquiry and charity, ready to consider and pursue any suggestions of truth and usefulness. It is not a nominal, but a visible and effective bond of faith and love; and a constant excitement to individual activity, fidelity, and watchfulness. The records of the meetings testify to the many solemn and affecting interviews, to which this arrangement has given rise; they contain elaborate reports on church relations and personal responsibility, and discussions of vital questions of truth and duty. To show the spirit of the institution, and the influence which it has been adapted to exert, I am desirous of extracting a brief passage, from a report on the state of the church, in August, 1822.

This report showed that the condition of the church had remained very nearly the same for more than a century. In answering the question, why there had been no improve-

ment during later years, three causes of hinderance were enumerated — the controversial spirit of the times, prevalent errors respecting the Lord's supper, and the imperfections of church members. Each of these causes is dwelt upon at some length. I quote a portion of the appeal to the brethren under the last head; premising, that it was written by one of the lay members.

"Perpetual watchfulness and care are the conditions on which we hold all our virtues, as well as all our worldly possessions. As *repentance* is the foundation of all Christian virtue, and implies an abhorrence of sin, as such, — do we keep alive our strong impressions on this subject? Do we ever think lightly of sin, or lead others to believe that we do? Do we give any countenance to the commission of sin, by our presence, or indirect approbation or permission?

"Christian penitence is accompanied and followed by *faith*. Do we believe — really believe — all the promises and threatenings of Jesus Christ? Do we feel daily and hourly that the eye of God is upon us? Do we realize that we shall certainly appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, not merely to answer for the deeds done in the body, but to give an account of every idle word, and to have every thought of the heart revealed? Do we act as if we were indeed pilgrims and strangers in the world? or are we as much excited by its ambition, and allured by its pleasures, and engrossed by its business, and distracted by its cares, and grieved by its troubles, as if we had no other world upon which to fix our attention?"

Similar inquiries are then suggested respecting the duties of Christian love and active benevolence. And the report ends with recommending that a day be set apart for self-examination and devotion by each member of the church; when "all the members of this church should, as far as may

be possible and consistent with their usual avocations, employ their thoughts and devote their leisure moments to the purposes above mentioned.

"And that the same good work may be always kept in mind, they would further recommend, that one hour (say from eight to nine o'clock of the Saturday evening preceding the communion) should, for the future, be set apart by all the members of this church, and employed in reflecting and conversing upon the best mode of advancing the interests of the church, or in prayer for its welfare. They believe that such a course would give every individual a deeper interest in the general prosperity of the church, and lead him to exert a happier influence on those around him."

The measures here recommended were adopted; and some years afterward, the report was again taken up and the resolutions renewed. One easily understands how religion must flourish, when its friends thus unite in efforts to increase its power over themselves and to extend it to others.

The benefits of this meeting had not been long experienced when it was perceived to be desirable that they should be extended to the female members of the church. Accordingly a quarterly meeting was established, when they assembled together in a large room belonging to one of their number, passed the afternoon in social and religious converse, and took tea together. Their minister was regularly present on the occasion, and led their devotions; and he delighted to observe, that, through this simple means, the bonds of sympathy and good-will were essentially strengthened, and that, by the substantial acts of kindness to which it gave birth, the happiness as well as improvement of many was greatly promoted. Similar objects were effected by a monthly meeting of the ladies of the parish,

when the time is spent in reading and working, and subscriptions are made for the encouragement of domestic missions and other religious charities.

The next institution was that of the Sunday school, a favorite object with Dr. Parker, which was commenced in 1818. He introduced the project in a sermon on Sunday, and immediately had the happiness of securing the enlightened and devoted coöperation of men, more than one of whom were abundantly competent to the good management of such an institution. It is striking and instructive to look back to that period, when the Sunday school was a novelty in the land, slowly welcomed by the community, and coldly favored, if not expressly discountenanced, by many excellent persons, who thought it unnecessary in this country, ill-adapted to our state of society, and likely to be hurtful to religious instruction in families, — and to perceive how readily Dr. Parker and his friends penetrated beyond the objections to it, and entered into a full perception of its merits. Under such auspices, the school had no infancy; it succeeded at once; it reached its maturity while other schools were struggling with the first obstacles. When we remember who were his coadjutors, we do not wonder that he surrendered the management of the school wholly into their hands, and adopted it as a principle that the charge of the Sunday school should be given to the laity, without superintendence or responsibility on the part of the minister. He thought the effect of religious teaching on the children, and on their parents, likely to be far better, if it should come, not from him whose profession it is to teach religion, but from men in the active walks of life, whose devotedness to this service on Sunday would be a new and impartial testimony to the value of religion. One perceives that there is force in this reason; and in the present case it was fully justified

by the result. But how few ministers can act upon it! In how few societies, especially the smaller ones, are men to be found of that happy combination of qualities which fits them to be leaders in so difficult and delicate a service! How rare are those to whom the minister can safely delegate his responsibility for the instruction and character of his children! It is cause for congratulation that the number of such persons is multiplying; that more and more of our youth are becoming qualified to take the active and intelligent oversight of this great work. But it cannot yet be safely laid down as a general rule, that the minister shall have no personal share in the labor or responsibility. In Dr. Parker's society it was otherwise.* He was able to relieve himself from all solicitude respecting the duties of superintendence and instruction. He attended the meetings of the teachers, and visited and addressed the school quarterly; he never ceased to regard it with intense interest as one of the strong pillars of religion; it was not long before his death that he manifested that interest by securing for it a valuable legacy from a dying friend; but the actual management he left entirely to others, and that with as much gratitude for their services as confidence in them. "Were it in my power," he says, in an address delivered to them at their request, "I would express to you the sentiments with which I regard your exertions in the cause of Christ. But I will not obtrude on you my private feelings. Be assured of my warmest gratitude, and that I regard with the liveliest interest your pious and benevolent labors."

There was still needed another institution to complete Dr. Parker's plan of religious organization, and that was

* See a letter from Mr. Haven to Professor Ticknor, published in the volume of Mr. Haven's Remains.

founded in the year 1826. It was an association for mutual religious improvement. Here he collected from forty to fifty of the young and middle-aged men of the society, for the consideration and discussion of important questions in religion and morality. At each monthly meeting, a dissertation was read by one of the members, the subject of which then formed a theme for conversation. Dr. Parker entered into the design with great spirit, and imparted to it a strong interest by the manner in which he elucidated the questions which came before them. His custom was to give, at some length, his own views of a subject at the close of the evening, answering objections and clearing away obscurities, setting the truth on its strong foundations, and especially taking care to give it a bearing on moral duty and personal religion. These meetings are said to have been full of instruction and excitement. They roused many minds to exercise on high subjects of thought, and settled opinions on the basis of inquiry and reason; at the same time that they opened to many men a new power and new source of enjoyment in the practice of expressing their minds in conversation and writing.

By the several means of religious influence now described, instruction and impression were carried to every portion of the society; a principle of union and life was imparted to it. The members came to feel as members of one body, who had some concern with each other; not as pew-holders, going to a certain place to hear a sermon, and acknowledging no further connection with the house or the people, but as partners and portions of the community assembled there; caring for their fellow-worshipers and cared for by them; pleased to meet, and ready to serve each other in other places and at other times. One cannot doubt that he who addresses a congregation collected on this principle,

must preach with a heartiness and soul which he could feel under no other circumstances. If he be, as the head of a family, the personal friend of all, while all are the personal friends of himself and of the rest, he writes and speaks with another and more earnest feeling than he who addresses an assembly of unconnected individuals. There must be much of the same difference as between the case of a man who spends a day in the bosom of his trusting and affectionate family, and of him who spends it in a strange hotel, with persons accidentally brought together, who separate without caring to meet again. Christianity was intended to bring men together; its institutions are social and fraternal; its true and best work is done only when it has made men brothers, and given them a sympathizing interest in each other. Its work is hindered and thwarted, so far as they remain strangers and indifferent to each other. It is a crying evil in the structure of modern society, in the larger towns especially, that it opposes to so great an extent the proper union of Christian worshipers; that it collects together in the house of God, and at the Lord's table, men and women who know not each other, and then, instead of binding them together as members of one body, allows them to think it consistent with their profession that they continue strangers. This is far from what ought to be. It behoves Christians to exert themselves to counteract this social evil, and give proper scope to the great Christian relation. Until they do this, their religion will fail of fulfilling its tendency, will be kept back from its full action on the welfare of society. It is a thing which they may do. It cannot be attempted without partial success. Let any minister heartily undertake it, under some judicious system like that just described, and he will find himself so seconded by the desires of many souls and the native tendency of Christianity,

that he cannot wholly fail. Discouragements there may be for a time; but they will disappear before a resolute perseverance and the kindliness of human and Christian affection; and, when the work is accomplished, he will enjoy an unspeakable happiness in preaching the word and breaking the bread of life, no longer to an accidental assemblage, but to a band of brothers.

But the power of Dr. Parker's ministry was not solely owing to these various measures by which he brought religion to act upon men. Much was owing to his personal character. I referred to this when speaking of his attendance on the afflicted; I speak of it now, generally. It is evident, that in a state of society like that which exists in this country, the efficacy of religious institutions must essentially depend on the personal character of him who superintends them; especially when he lives alway in the presence of the people. To them he is the acting and imbodied representation of the religion which he teaches. His character is the interpreter of his preaching; it is the application of his doctrine; it is the standard by which men measure the length, and breadth, and depth of his principles. If he lived apart from them in mysterious and unvisited solitude, and was never seen except when he came forth from his hermitage, like some old prophet, with thrilling words from another world, his real character would be of little importance; for their imaginations would clothe him with any degree of sanctity. But he who walks among them in daily life, like other men, has no refuge from his indiscretions and faults in the fancies of the observers. He is exposed to scrutiny, and must submit to it. He must calculate on having all his instructions respecting virtue, humility, purity, and kindness, interpreted by the construction

which he himself, in his every-day life, seems to put upon them. As it was said to the French preacher, "Father, when I hear you speak, in the pulpit, respecting the severity of a religious life, my heart sinks with despair; but when I meet you in the world, my courage revives again," — so men are always more ready to follow the carelessness of a preacher's life than the sobriety of his precepts. On the other hand, he who can endure this strict ordeal of daily observation, and is seen to verify in his character the picture of goodness which he has drawn in his discourses, imparts a power and sacredness to his doctrine which no eloquence or genius could have bestowed. He is listened to with a reverence and trust which the highest oratory never commands.

Dr. Parker was one of those who could stand this severe trial. His virtues bore examination, and his foibles did not become greater on closer inspection. His perpetual living in the presence of men, so far from contradicting or weakening the power of his preaching, incalculably augmented its power by the fidelity with which his example seconded it; gave it a power, in fact, which those could hardly understand, who did not know the man. It was the illustration of his life which made his teaching what it was to his people.

It would be easy here to use the language of indiscriminate eulogy, and pass off some general outline of a Christian man for a description of the man before us. But if I rightly apprehend it, his character had some marked features; and it is by these that he will be most faithfully represented, and his life most truly explained. And I am inclined to think that the pervading characteristic — that which appeared always prominent and gave complexion to the whole — was what may be called *truthfulness*. He was

a TRUE man. In thought, heart, purpose, word, act, deportment, directly and indirectly, all was true. Nothing was designed, nothing done or said, for appearance sake, or through mere expediency. He exhibited himself so undisguisedly, with such straight-forwardness, that an observer would spontaneously say, "That is a man to be confided in." This it was, in connection with his clear-sighted good sense, which caused him to be trusted in the manner already alluded to. This led him to that open plainness of speech, amounting sometimes to bluntness, which has been spoken of. I cannot help suspecting, also, that from this originated that oddity or quaintness of expression which so much characterized his familiar conversation. Might it not have been at first employed as a cover to bold and unpalatable truths? Half sarcastic and half humorous, stingingly severe, yet jocose in expression, he was able to say, inoffensively, whatever he pleased, — his manner acted instead of a formal apology for plain-dealing. But whether so designed or not, or whether this peculiarity were the mere result of a sportive habit of mind, it certainly had the effect which I ascribe to it. Those who most keenly felt the censure, could feel no resentment; for there was evidently not only no ill-will, but the greatest kindness and good-humor in him who spoke it. "Every one who came within the sphere of his influence," a friend has truly said, "felt perfect confidence in his sincerity, which would not allow him to flatter his weakness or palliate his faults; and yet his kindness and benevolence were so apparent, that they knew his judgments would be lenient as well as just. I think there was in him a rare union of stern integrity, uncompromising detestation and scorn of all that was false and wrong, united with perfect kindness and the most tender sympathy with the imperfections of human nature."

His influence over men was therefore that of character. He did not strive for influence. He did not aim at power. It came to him. It belonged to him, as it does to every man of single-mindedness and trustworthiness. Men saw that he was what he appeared to be, and that his objects were what he professed; that he was not considering what would be expedient, — he had a contempt for those who belittle great intentions by asking whether it be *expedient* to labor for them; — he considered only right and duty. Therefore they felt that he was to be trusted.

There was another trait in his character which gave him influence. His friends remarked in him an uncommon knowledge of human nature, an intuitive perception of character, a singular and almost prophetic sagacity, by which he penetrated men's bosoms and discerned foibles or dispositions of which they were themselves scarcely aware. He evidently made man and human character his study; and having, as one expresses it, "a strong faith in the moral power and results of principles," he was accustomed to reason from the act to the motive, and from appearances to the reality, so as oftentimes to startle those with whom he conversed, by unveiling them, unawares, to themselves. This talent of observation extended to men's affairs as well as characters. It used to be a matter of wonder to his friends, how he should, without officious inquisitiveness or habits of worldly gossip, be yet so sagacious and familiar in secular concerns. An upright, trustworthy man, possessing such penetration into men and things, could not fail to possess influence. Then it is to be added, that he was accustomed to express himself on all subjects with perfect frankness and directness. If he must speak of sin, especially of the mean and base sins, he would use no palliating or softening expressions, nor take pains to hide the expres-

sion of indignation and contempt which burned upon his countenance. "A lie he would call a lie, and as such he would treat it, in all its forms and disguises; and if any thing human would make the heart of the deceiver quail, it was such a look as I have sometimes seen dart from his usually mild and benevolent face." * Finesse, management, manœuvring, cunning, in the conduct of any affairs, met his heartiest detestation. Of other sins he would speak with compassion, because, he said, he could conceive them to be occasioned by unexpected temptation, sudden passion, power of circumstances, faults of education; but this could have no palliation, — it was a deliberate plotting to do wrong, and to do it by deception.

Another leading characteristic was his disinterestedness. "He was the most disinterested person I ever knew," said one who knew him intimately for many years. "His time, his studies, his labors, his money, even his personal sufferings, seemed to be considered by him only as they might benefit others." His disregard to selfish considerations was apparent in his whole demeanor and course of life. It was seen in his giving time and thought to others, at seasons when disease and suffering might have excused him for thinking only of himself. As a preacher, it showed itself in his shrinking from commendation; he dreaded lest he might, perchance, be brought to mingle a regard to his own reputation with the feelings which he carried into the pulpit; and, as a pastor and friend, it showed itself in his habitual attention to the welfare of others. He could not even perceive it to be right to make savings from his little means as a provision for a future day. When entreated to be less generous to others, and spare something for himself, he replied,

* Mr. Foster's Address.

that he had not been convinced that he should do more good by that means than by spending now. In the same spirit was his saying, formerly quoted, — "My parish first, then my family." It was a pleasure to him sometimes to invite to his table some of the humble and poor, and share their gratification. "I will not ask," he would say, "those whom Mr. A. or Mr. B. might invite; they do not need my dinner. I will have those whom nobody invites." He pleased himself with getting out for these humble guests some choice wine which had been given him; and when reminded that they would not know the difference between that and what was inferior, he replied, "But I do."

During the night of the great fire, in 1814, and in the midst of the consternation of that awful season, as he was walking with a friend, they met a lady, retreating from the conflagration of her home. His friend immediately offered her an asylum. "No, no," said he; "she has friends, let her go to them; reserve your room for those who have none."

One remarkably cold Sunday, when the snow was driving violently before the wind, and few persons were able to reach the church, he laid aside the usual formal discourse, and, taking up the words, "Who can stand before his cold?" addressed to his hearers some striking extemporaneous remarks suggested by the season;* which he closed

* He was very fond of using occasions and seasons, and was happy in adapting himself to them. I may mention another instance. Having prepared for his vestry evening lecture on one occasion, he was called to the dying bed of a parishioner. He was present during the last struggle of life, and went directly thence to the lecture-room, where he put aside the preparation he had made, and took the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." It is said that he was never more impressive.

with recommending, that, instead of coming to church in the afternoon, they should serve their great Benefactor by visiting and helping the suffering poor. He himself set the example by going out, in the face of the storm, to visit a poor solitary woman, at a distance from town.

At another time, having passed a restless night, when he could ill sleep for thinking of those whom he knew to be suffering from the severity of the season, he rose at an early hour, to go and take care for them. Returning late, he observed, with an air of great contentment, that such and such persons had got good fires, and such and such good breakfasts; "and now," said he, "we will have ours."

Anecdotes like these might be multiplied. They indicate the spirit of his life, — a habit of disinterested thoughtfulness for others.

These qualities of integrity and disinterestedness, as they have been described, received steadfastness, consistency, and strength, from the more peculiarly religious graces of faith and piety, which in him were always living and operating. The power of his religious convictions, their constant presence to his consciousness, coloring the thoughts which passed through his mind, the feelings which rose in his heart, the desires, wishes, purposes, and plans, of his whole being, was evident to all who were about him, and is strikingly displayed in his letters to his friends. They are the letters of a religious mind; not formally and professedly discussing religious topics, excepting on special occasions, but full of those incidental expressions and allusions which disclose unawares the habit and bias of the mind. They show that a thoughtful regard to the divine presence, an unreserved trust in Providence, an habitual reference to the highest principles and motives, and a sensibility to spiritual things as if visible realities, were a part of his very life, and

accompanied him like the life-blood of his body. They gave him the fortitude with which he bore the sufferings of his long disorder, and the cheerful equanimity with which he waited its trying vicissitudes, its certain progress, and its final approach toward death. It all illustrated his faith, and proved the power of his principles.

Such a man as this could not fail of leaving an impression on the society in which he labored. When God qualifies one of his servants with such gifts, and they are faithfully used, he certainly crowns them with a blessing. And I trust that I have explained, as I proposed, the secret of his efficiency by the description which I have attempted of his preaching, his pastoral life, his system of action, and his personal character. Take them all together, observe how each operated by itself, and then how they all wrought in conjunction, and there can be no mistake as to the causes of his success, so far as he was himself concerned. And I cannot conclude this survey better, than by saying, in the words of a friend who has written to me respecting him, that the contemplation of his example "may be as profitable for his brethren, as it would be for an agriculturist to visit a spot where he could see the best improvements in the cultivation of the soil carried into effect." It is for his brethren, especially for beginners in the ministry, that I have felt myself to be writing. No men are so likely to enter life with general and undefined purposes of usefulness as clergymen. No profession offers so vague a map of duty, and allows so wide a choice of means and measures, so extensive a range between activity and indolence. None, therefore, so much need specific direction from the experienced, and, what is yet better, some pattern of a well-arranged and efficient administration. Such a pattern may be found here. Let our young men study it; let them enter

thoughtfully into its spirit; let them tread devotedly and discreetly its paths; not slavishly, not minutely, but in the becoming temper of free minds, which own Christ for the only Master, but which yet love to learn of and imitate those who have worthily served him. They may then hope for satisfaction in their work, for they will see it prosper; and the church will rejoice in the brighter day of activity, piety, and peace, which will be growing up beneath their toil.

We must now turn our attention to his more public relations. At the time of his ordination, the division which had rent in twain the Congregational body of New England, had not been made. Ministers and churches held fellowship with each other on the broad ground of their common Christianity, and had not learned to refuse it on the narrow ground of their peculiar interpretations of some parts of Christianity. But the signs of the coming division had begun to show themselves; voices were already heard clamoring for it, and suspicion and hesitancy were beginning to mark the conduct of leading men. The two Congregational churches in Portsmouth had from time immemorial dwelt side by side in the interchange of the offices of Christian fellowship, though the standard of Orthodoxy had been higher in the one than in the other. Dr. Buckminster was now minister of the north parish, — a distinguished and respected name, exercising deserved influence over a large and flourishing congregation. Though aware of the extent in which Mr. Parker's opinions fell short of what he himself regarded as sound theology, he soon formed for him an affectionate attachment, and united with him in Christian and ministerial offices. They lived like father and son, mutually respecting and aiding each other. It was a beautiful instance of two

disciples merging their differences in their love for a common Master and for one another. In the infirmities which soon came upon the declining years of the elder, the younger was a trusted and confidential companion; and in the perplexities which attended the early ministry of the younger, the elder was a ready counsellor and aid. And when a zealous person, who doubted whether her new minister were sufficiently orthodox, inquired of Dr. Buckminster whether she ought not to forsake his ministry, he charged her not to do so, for that any one who should listen aright to Mr. Parker would find the way of salvation.

Dr. Buckminster died in 1812. Mr. Parker preached the sermon at his funeral, and in 1815 gave the right hand of fellowship at the ordination of his successor, the Rev. Israel W. Putnam. The customary intercourse continued between the ministers, notwithstanding that the growing controversies were producing and increasing the ruptures of ancient fellowship in every part of the country, until the year 1819. In the course of this year, Dr. Parker joined in the ordination of Mr. Sparks in Baltimore. This was seized upon as the occasion for suspending ministerial intercourse with him, and from that time he and his church were treated as heretic and excommunicate. Of course so important a change in the religious relations of two neighboring communities,—from ancient fellowship to sudden alienation, from mutual offices of faith and love to anathema on the one part and a sense of wrong on the other,—could not take place without the excitement of a good deal of feeling. Dr. Parker did not affect insensibility. It was a serious change in his own situation, as it abridged his opportunities of religious intercourse. But it altogether failed of affecting his influence as a minister, or of retarding the prosperity of his congregation. Though denounced as unworthy the

countenance of the Christian community, and separated from the church universal as far as human power could separate it, it yet continued to advance in numbers and repute; not by raising the banner of controversial war, and hurling back anathemas, but by carrying into more vigorous action those fundamental truths and practical principles which they had contended for as the common ground of Christianity. The adherence to these, in the spirit of love and good works, was every year more and more blessed. Those that were of the contrary part were ashamed, having no evil thing to say of them; and many even of the congregation which had disowned them became convinced that God was with them, and joined their fellowship; so that it was pithily said, "Individuals and families continue to migrate from the north, in hopes of finding a more congenial climate at the south." This climate they found; and there was evidence that beneath its benignant influences souls were ripening rapidly for heaven.

It is no small trial to the spirit, even in a land where the church has no secular power to enforce its decrees, to be stigmatized by a dominant party as an enemy to the Savior, and have one's name cast out as evil. But where the trial is borne with meekness and faith, it tends to purify and elevate the character, to confirm the allegiance to conscience, and to strengthen attachment to the holy truth for whose sake the obloquy is endured. Dr. Parker bore it thus, and there can be no doubt that he shared a blessing in the result. One of his friends remarked to me, that he thought he had perceived an evident progress, from this time, in the higher attributes of his Christian life. He seemed to feel a new responsibility when he found himself bearing the burden of a despised and rejected faith. He searched with new diligence into its foundations; he received new convictions

of its power and worth, pressed it more closely to his bosom, and exerted himself with new watchfulness in its defence; not, as I have already said, by contending, but by seeing to it, that on himself and on those committed to his charge it was permitted to exert its legitimate influences, and thus vindicate its divine power. When he attributed the increase of the parish, in his discourse on occasion of removing from the old meeting-house, "principally to the liberality of its members and their peaceable spirit," he uttered what was true, but not the whole truth. It was still more owing to the care which its minister took to maintain that peaceable spirit, and to make the truth lovely by its visible effects. The consequence of this prosperity was the erection of a more spacious place of worship, which was dedicated in February, 1826. Many persons at the time expressed an apprehension that the building was too large, and never could be filled with worshipers. But the event proved otherwise. It soon appeared that many souls were desiring precisely such an administration as was there offered them, and before his death it was completely occupied. He found himself in the spiritual charge of more than two hundred and ten families where he had begun with seventy.

We may advert, in a few words, to another change in his relations, occasioned by the circumstances of the times. In his early ministry, he had united himself to the Piscataqua Association of Ministers, and used to attend its pleasant meetings in company with Dr. Buckminster, who was observed "to go with more alacrity and increased spirits to the ministers' meetings, ordinations, &c., when his young friend could be his companion in the chaise." It might have been reasonably expected that that Association would stand up manfully for religious liberty, and be slow to admit the exclusive doctrines of the day; for in the year 1790 it

had adopted and recommended to the churches the following liberal sentiment: "That the profession which churches have a right to demand, is not an assent to any human creed, confession, or summary of Christian doctrine, but a general profession of faith in Christ, repentance of sin, and hope of the mercy of God through him, expressed either in words or writing, as the person offering himself may choose." But the enlarged spirit which had dictated this expression, seems to have departed with the good men of that milder day. Their successors became alarmed at the progress of liberty, and it was unavoidable that they should so conduct themselves toward a member of their body whom they knew to favor the heresies of the times, as to make him perceive that his presence at their meetings was irksome to them; and thus, without venturing on the obnoxious measure of a formal exclusion, to induce him voluntarily to withdraw.

But while thus cut off from the Christian fellowship of those of his own denomination, who fancied themselves sounder divines than he, it is pleasant to know that there were others, not of the same denomination, nor consenting to his distinguishing views, who yet lived with him on terms of cordial respect and affection. The clergyman of the Episcopal church in Portsmouth could not be alienated from a good man by the cry of heresy or any speculative differences of opinion. He treated Dr. Parker as a brother, and there was between them a sincere and confiding attachment which only death interrupted. During the severity of Dr. Parker's illness, when the approach of the cholera was apprehended at Portsmouth, a united season of fasting and prayer was held by the congregations of these two ministers; the services being conducted by Dr. Burroughs at his own church in the morning, and at the south Congregational church in the afternoon. That occasion is remembered

with deep feelings of satisfaction. It is gratifying to record this instance of a true Christian spirit manifested by good men, each conscientiously devoted to his own views, but able to look above them to the wider fields of truth and love.

There was still another body of clerical men, with whom he was connected, by virtue of his office as a Congregational minister, — viz., the Convention of Congregational Ministers in New Hampshire. This, from its very constitution, embracing, as it did, all the Congregational ministers in the state, was based on the broadest principles of Congregationalism: and therefore the excluding spirit of the times ought to have found no harbor within it. But it did not escape the general infection. For several years, consequently, Dr. Parker had absented himself from its meetings, and thus was totally cut off from all participation with former associates in the public fellowship of Christian life. But it happened that one of the last public acts of his life was connected with this very body of ministers. When his sinking health revived a little, a few months before his death, he made a journey of recreation, and, in the course of it, visited Concord. It was at the period of the anniversary celebrations, and as he saw, from the window of his lodging, the ministers repairing to the meeting of the Convention, he took up his hat, and said that he would step in once more, and see what they were doing. He found them engaged in a project for remodelling the Convention, and excluding from it the Unitarian members. He was struck with the impropriety of the scheme, and its inconsistency with genuine Congregational principles, and rose in his place to expose it. It was almost a voice from the dead, and could hardly have been more solemn, if it had issued from the sepulchre.

But while the disorders of the age deprived him of the

fellowship of those with whom he began life in more tranquil days, he had the satisfaction of seeing gathered near him a number of ministers with whom he could more fully sympathize. A new association was formed in the spirit of brotherly love, and mutual forbearance and aid. In this connection he enjoyed fully the communion of the saints, and was himself regarded as a member, whose light and counsel were always ready, and always valuable. He joined also, in the latter part of his life, in forming the Unitarian Association of New Hampshire, and lent to it the power of his name and influence, by consenting to be its first president. He was still as far as ever from all mere sectarianism; but he saw what the times demanded, and he probably, as his bodily strength decayed, and another world drew near, felt, with increasing force, the worth of those great principles on which his own trust and consolation rested.

Less of a sectarian no man could be, and yet no man was more decidedly attached to the opinions which he had embraced. I am not aware that there was any great peculiarity of sentiment by which he was distinguished from the great body of Unitarians; though in a community whose members are so wholly independent of each other, and make so little account of minor differences of faith, it is not easy to speak on this point with certainty. To their leading and favorite principles he was an independent practical adherent; he allowed perfect liberty of judgment and profession to all, and was willing to join all, of any name, in the promotion of a good cause. He cared for the prevalence of no doctrine, if it did not make men better Christians. His own words are these: "Believing, as I do, that religion is designed to make men good, I can rejoice in the success of no party any further than its success is connected with

the advancement of piety. Wherever I see the spirit of the gospel cherished and extended, I will rejoice, whatever sect may be employed in the work of doing good." Perfectly agreeable to this are certain principles, which, he says, he had prescribed to himself: "To unite with good men in doing good, — to endeavor to weaken no man's influence who appeared to be laboring in the cause of Christ, — not to multiply occasions of strife between Christians of different views, — to do all in his power to cherish kind affections among Christians, — to defend his character when any attempt should be made to cover it with suspicion, and this, as a means of preserving his usefulness in the world."

While he thus jealously watched for liberty and charity, his favorite and engrossing views were the practical views of religion. These, as was hinted when I spoke of his preaching, were severe, solemn, and strict, grounded on uncompromising views of the divine law, and on the gospel as a provision for sinners. His thoughts and representations of religion took their tone from this idea; and he had serious apprehensions of evil from what he supposed to be the tendency of the times to a lax and lenient administration of truth, — intellectual, refined, graceful, tasteful, and rhetorical, but not profound, earnest, spiritual. The controversies and divisions of the day on the one hand, aided by the increasing refinement of society on the other, seemed to him tending to this melancholy result, — to deprive the gospel of its nerve, and make preaching a holiday entertainment. "I cannot but entertain fears," he said, "that the public taste in our parishes is becoming too fastidious, too fond of mere novelties; of amusement in listening to preaching, rather than improvement. If it be so, our churches will decay, and the situation of clergymen become more and more deplorable. There can be no situation

more humiliating, than that of a minister who feels obliged to cater for a fastidious taste, who perceives that his standing with his people is made to depend upon amusing their fancy, not upon honest endeavors to save their souls."

In another passage he uttered forebodings on this subject, which have since begun to be extensively verified. "These are bad times for ministers. The whole moral atmosphere is in an unnatural state of commotion; the public taste is becoming more and more diseased. The time will come when brighter hopes will open on the church. I may not live to see them, but I will enjoy them in anticipation. In the mean time, ministers must feel and suffer the agitations which are going on, and which they have had a great hand in producing. They must labor, be reviled, be tossed from place to place, not knowing where they shall lay their heads, — if, peradventure, they can keep them sufficiently composed, to lay them for temporary repose any where. But great results are to be the fruit of severe labors and trials. We have no right either to complain or to despond. Duty is ours; events are God's."

He had great faith in the power, as well as in the truth, of his religious views. He was sure, as he well might be from his own experience, that they contain the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. But he did not conceal his anxiety, lest the causes which have been just referred to, and others of a less definable character, should create a want of simplicity and earnestness in preaching them. Upon this point he was accustomed to express himself strongly. "No sect can preserve its hold upon the public, which does not bring religion to the hearts of men, and connect itself strongly with their affections. No permanent bond of union can be formed between a people and a minister, unless it be strengthened by a deep conviction

that the minister either does them good, or earnestly labors for their good, as moral, religious, accountable, and immortal beings." He rejoiced heartily in all the measures that were taken for increasing the means of theological education. "We are in extreme want," he says, when writing on the subject, "of exertions to raise up rational preachers of the gospel." Ordinary, ill-appointed, half-educated men he looked upon as a serious impediment to the cause of truth, — feeling, as he once expressed himself in relation to a place in which he was interested, "If there must be a dunce or a drone at * * *, I prefer that he should be on the other side." When he saw in a minister any thing of the *petit-maître* and the selfish, he expressed himself in terms of still greater impatience. Not Cowper himself could exhibit a stronger abhorrence and contempt of such a character. If one had appeared to enter the ministry for the sake of its worldly respectability and ease; if he were mainly anxious to secure a reputation; if he seemed to be engaged in turning sentences, and contriving prettinesses, instead of dealing with plain and strong truths, — he did not disguise how much he was annoyed. He would urge the young men who occasionally preached for him, to discard all thought of what would be said of them, and all sensitive anxiety about the merit of their discourses. "Why do you not write a sermon," he would sometimes ask, "as you write a letter? Throw out your soul freely and warmly, without thinking of any thing else." "We must diminish our pride," he writes to a friend, "or rather, we must make our duty our rule, and obey its commands. Then we shall be satisfied with doing as well as we can, without bringing ourselves into comparison with others."

His own practice, in this respect, was in accordance with his principles "I have brought my mind," he used to say,

"to be satisfied with doing the best I can." He studied to find his reward in this, and to repress all feverish solicitude about consequences and reputation. He was very reluctant to receive commendation of his preaching, and he thought it of ill effect to hearers to be in the habit of giving it. One said to him, that a recent sermon was very good, and he trusted had done him good. "It is of no consequence," he replied, "that I should know you think it was a good one, and not at all worth while for you to express a hope that it will do you good. Never allow yourself to waste your feelings on expressions of this sort, but go quietly home, and take care that it shall actually do you good."

In 1815, he married Miss Susan Pickering, daughter of the chief justice of New Hampshire, who, with one son, survives him. Their only other child died in early infancy. His habits and tastes fitted him peculiarly to enjoy and adorn domestic life. The strength of his affections, and his love of simple pleasures, imparted a zest to the tranquil delights of home; and, being himself always cheerful and happy, he cast a perpetual sunshine upon all within his dwelling. Having but one child, he enlarged his circle of love and usefulness by extending a father's care to two children of his wife's sister, whom he reared as his own. In education he acted on the principle that every one should be thrown upon his resources as much as possible, and made to depend on his own strength. "Young persons should not be spared, but made to toil hard; one cannot learn to lay a stone wall," he would say, "by piling up feathers." Not that he would refuse any reasonable aid: and it may be serviceable to others to mention a method, which he occasionally adopted, of giving useful advice and suggestions respecting temper and conduct; namely, by writing on a bit of paper some maxim or precept, or moral

remark, and laying it, silently, where it might be found by the person whom he desired to influence.

The degree of doctor in divinity was conferred upon him by Bowdoin College in the year 1820. He delivered the Dudleian Lecture at Harvard University in 1824.

About the year 1821, he began to be sensible to a difficulty in the upper part of his nostrils, which troubled his breathing, and gave a little impediment to his speech. For some time, it was but a slight inconvenience; but it gradually increased till it became the occasion of severe suffering, and threatened to put a stop to his power of public speaking. He was obliged to submit himself to the instruments of the surgeon, and undergo the painful process of having the polypus, which had grown up in that tender region, forcibly torn away. The annoyance was removed only to grow again, and it became necessary to repeat the operation again and again; until at length it was frequently a part of his preparation for the pulpit to "resort to the tormentors," as he expressed it, and violently to clear out "his offending member." Unwilling to trouble another with so disagreeable a task, he learned to ply the instruments with his own hand; he kept them by him in his study, and inflicted on himself the bloody torture whenever the progress of the disease called for it. Of course his general health was affected by sympathy with this local disorder.

He was early aware of the dangerous tendency of his disease. He looked, however, to its effect rather on his power of usefulness, than on the duration of his life. In August, 1829, he says, in reply to the inquiry of a friend, "I have indeed felt at times oppressed by the calamity which I am called to endure. I have found it to be afflictive, not so much on account of the actual pains which it has occasioned me, as on account of the paralytic influence

which it has exerted over all my faculties, oppressing me with the consciousness that I am poorly able to perform the duties of a responsible station, — one in which much good might be done. But my people are kind and charitable toward me, and I bless God for it; but I cannot but feel at times as if I ought to give place to a more efficient man. My duty in this thing is not quite plain to me; and this is oppressive; yet I feel no disposition to complain, and I hope that I do what I can to be useful." And then, after remarking that he had that day gained relief "by submitting to have his offending member pass through the hands of the surgeons," he adds, "Health I do not expect; comfortable existence I may, I trust, hope for, without either guilt or presumption."

In June of the next year, 1830, he left home for the benefit of his health, and visited the springs at Saratoga. He did not much enjoy travelling, and was ill at ease in places of public resort. "I try all I can," he says, "to think it good for me to be here; but I have often enjoyed more pleasure in visiting a poor widow for half an hour, than I have received from all the novelties here. I do not intend," he adds, "to visit every battle-ground in my way. I hope to have my attention awake to whatever expresses the goodness or the grandeur of God; the marring and polluting of his works by human passions and strife I cannot be anxious to note."

During this excursion, he made a brief visit at Worcester, where he had resided during the period of his preparation for the ministry. The changes which nearly thirty years had made affected him. "I notice some," he says, "who were kind to me when I commenced my active life, and their dispositions are unchanged. Many, indeed, are gone beyond my ken, and I have passed my boyish days; but yet

I see in the richness of nature's scenes, in the coming forward of new actors, in the general improvement of the aspect of things, and the appearance of happiness, that, though change is going on, God is not ceasing to be good, and that I have abundant cause to trust in him and to rejoice in him."

He derived little or no benefit from the journey. "My health, I think, is no better. Had I not been heretofore mistaken in my prophecies, I should think that this disease would soon terminate my labors as a minister. This is the care of God, and with him I cheerfully leave it." His life had now become one long disease. At times he enjoyed comparative relief, maintained at all times his cheerful appearance and manner, and attended to the duties of his office. But he perceived himself to be a broken and decaying man. "I hope I do not complain of my trial," he writes in March, 1831, "though I am often painfully reminded, that I occupy a place which ought to be filled by an active, vigorous mind, not by one that is drowsy and paralytic; but I trust in God that I shall not be permitted to hang heavily upon my friends, or to injure a good cause; that I shall know my duties, and have grace to perform them."

In the succeeding October, he wrote as follows: —

"For myself, though I am never accustomed to think that all things are against me, the few months past have not been to me without a due portion of trials. My health has not been good, often wretched; yet I have been enabled to pass, though heavily, through my accustomed routine of duty. I have never been so sensible of the oppressiveness of duty; and many a time I have sighed to be relieved of all public responsibilities, and to find, in some retired spot, a place where, with books, rural occupations, and such friends as might feel interested in my welfare, I might pass quietly my destined period here. But such a spot is not within my

reach, and I doubt not that it is best that it should be so. I am blessed with a most affectionate people, who seem not yet wearied with me. They might be greatly improved, but to *me* they seem to constitute one of the best of parishes. They are fast falling away from me; but as they sink into the grave, they increase my confidence in the religion which it is my privilege to preach, and connect my affections more strongly with God and the future. Among those who yet stand around me, I am rejoiced to notice a grateful attention to the one thing needful. In no year of my ministry have so many been added to the church as during the present; yet there is no feverish state of feeling; all is calm and considerate. At present, my health is better than usual, and I have the prospect of passing a comfortable winter. You will say I ought to be happy, and so, I trust, I am."

In the spring of 1832, his disorder took a new turn, extending itself to the lungs, and threatening serious disease in that organ. He was obliged to relinquish preaching, and in August he visited the Isle of Shoals, for the benefit of the air and retirement. Secluded and barren as was this retreat, he found it not destitute of hints for devout thought. "The islands are indeed desolate," he writes, "but even here, God is not leaving himself without witnesses of his goodness. * * * He who is spreading so widely his goodness, is appointing my trial; it must, therefore, be for good." The thought of the kindness of his friends mingled with his sense of the goodness of God, while he mused and prayed in that lonely retirement, and strongly affected him. "The recollection of the many and persevering kindnesses of my friends, though it is precious to me, often entirely overcomes me." And again, in another letter: "My friends have been abundant in their kindness, and among

them you are entitled to more thanks than I can express — thanks, not merely for the wishes expressed for my personal welfare, during a season of trials, but for years of most exemplary assistance, in promoting the spiritual interests of my people, which are far more dear to me than the poor remnants of a life, which, at furthest, must soon close. I beg you to remember me most affectionately to all my friends, and to assure them that I am not insensible to their kindness. While I think of their goodness to me, I cannot but carry up my thoughts to the Inspirer of all goodness. He has been very merciful to me; and I cannot be too thankful that he has preserved my mind from gloomy distrust, and kept cheerful images before it. I cheerfully commit all to him; myself, my dear friends, all, I commit to him."

After returning from the Isle of Shoals, he visited Boston for the purpose of consulting the distinguished physicians of that city, and returned home somewhat encouraged respecting the prospect of continued life. It was at this time that he wrote to a friend in the following strain: "The prospect that my disease will soon come to a fatal issue, I do not consider so certain as I once did. It seems to me more probable, that I may be called to pass years of infirmity and uselessness; and I must confess that the anticipation is far more painful to me than that of a speedy death. But I will not distrust that merciful Being who has hitherto sustained me, nor the consolations which are in Christ Jesus. In my sickness I have been wonderfully supported; my mind has been preserved in great serenity, and my religious trust has not been for a moment shaken. Though there is at times a degree of fearfulness, when I look forward to the future trials which may await me, yet I am not cast down in the anticipation of them, but stay myself on

the promises of God, and submit myself to his disposal. All will be well, I doubt not."

At this time many of his friends were urgent that he should try the effect of a warmer climate, and begged permission to bear the expenses of his winter's residence in Cuba. But he said, "I cannot be convinced that it is my duty to leave home; and, at the risk of being thought unreasonable and obstinate, I shall remain among my friends." He accordingly passed the season in Portsmouth, but in such a state of weakness that, in March, he writes, "I have been into the street but twice since the middle of December, and then only to take a short ride." In May, he speaks of his health as "surprisingly and unexpectedly improved;" and for a few Sundays he was able to preach; but it was a transient revival. The summer passed away, and he gained nothing; and in September he writes, "It seems to me that I have not long to remain here; and I have a perfect confidence that I shall not be deserted; that all things will be well." This was the last letter which he wrote.

It was now for many months that he had been unable to discharge any public duty, excepting a few days in the spring, and that others had taken his place in the pulpit. To live useless had always been his dread; a burden to his friends and parish he had always resolved not to be. During, therefore, this long trial of languor and helplessness, his feelings had been exercised with no light struggle on the question whether he ought not to resign his ministry, and relieve his flock from the burden of his support. He felt that they could not bear the expense of two ministers, and he was unwilling to stand in the way of their obtaining a pastor with the health and efficiency which he had lost. The parish, on the other hand, clinging to him with devoted

gratitude and respect, could not think of a separation so long as his life should remain. They were anxious to give him every indulgence in their power, and to make that provision which should set his mind at ease. With this view, they determined to provide a colleague, who might divide with him the labors of the ministry; and having been so happy as to secure the services of Mr. Andrew P. Peabody, the 24th day of October was appointed for his ordination. But the days of the sufferer were numbered; and in vain did gratitude, friendship, and piety, prepare this alleviation for his cares. He lived to see the day which gave him a colleague; he saw the people that he loved, united under the charge of one whom they could trust; but as if the heart, which, for twenty-five years, had beat only in their service, could beat no longer when that service was thought to be no longer needed, he rapidly declined from this time; a new disease set in, and the hour of his departure drew nigh.

For many days there was nothing alarming in the affection from which he suffered, and it was supposed that his constitution would rally again, as it had done before. But on the morning of Wednesday, November 6, he intimated to his physician, that he felt his end approaching, and every hour rendered it more evident. In the midst of great suffering, so great that he spoke of it as "intense agony," he made the few necessary arrangements of his worldly affairs, and continued from this time without relief from bodily distress, but in great quietness, and even cheerfulness of spirit, until two o'clock, Friday morning, when he ceased to breathe.

It would be easy to say much respecting the manner in which he had borne the long trial of his disease, and of the state and expression of his mind in the near approach of *death.* It was all worthy of the religion which he had

preached, and a testimony to its power. It was all, at the same time, in perfect accordance with his own character; so that the same traits displayed themselves during debility and suffering, which had marked him in health and action. What was observed of him by a friend who was with him during the last few days of his life, was true of his whole illness; "all was natural, all was himself, his every-day self; yet there was a dignity and solemnity which was *felt*, if it was not seen by the common eye." This was in perfect accordance with the principles which had always governed him. He once said, when asked what he should do, if he were certain of dying in three or four days, — "Just what I am doing now, and intend to do to-morrow." And it was remarked by a friend, who saw him much during the days when he was actually waiting for death, that he was still doing the ordinary duty of every hour as it arrived, and interesting himself in the immediate gratification of his friends, as he would have done, if sure of a long life. But of formal declarations respecting his state of mind and feelings, he had as little now as when in health. What he said was incidental, "so that it is only by retracing general conversations, that any thing can be recalled." His soul betrayed itself in the demeanor rather than by the lips. When, however, some of his friends, with the desire, so natural to us, to learn from one's own testimony what is passing within, spoke to him on the subject, he answered them with his own frankness. About a week before his death, when several were sitting by him, one of them asked him whether he experienced the power of his faith as he had expected to do. He answered with emphasis, "I trust that I do." And in further conversation, though speaking with the greatest difficulty, he expressed the undisturbed serenity of mind which he enjoyed, and the confidence of his reli-

gious hope; adding, that if it were ever clouded for a moment, he had but to remind himself of the goodness of God, and all was bright again. He often said to one of his friends, "I have never felt myself forsaken for a moment, and I have no fear that I shall not be supported to the last." Any attempt to give him support by words of commendation he could ill bear. It was natural that his friends, in their desire to express what they felt toward him to whom they owed so much, should sometimes use strong language. He listened to it very impatiently, saying, "Do not call me good; I know my imperfections as no one else can." When it was replied, that he ought not to depreciate himself, he answered, that he certainly did not intend to do that; that he had the comfort of believing he had done some good, he thanked God for it, and desired that the glory might be given to him. With the same mixture of honesty and humility, he replied to the remark, that he had always endeavored to promote the happiness of those around him, "So far as I have had *distinct purposes*, it may be so."

Some idea of the manner in which he endured his sufferings, may be derived from the following extract of a letter: —

"I have often been with Dr. Parker, when he was suffering the severest distress; and though it was almost beyond endurance even to be with him and witness his distress, he nevertheless remained as calm and cheerful as though nothing whatever was the matter. If any thing was said, he would always, even while coughing so that it seemed almost as if his lungs must be torn in pieces, endeavor to put in a remark, though it might be only a word between each breath; and when too much exhausted for utterance, he would still turn upon you with a most sweet smile.

"I never saw him cast down but once; and that was the *first* Sunday in the year, a day which had always been one

of unusual interest to him, on account of the review which he had been accustomed to make on that day of the concerns of the church and parish of the preceding year, and the opportunity it afforded him of appealing forcibly to the consciences of his people, and producing a religious impression. It was the first time since his settlement that he had been deprived of the privilege of addressing his people on this occasion, and he felt it very sensibly. I went in to see him after the afternoon service, and was struck with the appearance of sadness on his countenance. I had been often before urging him to allow his friends to sit up with him at night; and I introduced the subject again. After I had pressed the matter considerably, setting aside all his objections, he at last came out with what, I doubt not, was that which weighed most deeply on his mind — 'He did not think it right to make other people suffer on his account.' 'Why, sir,' said I, 'your people would rejoice to be permitted the privilege of sitting with you; and if you will only give the word, I venture to say, there are fifty who stand ready to offer to-night.' His heart was already full; but the remembrance of his people's love was too much for him, and he leaned his face on his hand and wept. — Excuse me, my dear sir, for running out to this length; but it is a subject on which those who have seen much of Dr. Parker are not apt to say only a word or two." *

* Other particulars are recorded in the *Address to the Pupils of the South Parish Sunday School*, the Sabbath after his interment; and in the *Memoirs* of his life, published in the *Christian Examiner*, March, 1834, and in the *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, vol. iv. — It will be observed that in no instances have I enclosed in quotation marks the language attributed to Dr. Parker, excepting I was sure of the *very words*. Most of the citations are from his letters.

His body lies in that retired
had lately done much to caus
of sepulture; and thither ma
weep, while they rejoiced in t
which assured them that his s
A durable monument of stone
place where his dust reposes
be found in the volume whicl
teaching. Better than epitap
him to those who knew him n
memory and heart of those wl

A

SERMON

PREACHED AT THE INTERMENT OF

THE

REV. THOMAS PRENTISS,

MINISTER OF THE SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY IN CHARLESTOWN;

WHO DIED OCTOBER 5, 1817,

IN THE 25TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"We took sweet counsel together, and went to the house of God in company."

SERMON.

JOB XIV. 2.

"HE COMETH FORTH AS A FLOWER, AND IS CUT DOWN: HE FLEETH ALSO AS A SHADOW, AND CONTINUETH NOT."

How often, my hearers, is this verified before us! How frequently are we made to feel, by the melancholy events we witness, that the strong language of Scripture respecting the frailty of man, and the uncertainty of life, is not the mere language of imagination or the exaggeration of poetry, but the expression of simple fact. When we see, as we do now, the flower actually cut down, and the past vanished like a shadow, and fled like a dream, we are convinced that the images of holy writ are images of truth; that life is indeed a vapor, short as a watch in the night, swifter than the weaver's shuttle. The joyous aspect of the world we move in would make us forget it; the eager pursuit of business, the allurements of pleasure, the bustle, and the cares, and the thoughtless joys of existence, would crowd it from our minds; would make us believe that we have a strong hold upon life, a sure and abiding heritage. The miseries and afflictions of our fellow-men might, indeed, teach us differently; but, alas! how slight is the impression made by misfortunes which do not reach ourselves, and how soon worn away! The clouds which hang over the prosperity of others cast *no shadow* of their gloom upon us. The

knell has been so often heard, that it strikes upon unheeding ears, and has ceased to remind us of our own liability to evil. The affliction must come to our own circle — it must reach our near friends — it must touch ourselves; then only is the impression deep and lasting; then only are we, in any proper sense, *believers* in the short-lived nature of earthly good; then only are we ready *to act* in the conviction that all things are frail, and nothing permanent; that the delights of life are perishing, and life itself transitory; then, in the bitter anguish of bereavement, we exclaim, Vanity of vanities, all is vanity; man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble; born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; verily, at his best estate, he is altogether vanity; verily, there is nothing to which we can trust without fear of loss, nothing we can hope without fear of disappointment. Our pleasures fade at the touch; our morning schemes are frustrated before noon; and the friends who partook of our cheerfulness and hopes in the evening, are chilled by "the icy wind of death," before another morning. The day to which we have looked for gladness has often brought with it distress and troubles the most bitter and severe; and even the hopes which had their foundation in *religion* — the most virtuous designs of laboring for His glory who formed us, and the best good of our fellow-mortals — are cut off in their very infancy; and we see those, whom we might have supposed the great Father would delight to continue, that they might benefit and improve his children, snatched from the midst of duties they loved, and the good they were anxious to perform.

And we ask, Why are all things thus? Why thus frail, uncertain, and changing? Why is it that man must come forth as a flower, and be cut down — a flower exposed to blighting when it opens its earliest leaves, rarely suffered to expand to

its fulness, or fall by a regular and late decay? Why has the Almighty Parent ordained that the bright visions of happiness which we constantly see, and are doubtless capable of enjoying, should so often elude us as we attempt to grasp them; that our best-directed efforts for good should be so often baffled; that misfortunes should disconcert our best-laid schemes, and disappointment mock our most virtuous hopes?"

For an answer to such questions, we go to religion; and there the mind may find something to restore its tranquillity. Surely it is better that the good should be removed to a happier place, than that they should remain here forever; and since the removal occasions so much suffering, it is surely better that it should not be foreseen. The future is uncertain, because concealed; and we certainly should not wish to change that admirable provision of divine wisdom, by which it is concealed. For it is the eager pressing forward to what is yet uncertain and yet to be revealed, which gives so much animation, vivacity, and variety to life. And it is our blindness to the afflictions in reserve that enables us to meet and bear their distress without utterly sinking. How more than doubly wretched would be our lives, if we must foresee the pains and calamities awaiting us, without the ability to shun them, and be compelled slowly to approach them, shuddering with the full knowledge of their horrors, and repeating, many times in the anticipation, all the agony of the reality!

But here we are brought back to the question, Why any changes at all in our lot? Why is not the course of life unbroken by suffering, and not liable to be cut short by death? The question must be answered by the faith of Christianity, which tells us of the purposes of the perfect government of God, and of the infinite value of the future world. If we have

laid aside this faith in God and the Savior, then indeed we may ask and find no answer; then there is no balm for affliction; the hour of sorrow must be an hour of despair,—of darkness without any light at all. There are evils in the world, for which there is no sufficient remedy except that of religion; and the heart which cannot rest itself upon the anchor of immortality which God has provided will then sink without a stay, unconsoled and unconsolable. But with this, the uncertainty of happiness and of life may be borne with equanimity. For if God will assuredly bring good out of evil, what can it matter if we see it now, or only hereafter? If this be not our home, what can it matter if we be here for a longer or a shorter period? Compared to the whole of our being, the longest earthly existence is a trifle; and the sufferings we endure in this perishing house may be forgotten, or at least alleviated, in thinking of the happiness of our sure abiding-place.

Further, if we will look at the object of our present life, we shall acknowledge at once both the wisdom and mercy of this appointment. It is of importance ever to remember, that this is a state of preparation for a future world. But when life goes smoothly, we are sufficiently prone to forget it even in the present constitution of things. A short season of prosperity endangers our virtue, and is often too much for our piety. Even now, we see the great preparation deferred from time to time; the *hope* of life is sufficient to lull anxiety about its issue, and beget carelessness in duty. If, therefore, seventy years were our portion, and that portion uninterrupted by changes, how fatal would be the temptation to put aside the solemn business of religion, and drive from the mind the recollection of another state! How few would then devote their early days to virtue and to God, when they would be certain of time enough for

reformation, and when it would be quite as well to defer the business of repentance and piety till the relish for temporal enjoyment should be past, and their tottering limbs had borne them within sight of the tomb! Thus the uncertainty stamped upon all things, serves as a gracious warning against the seductions of sin, and prevents the circumstances of our trial from being too hard for us. We should acquiesce cheerfully in an appointment which has called back from the path of destruction so many wanderers; has restored so many, that were nigh being lost, to usefulness and reputation; has so often turned the balance between God and the world, and given to the church of Christ so many, who might otherwise have gone to their final destination thoughtless, if not vicious.

We are then permitted, my hearers, to see something of the wisdom and mercy of this system of change, uncertainty, and disappointment. And therefore, whatever severity of affliction it may now or at any time occasion, whatever hope it may destroy, God forbid that we should indulge in murmuring; for we know it to be part of the great plan of Infinite Wisdom, in its whole tendency infinitely good. And so long as we have that blessed gospel, which reveals, from our Father, that the darkness of the present is connected with the brightness of the future, we may feel assured, that the vicissitude of temporal things, and the overthrow of present expectations, are salutary parts of the discipline which prepares us for final happiness; and, having this assurance, we may, in some measure at least, "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation." So long as God hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, we may smile in the midst of grief, and feel that there is one hope, at least, which shall not disappoint us.

The occasion of our meeting is such, that it was not

easy to avoid these reflections. They are the train of thought into which the mind naturally runs. The feelings of this people, and of these friends to-day, are those of disappointed hope; hope bitterly disappointed. Their hearts have sickened at the sudden overclouding of bright prospects, and the premature closing of labors whose benefits they had thought to reap for many years. The spirits of none of us have yet recovered from the shock they felt, when we first learned that so young a man, just entering the career of active usefulness in society, and the interesting duties of the Christian ministry, upon whom the affections of so large a circle were resting, and to whom so many souls were looking as to a guide in their dearest interests, had been taken, almost without warning, from the place that he loved. A dreary void is left, where his presence was so much valued, and so many hearts were warmed by his services. When we, therefore, pay our last tribute to his remains, can it be without sad meditation on the uncertainty of earthly good? It is but six short months since we assembled here to welcome him to his labors, and with joyful hearts pray for his life and prosperity. And now that on the same spot we see the end of that day's solicitude, can we forget how mournfully we have been disappointed? We saw him planted here in the court of our God, verdant and flourishing, a plant on which was a rich promise of fruitfulness. The wind passed over, and he is gone. Thus doth God destroy the hope of man; thus doth he warn us that our work may be already accomplished, when we imagine it just commencing.

The value of our friend's services, as well as the real worth of his character, is best known to you, with whom he spent the few last months of his life. To you his memory is deservedly dear; for he was all that you could ask of

Heaven in a faithful and affectionate pastor. But of his previous history there is little to be said. His life has been tranquil and void of incident, as it has been short; uninterrupted, except by the usual vicissitudes of human lot, and with few changes, but such as are common to man. He was the son of a clergyman, whose memory is honored as that of a sincere, able, and pious minister, distinguished among his brethren, faithful to his people, and beloved in the circle of his friends. Under him, in the silent and gradual progress of education, our friend acquired his knowledge and love of our holy religion. The impressions received in childhood appear never to have faded from his mind; and they gradually formed his dispositions for the sacred work in which he finally engaged. After the usual preparation, he pursued his education at our university, and received its honors in the year 1811. While there, he maintained a respectable character, and passed through its various scenes of temptation, not only free from vice, but exempt even from many of the follies in which youth are prone to indulge. His religion appears to have always constituted part of his character; and it doubtless was what restrained him from treading the borders of that forbidden ground, where many would have thought themselves safe, and preserved him from the shame and remorse which are the consequences of even thoughtless sins, when the sinner is repentant.

If such were the influence of religion upon himself, it is not strange that he should be willing to devote his talents and acquirements to its service, and desire to extend its influence over others. He accordingly commenced his preparation for the ministry within a year after completing his academic course. He preached with great acceptance in many of our churches; and in the month of February last,

he received a cordial and very gratifying invitation to settle as pastor of this church, having also, about the same time, been called to the charge of another church in this vicinity. The short interval that has since elapsed has proved that he was not unworthy of the confidence thus expressed toward him. He has been active in the duties of his office; interested and diligent in his public services; attentive and affectionate in the pastoral cares; and has received, in rather uncommon measure, the return of esteem and love from his people. They were his earthly reward; but it was not the will of his Father that he should enjoy them long. By a short and sudden illness, he has called him to his home — an illness the more distressing, as it affected the powers of his understanding, and kept him bewildered in delirium. Yet in the intervals of reason, he felt conscious that his end was approaching, and collected his spirit to meet it with resignation and faith — resignation and faith, which have such power over the soul in its darkness; and which, having sustained his spirit in its flight, must now come to the bosoms of the survivors, to make them firm in the Lord, and the hope of his glory.

The character of our departed friend was such as became a Christian. He was a diligent man; a benevolent man; a pious man. Without possessing uncommon powers of mind, or those extraordinary attainments in learning which strike us with astonishment, he had those faculties, and had made those acquirements, which fitted him with more certainty for usefulness in the station he was to fill. He had a sound mind, a careful judgment, and an entire freedom from that precipitancy, either in judging or acting, which is sometimes ruinous to the best intentions. Perhaps the quality of Christian prudence was his in particular perfection, which made him to be one in whom you could altogether

confide, and who would never disappoint you by doing any thing wrong or ill-judged. With this, he made a conscience of his duties, public and private; performing them at once from the love of them, and from their being the work appointed him by Providence. I cannot, in short, say any thing better of him, than that I believe he had the true spirit of the Christian ministry, and would have been a blessing in this place by his fidelity and activity, if it had pleased God that he should grow old in it. I think I knew him well; and there were in him qualities of goodness, and promises for the future, which could only be discovered to those with whom he was intimate; for he had a thorough dislike of all the parade and pretence of goodness.

Of the characteristics of his religion it is sufficient to say, he was a practical Christian, and valued practical Christianity more than speculative. Yet he inquired after truth with independence of mind, and held his opinions with modest firmness, as accountable only to God. But he was no bigot; and, thinking that a minister of the Lord Jesus has more important duties than to engage the minds of common men in doubts and disputes upon speculative questions, he had determined to speak of them but seldom; and to make them give place, both in his public and private teaching, to the principles which may be applied in common life, and operate on the heart and conscience. He doubted not that, if he could promote among his people love to God and love to men, the whole law would be fulfilled by them, and he should accomplish the design of his commission, as herald of the gospel salvation. With this object he commenced his labors; and to this end, no doubt, he would have continued to labor. But he was not permitted. Providence will give his labors to other instruments; and, though the church is in mourning, and friend-

ship may lament, yet it is God who has removed him — we trust to higher employments.

We mourn over the hopes which by this event are cut off. I do not say *his* hopes; for although he, doubtless, had those which were near and precious, yet his chief and final hopes were in the world to which he has gone; and we doubt not he has gone to enjoy them. But there are hearts bleeding because he is torn from them; which will long and deeply lament the exemplary son, the affectionate brother, the faithful friend. We do not intrude upon their grief; for while the heart is full, there is no sympathy like that of silence. We only say, Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, and ye also believe in Christ; the providence of God, and the gospel of Jesus, are full sources of consolation; and while they are full, ye may not sorrow as those without hope.

With the brethren of the church and society we sincerely sympathize. We know with what feelings you must contemplate the close of your fond anticipations, this mournful change of the joy with which you rejoiced in a pastor, in all respects fulfilling your wishes, and with a character suited to your circumstances, as if expressly formed for them by Providence. Short, indeed, has been the period of your union; and we look back upon it as upon a dream. Little did I think, when I stood in this place to express to our departed brother the fellowship of the churches, and to congratulate you and him upon an event so deeply and permanently to affect your religious interests, that I should so soon return to speak the last farewell over his remains. O, where is the gladness of that hour! Where is the warmth of the hand which then pressed mine, and of the heart which opened to our expressions of Christian good-will! And when we have since met together, and

conversed of our plans for the prosperity of the churches, and the good of our fellow-men, little indeed could we think that the one would be so soon taken from these schemes of the future, and the other left, weeping over his ashes, to pursue them alone. But such is the will of God — blessed that he gave him to us, and no less blessed, we devoutly believe, that he has taken him to himself. Blessed be his name, that, although he cannot return to us, we, my brethren, may go to him; and if you valued his services, I doubt not you will be anxious to prepare for a renewal of your connection with him. If you would show your respect for his memory, live as he would have urged you to live; imitate all that you saw good in him; slight not the loud warning which speaks from his tomb; and above all, make that gospel, whose worth he has pressed upon you, your perpetual study and guide. "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord endureth forever." And this is the word which he hath preached unto you.

To my fathers and brethren in the ministry, I will say, only, we have reason to mourn the unexpected breach which God has made in our number. We mourn this young friend and assistant, because we have seen, in what he was, the promise of what he would have been; and because we remember the fearful rapidity with which death makes its inroads upon our circle. We were watching with anxious hearts the progress of disease in our brethren at a distance, and little imagined we should first mourn here. What a shifting circle is ours! How multiplied the warnings of our frailty! How many our calls to devotion, to watchfulness, to zeal! We seem to stand among the earliest exposed to be called to their account, and must, therefore, stand prepared. God best knows when the labors he has appointed are accomplished; and, blessed be his name, he has made them no

less full of satisfaction than of anxiety; while at the end of the course is laid up a crown of life and of righteousness for all who have kept the faith, and fought the good fight, and love his appearing. O that we might indeed be found watching, since all on this side the grave is so fleeting, and all beyond so glorious!

To the assembled congregation I would say, You have come up hither to behold the end of man, and witness the close of human expectations. *There* is all that remains of youth, and health, and talents, and virtue, and the strong wish to do good. Will you go away, and learn no lesson, receive no warning? Will you go back to your business and your pleasures without casting one thought forward to your own dissolution, or suffering yourselves to be made serious by the recollection that you, too, are mortal? and that, while the shafts of death are flying so thickly around you, you may be removed as unexpectedly? Do not forget all that you know of the uncertainty of this world, and the everlasting importance of that which is to come. Remember that life is a season, not of pleasure, but of preparation; a short season; an uncertain season; that *religion* — to be attended to *here* — is the passport to felicity hereafter. O that you were wise — that you would understand this — that you would consider your latter end!

SOBER THOUGHTS

ON THE

STATE OF THE TIMES,

ADDRESSED TO THE

UNITARIAN COMMUNITY,

1835.

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TWENTY years of controversy have just passed by. It has been a season, we may suppose, much like that of all controversies; but it has had its own characteristics, and, what is worthy of special observation, it is likely to be followed by more distinct and lasting results than generally happens. A theological discussion of great severity is oftentimes carried on for years, and yet it would be difficult to trace its consequences any where, excepting in the books which have been written, and which are themselves soon forgotten. But in the present instance, a broad mark has been left upon the very face of society; a permanent change has been effected in some of its institutions, and in the relations of its members. For it has been one of that series of struggles for liberty and light, which began at the opening of the Reformation in Germany, three hundred years ago, and which is pushing on step by step toward the completion of that immortal work. Society advances in opinion, in knowledge, in institutions, by some great effort of its powerful minds, and then pauses for a time, as if to secure and consolidate what is gained. Then another effort, agitation and advancement, and again another pause. During these

pauses it may seem stationary; it may even appear to the apprehensive mind retrograde; but it is certainly true that revolutions do not go backward; and though the tide of improvement, as it rolls up its glorious waves, may appear to be occasionally retreating, it is only to gather up its might, and come on with a firmer swell; while Dame Partington and all her maids brandish their ancient mops in vain.

It is the rolling in upon the shore of one of these larger swells that has attracted our attention during the last twenty years. The Reformation has been making a vigorous advance. The commotion has been extensive, the tossing has been fearful, the alarm and bustle of those exposed to the spray have been loud and earnest. At length the height of the swell seems to have passed. There are symptoms of greater quiet and repose. To change the figure, the heat of the warfare is over; the great battle has been fought; and it is time to look about us, and see what is the result, where the world stands, and what use is to be made of the losses and the acquisitions of the contest. I know no more instructive inquiry to the impartial seeker of truth. Who will undertake the investigation? Perhaps the day for it is not yet fully come: in order to a satisfactory decision, we must perhaps wait for the termination of several most interesting discussions in various unconnected portions of the Christian church, which are now in fervent progress, — all of them growing out of the great action of the principles of the Reformation, all a part of the mighty struggle of the times for liberty and light, all portending salutary change throughout the religious world, and giving to the thoughtful observer auspicious pledges of the sure advent of a day of complete and established reform. "Let the people praise thee, O Lord! let all the people praise thee!"

It is no part of my design to look at the whole of this

most extensive subject. I confine myself to that division of the church which has stood in the front rank during the recent contest, which has carried farthest the principles of the Reformation, and has consequently suffered (as the leading corps in this cause have always done) from the suspicions, the opposition, and the anathema of the general body of the believers. The majority of those who have reformed to a certain extent has always been seriously inimical to those who desire to reform further. "They have come to a period in religion," to quote the significant expression of the immortal Robinson, and they call it Orthodoxy. To go a step farther, and read the next sentence, is heresy, and heretics, of course, are not to be tolerated. This intolerable class, at the present age, is that of Unitarians. They are desiring to press the Reformation beyond the orthodoxy of the present times, just as the Puritans desired to press it beyond the orthodoxy of the English church, and are therefore to be regarded and treated no better than those unfortunate schismatics were treated by the powerful sects around them. Happily, indeed, no *secular* persecution is possible in these days; but doubtless the wicked Puritans of King James's time were not worse, in the eyes of the monarch and the church, than the wicked Unitarians now are in the view of the leading powers in church and state.

The recent controversy has been, not simply a discussion of opinions, but a contest for rights; it has involved questions of reputation for piety, claim to the Christian name, and, in some instances, questions of property. It has been the cause of various trying changes in the domestic and social relations; it has rent asunder long-united communities; it has touched, in all parts of the land, and sometimes with a most ungentle hand, many of the tenderest interests and charities of life. With so many circumstances and occa-

sions of exasperation, is it strange that it sometimes, on both sides, took an unhappy tone of bitterness and recrimination? Are we to wonder, when the excited disputant sat down to his task of argument or defence, and remembered that not only his most sacred opinions were to be shielded, but that momentous results of immediate, tangible good and ill, happiness and wretchedness, were at stake, — are we to wonder that he sometimes spoke too warmly, accused too fiercely, answered too indignantly, and was over-valiant in the use of provoking and irritating missiles? There is much of this to be lamented and forgiven on both sides. Must I not add, there were some specimens of debate so coarse, so insulting, so unprincipled, so after the school of the great calumniator, rather than that of Christ, that the writers themselves can look back upon them only with astonishment and abhorrence? We had been accustomed to plume ourselves on the decency and politeness of the age. We had quoted the base vulgarities of Luther and Calvin, as the strange ill manners of a semi-barbarous century, impossible to be permitted in the more decorous intercourse of modern society. Alas! we were made bitterly to know that no refinement of the age can prevent the atrocities of speech by which a malignant and exasperated bully delights to vent his own depravity of heart, and flatters himself that men will call it zeal. Let such things be forgiven; but let a mark of reprobation be put on them; let them be hung up in conspicuous places, as a warning to those who shall be called to the next contest, that it is required of a man that he *contend lawfully*, and put away from him *all bitterness, clamor, wrath, evil-speaking, and malice.*

Yet, upon the whole, there is much upon which the mind may look back with satisfaction and devout gratitude. Those to whom I write will not fail to recognize the hand

of a wise and gracious Providence in much of the fiery trial through which they have been called to pass. "If the Lord had not been on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth." We have much to be thankful for, in the manner in which the discussion, on the whole, was conducted; for the vigor, manliness, strength, and sobriety, — for the fairness, seriousness, love of truth, and spirit of piety, by which it was sustained and imbued; and for the lofty eloquence of faith, and fervent attachment of heart, with which the SOUL of Christianity — its vital and life-giving essence — was clung to, advocated, appealed for, in the midst of this confounding din about the outworks of opinion. Now that it is so far past, let us gratefully adore the goodness which has brought us through, purified, improved, and advanced as a people, rather than consumed, dwindled, deteriorated. We had a conscientious and extreme dislike to controversy. We dreaded its operation as a blight on the kindliness of the affections and the devoutness of the spirit. We entered its perilous way with anxious alarm. But we now find that our fears did not prophesy truly. Piety has not decayed, religion has not languished, the charities of life have not perished. On the contrary, we seem to have clasped the more closely to our bosom the spiritual treasures of our faith, and to have valued them more highly than ever. We tested and felt anew their unspeakable worth. And, probably, practical and vital religion was never more esteemed and prevalent, than at this very time, when we are issuing from a storm which seemed destined to destroy it.

This, then, is the present aspect of our religious affairs. We have discussed with our differing brethren the doctrines

respecting which we differed, and the questions are at rest. *The result is, that we are a community by ourselves.* When we began the debate, we were members of the general Congregational body, communicants at the same tables, and sheep under the same shepherds. (I speak in general terms.) Now, a separation has taken place. We have our own congregations, our own ministers, our own institutions and instruments of religious improvement. It is a crisis of unspeakable interest to us. We are deeply concerned to know what is the character and power of those institutions, what the nature and operation of our distinctive faith, and how far we are faithful representatives, advocates, stewards, of that pure and glorious gospel on whose behalf we have been allowed to contend.

I feel oppressed with the magnitude and solemnity of the question I am approaching. I have looked at it in some moments of retired thought, when I could get far enough from the distracting bustle of this world's interests to perceive the worth of higher things, and have been overwhelmed, as I mused, at the vastness of the considerations here involved. I fear that those most concerned are too insensible to them. I fear that the god of this world is blinding their eyes to the tremendous responsibilities of their position. I know myself to be habitually so careless and unalive to it all, that I am alarmed lest we should be found all sleeping together in a fatal security; and I pray for strength to be able to set forth something of the truth, and to draw to it the attention of my fellow-believers.

I must begin with a statement respecting our community, which is necessary to be carefully considered, in order to a just appreciation of what shall follow. We are familiar with the distinction between *real* and *nominal* Christians. Every sect, every congregation, has its nominal adherents,

— those, namely, who, from birth, or residence, or policy, or other accidental circumstances, are attached to it, but are not deeply pledged to it as a matter of conscience and salvation. There are such nominal Christians every where. They are found in our community, as well as in others. Generally speaking, they are regarded in any community, not as a part of the actual, efficient force of the camp, nor as the fair representatives of the character and principles of the body. *Neither are they to be accounted such in ours;* — and this is a position to be insisted on. It unavoidably happens, from the circumstances of the case, that our community is encumbered with rather an unusual proportion of these irregular adherents; and it is a fact, not only not to be overlooked, but to be carefully explained, if we would understand aright our situation and our duties.

Let us recollect, then, that there are among us two classes of congregations, — the old and the new, — originating under different circumstances, and existing beneath different influences. The old congregations are, many of them, equal, in point of antiquity, to the country itself; they have very gradually receded from the Orthodoxy of the forefathers, and have become what they are without passing through any period of effervescence or convulsion. Such societies, in point of steadfastness, order, and general quietness of faith, do not differ from other old societies. But the new congregations have been the creation of the times. They have been formed by schism and secession; and, like all seceders, have something of a spirit not perfectly accordant with the best condition of personal religion. Some of them are the offspring of an open rupture and a violent contest with friends and neighbors, when the spirit of religion was mingled with personal animosity. Some have more calmly withdrawn from the places in which they were brought up, where

they had long silently listened to doctrines which they disbelieved, and had sat, for the sake of peace, among religionists with whom they had no sympathy. They have always been in opposition to the minister, and to the current theology, of the place; consequently, they have received into their souls none of those wholesome influences which come from early attachment to the institutions of the gospel, and are very likely to be void of that deep sense of their worth and necessity, which leads men to struggle for them and maintain them, at any cost and at some sacrifice.

And, next, in all our congregations, and throughout every part of the country, there is a class of men who have attached themselves to us simply because we are not Orthodox; men who dislike Calvinism, but like nothing else; who think religion a good thing, that ought to be supported, and are glad to find some form which they can support, different from that which they have been taught heartily to hate. They are anti-Calvinists, anti-Orthodox, anti-zealots, anti-every thing severe and urgent in religion. They will not forsake it, because to do so would put them out of good society; indeed, they are not without a vague traditional respect for it. They maintain a pew in the church for the same reason that the worldly-minded merchant asks his minister to say grace when he has company to dine. It is decent, and is expected of him. Such men are found among the loose hangers-on of every sect. A sect in the church militant is made up like an army going forth to war. There is the select body of the wise and hearty, who enter zealously into the merits of the cause, and give themselves to it soul and body. There is the larger number of considerate and faithful adherents, bound to it unflinchingly, but who are merely followers of the opinions of their betters, and take on themselves none of the responsibility of judging

the merits of the case, or deciding on the propriety of the measures. There is still another class, who care little about the matter, who are in this army merely because it so happened, but are no more interested in its movements or success, than as they increase or diminish their own personal comforts. And, lastly, there are the loose retainers of the camp, now here, now there, now nowhere, who like the protection of the flag and swell the numbers of the march, but who own no allegiance, perform no service, and are but a pestilent hinderance to those who are earnest in the cause. Such men, I say, are hanging about the skirts of every sect, — they hang about ours; would to God we could make good Christians of them! they are far enough from it now.

There are others, too, far enough from being good Christians; forward and respectable men, who, for worldly reasons merely, whether of public good or of personal credit, take a zealous part in the secular concerns of the congregation, and identify all its interests with their own character, — very earnestly devoted to a cause to which they bring disrepute by their own characters, — sincerely wishing to strengthen the hand of religion, and by the very act calling forth the sneers of the ungodly, and encouraging the ribaldry of the vain. Would to God that such men would either leave the ark of the Lord to itself, or purify themselves before they touch it!

It is sometimes made occasion of reproach that such men are found to attach themselves to our societies. But very unreasonably; for, as I said, they are to be found attached to every sect: every sect numbers among its followers many merely nominal Christians, and many worldly, irreligious men. The agitations of the times may have cast a larger proportion of these into our ranks than into those of the more popular sects. If so, it is precisely what has

always happened, and must happen, in regard to those denominations which distinguish themselves in the contest for liberty. It is precisely what took place at the Reformation. At that time, the Reformed church, struggling for liberty, was obnoxious to this same reproach, and was accused as tauntingly of protecting the lax and irreligious, as the Unitarian church now. Any reform which is urged on the principle of greater freedom of mind will be open to the same accusation; for it will be favored by many worthless men who are strenuous advocates for *liberty*, but care nothing for virtue. At the beginning of the Reformation in England, it was a common saying, "The farther from Rome, the nearer to God;" and under shelter of this, multitudes were glad to go as far as possible from the good things of Rome, no less than from the evil. Bishop Burnet tells us, respecting those days, that "the irregular and immoral lives of many of the professors of the gospel gave their enemies great advantage to say, that they ran away from confession, penance, fasting, and prayers, only that they might be under no restraint, but indulge themselves in a licentious and dissolute course of life." It is to be expected that irregular and licentious men should thus take advantage of the state of the times; but their doing so should create no prejudice against the cause itself. It is, however, one of the circumstances to be taken into solemn consideration in our judgment respecting the position which we occupy, and the duties which are imposed upon us.

Such is a cursory view of the condition in which we stand at the close of the struggle, which has made us a distinct denomination among the churches of our land. Thus do we stand before the world, just three centuries after the beginning of the Reformation, at the moment when we have been striving to do our share toward carrying its great principles into complete effect.

It is a moment for pausing to look around us, a crisis of unspeakable interest. It is now to be tried and known what are the power and worth of the principles for which we have been contending. It is to be seen whether we are willing to ADORN the doctrine we have secured to ourselves; whether we can LIVE for our faith, as well as fight for it; whether we will struggle as hard for the *character*, as we have done for the *name*, of Christians. It is impossible that the present state of things should not powerfully affect the all-important questions of personal religion, and call for strenuous exertions of duty on those who are thus subjected to a peculiar responsibility.

Character is, in a great measure, the offspring of circumstances. The action and results of principles are greatly modified by circumstances. In order to employ principles in such a manner as to secure their intended results, we must ascertain the nature and influence of the circumstances which affect their action. The men who, in one age of the world, show themselves under a certain aspect because necessarily moulded by the pressure of the age, would become of a wholly different stamp if subjected to the impressions of a later period; and the principles, whose action, being opposed by, or combined with, that of a certain state of society, leads to unhappy results, might become, in another state of society, the spring of all that is generous and great. Accordingly, it has been remarked, that the Puritan character, though such as could be formed only beneath Christian influences, is yet a character which will never appear again upon earth, because the very peculiar circumstances of that astonishing period can never be precisely repeated. Every period has its own circumstances, modifying in some way the operation of universal principles, and thus producing a character of its own; every subdi-

vision or subordinate circle in society modifies it still further, and produces another variety of the general character.

He that is wise seeks to ascertain what are these circumstances, and to use them or thwart them in such manner as shall bring about the best result on his own character. Every wise community will do the same.

Let us look at the Unitarian community, with this reference to the circumstances in which it is placed. What has it assumed as the universal principles of truth and duty? and how is their practical operation affected by the posture of the times? and what are the peculiar obligations thence resulting? I could not answer these questions in a volume; in this pamphlet I only pretend to hint at an answer.

In respect to *principles*, what is most worthy of observation seems to me this: It professes to have adopted as the universal principles of truth and duty those fundamental, everlasting principles, which are received by all Christians as the basis and substance of their faith, and which comprise the essence of all religion, morality, and philosophy. The process by which these principles are arrived at is very simple. It has, in following out the doctrines of the great Lutheran reform, stricken off from its list of theological articles those which were *peculiar* to the Romish church, and had made that church distinctively what it was; then, it removed those which formed the *peculiarities* of the Lutheran and the Calvinistic bodies; then it set aside those which were peculiar to the Church of England, and the Kirk of Scotland; and, in a word, it excluded whatever, in any one narrow body of believers, formed *the distinctive badge of that body*, — Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, Swedenborgian, &c., — reserving to itself whatever, by being found in each, was proved to be common in all. All that *illustrious* and unquestionable truth, which is so divine, so

essential, so undeniable, that no one of those numerous companies of the holy and good has been led by any philosophy or interest to withhold assent from it; all that glorious and comforting doctrine, which brings to consent and sympathy the purified spirits of our Pascals, Leightons, Doddridges, Wesleys, Cappes, and Penns, — this, separated from all accompanying admixtures, is that truth which the Unitarian community professes to receive as the binding, authoritative guide to the human soul. This is that to which the study of the Scriptures, unbiased by the authority of ages or of churches, naturally conducts. It places those who receive it at once in harmony with all the diversities of the church, as respects the essentials of religion, and in contrast to them, as regards the non-essentials. As if the sacred metal of truth having been coined up for current use by the different Christian peoples with various proportions and qualities of alloy, this people had proposed to separate from it, and cast away those meaner ingredients, and receive in circulation none but the original and unadulterated.

This is the IDEA. This is what they profess to desire, and to aim after. This is the image of full attainment, the mark of the high calling in Christian doctrine which is set up before us. Not that it has ever been reached; not that, in any community among us, this great perfection has been realized. Far from it. It is the glorious aim of many, but probably the actual attainment of none. And when we consider how glorious it is, and what incitements we have to strive after it, it is mortifying and humbling to observe how far short of it even they fall who have the clearest perception of its grandeur and excellence.

Indeed, is it not too true, that the very process of mind through which this *pure faith* is to be sought and attained,

— the process of comparing, and discussing, and discriminating, and sifting, — is, in some respects, unfavorable to a due appreciation of its worth when attained? For it is the unhappy consequence of controversy to exaggerate the importance of the disputed doctrines; to draw to them a disproportionate attention; to give to them an undue prominence; and to dismiss from their proper place in the thoughts, those which ought to be the predominating and regulating truths. There is no doubt that it has so happened in the case before us. Strongly as men have been persuaded that the *common* and not the *disputed* truths are of essential and vital moment, yet, as it is the *disputed* which have necessarily been kept prominent during the long discussion, the feelings have been too much kept hovering about them, and prevented from fervently dwelling on the verities of acknowledged supremacy. Thus it is easy to see how the habit may arise of rejoicing with ardent sincerity in the possession of this light, and yet devoting more thought to what is undoubtedly of inferior moment.

Herein, I must remark, by the way, is one of the infelicities under which this particular controversy has laid, beyond most of those which have agitated the Christian world. It has turned upon points of philological interpretation and metaphysical discrimination, which, however they may satisfy the head, have little in them to excite the fervors of the heart; and yet, being connected with all those holiest words and ideas about which the heart ought to have its deepest fervors, has directly tended to check and chill its natural warmth. Not so was it in some of the other remarkable contests of the church; not such the points for which Methodism contended, and the Quietists and Quakers suffered. They fell on other days, and were thrown into *other* channels of thought, which did less to separate the

subjects of their debate from those of their rightful affection; and in this were they more happy than we. I do not say it to excuse our remissness; God forbid! but to point out one unhappy circumstance of the times, to the hurtful influence of which we ought to be keenly alive.

To return, then, to the point from which I may seem to have been departing; — never was it given to a company of believers to be united by constitution or bond so dignified and admirable as this, when understood according to its true idea. It is the naked heart, the inmost core of Christian truth, separated from every addition with which human ignorance, error, ambition, or superstition, had connected it. A famous sect of philosophers there anciently was, who thought to arrive at true wisdom by selecting from all the schools what seemed truest in each, and uniting them in a new system. But the purpose of these modern Eclectics is better still, — to reject what is peculiar to each school, and retain that radical and seminal central truth, which Christ proclaimed from heaven; — to bow to no human wisdom, be led by no finite will, governed by no fallible authority, — but to be free, absolutely and unreservedly, from all constraint upon thought, inquiry, conscience, faith, except the constraint of the revealed Word, and the willing allegiance of the conscientious mind. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more sublime position for man or angel, in earth or heaven, than this, — that of a spirit erect and independent, owning no control but that of the Being which made it, and to him and his will surrendered without reserve.

This is the result to which the sublime principles of the Reformation conduct. Those principles insist on freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, independence of human control, in the strictest sense.

They permit and require every man to inquire of the Scriptures, and decide for himself — with unqualified submission to God, with absolute independence of man. That denomination has most consistently adhered to them, which has thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ.

If I understand the subject aright, this is what Unitarianism claims to have done. What a responsibility does it imply! What honesty of mind, what singleness, directness, and steadfastness of will, what resolute allegiance to conscience and God, does it demand of its disciples! It might be excusable for other men to inquire dilatorily for truth, and with an indolent foot follow the path of their convictions; for they have cast a portion of their responsibility upon others, and professedly learn much from human teachers. But for those who claim to be free from the interference of every human mind, to plant their faith and risk their salvation on the word of God alone, — they are guilty of most inexcusable madness, if they stop short at any secondary knowledge, if they do not draw industriously from that infinite fountain, if they be not as absolutely subjected to God as they are freed from man. For the object of their liberty is not, that they may follow wildly their own momentary and undisciplined impulses, — that they may take up and lay down at pleasure the thoughts and pursuits which expediency may suggest. They are set free from the control of man, as the planets are, that they may the more exactly and blissfully observe the true orbit appointed by their Maker; made free by the truth, that they may obey the truth, by the truth be sanctified, and thus arrive at that only honor which a rational soul should desire, or in which it can find its well-being.

Has any one fully realized this great idea in his own

mind and history? Is there any ONE who has been thus gloriously true to his trust? Let us believe that there have been many such. We think that we have known them,—some, shining out illustriously to brighten and shame the world—some, in the humblest retirements of life, to call forth the admiration and eulogy of the few who see them there, and who marvel that God should not have placed them on high among men. Let us hope that there are many beyond what is supposed, who have arrived at this singular attainment. But does it characterize any *community?* Do we see the community, which bears upon its very front the token of this holy and resolute independence, which is imbued throughout with this heavenward and indefeasible allegiance to conscience, unswayed by human opinion, reputation, and fashion, consecrated to duty, and sacrificing to duty all selfish and worldly ends? Do we see the community, which has so thrown off the dominion of man, that it is led neither in its opinions nor its practices by the fluctuating standard of the popular breath, but is palpably subject to the supreme and unbending law of God? I think not. Liberty of thought and opinion is strenuously proclaimed; in this proud land it has become almost a wearisome cant; our speeches and journals, religious and political, are made nauseous by the vapid and vain-glorious reiteration. But does it, after all, *characterize any community among us?* Is there any one to which a qualified observer shall point, and say, "*There*, opinion is free?" On the contrary, is it not a fact, a sad and deplorable fact, that in no land on this earth is the mind more fettered than it is here? that here, what we call public opinion has set up a despotism such as exists nowhere else? Public opinion—a tyrant, sitting in the dark, wrapped up in mystification and vague terrors of obscurity; deriving power no one

knows from whom; like an Asian monarch, unapproachable, unimpeachable, undethronable, perhaps illegitimate, but irresistible in its power to quell thought, to repress action, to silence conviction, — and bringing the timid perpetually under an unworthy bondage of mean fear to some impostor opinion, some noisy judgment which gets astride on the popular breath for a day, and controls, through the lips of impudent folly, the speech and actions of the wise.

From this influence and rule, from this bondage to opinion, no community, as such, is free, though, doubtless, individuals are. But your community, brethren, based on the principles which you profess, is bound to be so. Each for himself in faith, each for all in action; men to be loved and served, but not to be followed or obeyed; no master but Christ, no Father but God; — these are your maxims. Man seems something more than human when these principles are stated; but he becomes something less, if, professing them in form, he falsify them in fact.

As I am writing this, my eye is caught by the motto which stands upon the cover of one of your periodical journals — "*Liberty, Holiness, Love.*" It seems to have been assumed as descriptive of the objects which you are to keep in view, and the character which you are to form. They are well-chosen words. They constitute a beautiful and harmonious trio, whose blended hues, whose vigorous coaction, delineate and describe what the Christian church should be, what the Christian truth should produce. Is it not the purpose of the truth to "make free"? and where the spirit of the Lord is, is there not liberty? Is it not the province of the truth to "sanctify"? And doth it not "work by love"? Every one that hath been wrought upon by its power, *knows* that such are its effects. And where it *hath* brought out the church from its more than Egyptian

bondage to earth, and sense, and man, — from the degrading slavery of sin into the liberty of the sons of God; where it hath raised it up, by its celestial energy, to a thorough holiness; and filled it with that love to God and men, which is the substance of religion on earth, and the essential spirit of heaven — then hath it not done its errand, hath it not accomplished its mission? It augurs well, therefore, for any church or body of men, that it will take this for its watchword, and hang it out as an ensign to rally by in the face of the world. It describes what ought to be the spirit of the Christian world. God grant it may prove to be your spirit!

But it must not only be hung out from your walls, or blazoned on your armor, or written on the foreheads of your priests. It must be engraven on the living tablets of your hearts. It must be a deeply-felt sentiment of your inmost souls. It must be the earnest voice of your resolute spirits, day and night, continually prompting to thoughts, words, deeds, that correspond. It must be the inwrought character of your private lives, and the evident character of your churches, as well as the motto of your books.

Liberty, as I have already said, you have mostly achieved, and you jealously prize. But what if some should esteem it a license from holiness, and a commission to hate whom they please? The thing is not impossible; and I say, see to it, that no one among you allow in himself, nor encourage in another, this lamentable self-deception. You had better be suffering all the horrors of the middle passage, without hope of redemption or end, than walk abroad in the semblance of free men, and yet be slaves to selfishness and lust. Your religion has been bestowed on you, that you might do therewith a great work of moral advancement for yourselves and for your fellow-men. Jesus Christ hath smitten off your

chains, that you may go and do that work unhindered. And now, to boast of your light, your privileges, your deliverance from superstition and priestcraft, while you live a corrupt and selfish life, is but proving yourselves the fit subjects for a heavier bondage and the discipline of a more mortifying restraint.

What, therefore, I ask, are you doing in this day of your privilege? What sort of men is it that you are permitting yourselves to be? What sort of churches of the Lord Jesus are you setting up in the world? Now that you have been set apart from the body of the believing world, and made to stand forth by yourselves as representatives of the Gospel, it is as if a message from the Lord had come to you, and bid you inquire and know what sort of representatives you are.

Cast a scrutinizing glance, — not cursory, not partial, — look faithfully, look deep, — *for if ye will judge yourselves ye shall not be judged*, — upon all the multiform congregations among you, — make the charitable allowance, which you may, which you ought, for the humors of the time, and for the untoward influences of a broken age; — think justly on the countervailing advantages by which, in some portions of your community, you are signalized; — survey your whole land, from Dan to Beersheba, from your Jerusalem to the desert and the sea; — ponder soberly the condition in which you find it; — penetrate intently and profoundly into your own heart, try your own character, and search out and note down your own springs of action and purposes of existence; — and then say, Is the state of religion what it should be among such a people? Have Christian faith and immortal truth that commanding influence which they should have? Is this people marked by a scrupulousness and high-minded conscientiousness, by an all-controlling regard to

the divine will, by eager, hearty, and self-denying activity in behalf of other men? Is the spirit of the Gospel their spirit, and the life of Jesus their pattern, and do they show themselves as devotedly resolved to be free from selfshness and wrong, as to be free from creeds and human authority?

I feel that this would be a trying inquisition. No church on the face of the earth ever did or could abide it without shrinking and shame. Neither can that to which I put it now. It touches to the quick. It reveals fearful deficiencies. Yet it must be made; and woe to the man, or the body of men, that would refuse to look at it honestly, and that would shun the investigation, for the sake of present peace. Let every man open his eyes. If there be error, let him see it. If there be wrong, let him acknowledge it. If there be danger, let him not sleep over it, but manfully rise up, proclaim it, and begin the war against it. Nothing is so fatal as an unwillingness to know ourselves; nothing so shameful as voluntarily to be ignorant of ourselves. Let us know the worst; we shall then be prepared for the worst. Let us know the truth; we shall then not perish by falsehood and delusion.

I do not pursue these inquiries. They belong to the decision of a higher tribunal, whose awful judgment it is not for man to anticipate. Yet we do know, — for God has not concealed it from us, — on what grounds that judgment will proceed, and we cannot affect to be ignorant of the grounds on which our own opinion should be made up. We know what character God requires of men and of nations; we understand perfectly what manner of religion that is which satisfies the description of the New Testament. And no man is so stupid, that he shall not be able to say, if he will, whether that religion rules his own heart, and pervades the society in which he moves. It is a religion which

may be described in a few strong words better than in volumes. It is a religion, not of passion, not of forms, not of profession, not of decencies, not of words, not of fancy. It is not reverie, nor speculation, nor political craft, nor good policy. It is a stern, inflexible principle of truth and duty, which swerves not from right and has no patience with wrong; — an unblenching faith in God, which sees and trusts his hand in every thing, and trusts no second cause, independently of him; — and a philanthropic purpose to do good to men, which no coldness, nor ingratitude, nor scorn of the worldly and prudent, can check or abate. It is the conscientious devotion of the affections and the life to the service of God and man, as that which alone becomes a being whose existence is never to end. This is the religion which heavenly truth produces. Does it act on some individual? It makes him severely yet cheerfully faithful to every relation and trust, not because he is a citizen of earth, but because he has an immortal nature. Or on a community? It makes it full of righteousness and peace, where God is more regarded than man, and therefore man is made more blessed than elsewhere because he is God's child.

This is the religion, which, for our own sake, for the world's sake, we must labor to establish, and without which our wisdom is but folly, and our zeal but idle breath. We may demonstrate the sublimest theories, may proclaim the soundest faith, may utter the voice of angels; but if it do not come to this result, it is all but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And this result can only spring from *the vigorous action of the truth, through the medium of its established institutions.*

At no period of the world was it ever more important to insist on the necessity of thus sustaining the institutions of

the gospel. Never were they more endangered, or their holy influences more put in jeopardy, than by the hazardous experiments, and rash and worldly confidence, and various divisions, of these unsettled and broken times. The agitations of society have disturbed the foundations and weakened the strength of the churches in all parts of the land, and threatened some of them even with extinction. In many humble and impoverished parishes, numbers are few, means are small, and the gospel is costly. It is an alarming problem yet to be solved, What shall be done to keep alive the fire on those lesser altars; and now that the law has forsaken the church door in this as well as in the other states, a new era has arrived, when the wise must contrive how the gospel shall be supported among the thinly-scattered and feeble, so that its light shall continue to burn, and our children of the coming generations shall be born to the enjoyment of Christian worship. Let those who are able devise; let the favored and wealthy be ready to contribute; let all ponder and pray; — and God forbid that, through our remissness, one cottage shall remain upon our blessed fields, whose inmates are beyond the reach of the Sabbath bell and the pulpit exhortation. There are some who do not feel this aright; — some, blessed by God with property as well as liberty, who fancy that both are for themselves only, and who meanly withdraw from the support of his worship. There are congregations made up, in considerable part, of men who are more willing to live without the preaching of the word, than to tax themselves so much, for the means of salvation, as they do for sugar in their tea or for needless ornaments on the dress of their daughters. This is a crying enormity. No one who values religion can refuse the little sacrifice which would be necessary for its support. Better give up half the luxuries of civilized life than suffer

the public means of religion to decay. Those luxuries may be spared, and no suffering will ensue. But if religious institutions cease, barbarism and profaneness will come over the land, and the happy charities of life perish. And, certainly, in these days of abundance and growing ease, — when persecution is known but in name, and suffering for Christ's sake is a thing only of history, — it is an inconceivable meanness to refuse the little self-denial which would enable one to double the former parish tax, and, instead of this, to pay over to the dancing-master, or the milliner, the few dollars which might insure the preaching of the gospel.

The avarice and selfishness of the nominal, the worldly, the indifferent, and the unbelieving, and the subdivisions of sectarian zeal which multiply churches by dividing worshipers, have seriously affected the regular means of supporting religious institutions. But what then? They must none the less, — rather the more, — be supported; and it presents a fresh opportunity to the faithful to evince their attachment to the truth by some extra effort in its behalf. Many have so regarded it, and have met the emergency with alacrity, have exhibited the most praiseworthy readiness, and poured out bountifully to satisfy the demands of the times. Let them receive a hearty tribute of applause for their faithful work. But let a decided and open expression of disapprobation and contempt be awarded to those selfish worldlings, who count their shillings more dear than instruction, and can afford themselves any luxury but that of going to church. Let a severer rebuke await those arrogant and despicable impostors, (of whom it is said there are some, though surely they must be few,) who make a boast of their enlightenment, and presume to take on their lips the advocacy of liberal truth, and yet close their hearts against all appeals for aid in spreading and sustaining the

light they glory in. Truly, the light of such men is but darkness, — darkness that may be felt. They are strangers to the truth which they profess to know; and, loud as they talk, if they could have their way, it would cease in another generation to shine upon the world.

It is not easy to use a gentler word in reference to those, who, with the same confidence in their own superior light, yet absent themselves one half the time from the worship which they support. These are mostly your luxurious citizens, your genteel religionists, who go to church for example's sake, and because religion is an excellent thing for the poor; who kneel on cushions of down and confess their sins in all attitudes of languor and grace; — great admirers of beautiful style and poetical imagery; — who divide their religious feelings between the sermon of the morning, and the dinner of the noonday, and the conversation or slumbers of the afternoon. This race of accommodating Christians is principally the growth of larger towns, and may be found in all our cities patronizing the fashionable church, — no matter what the denomination may chance to be. It flourishes well among those whose weeks are given to amusement. It exhibits its striking sense of the contrast which should exist between religion and the world, by the crowded condition of its cotillion rooms, and the emptiness of its churches. Doubtless it would be too much to expect of those who are wearied out with the pleasures of the week, that they should have spirit or strength to worship God as much on Sunday as common people, who have no such weighty cares; it would be unreasonable to require them in the afternoon to attend church, when they can hardly find time to get through their courses and drink their wine. In every great city, there are a few congregations, composed of these privileged persons, these lights of the world, these

patterns and benefactors of society, who have made such advancement in religion, that it is wholly unnecessary for them to worship God on Sunday afternoon, and their ministers have the opportunity of looking without interruption directly upon the rich caparisons of their elegant pews. They would, probably, not think it perfectly fair that he also should leave the church, and disappoint the few who venture to do so vulgar a thing as keep him countenance in the worship of God; he must adhere to the fashion of preaching all day, just as much as they to their fashion of leaving him to preach alone.

It unfortunately happens, that this practice, selfish and indecent as it is, and inconsistent with all right views of the object of public worship, is yet, — alas for the corrupting power of thoughtless fashion! — easily embraced by many who not only mean well in general, but who rightfully make some pretensions to religion. *But in vain will you look to see religion flourish where this vice is prevalent.* In vain will you expect that those will do much or care much for its purity and influence, who manifest so little interest in its institutions, — who statedly, purposely, habitually, allow themselves in that practice, which, if general, would be the overthrow of public religious observances. Let it be especially noted, — as what concerns especially the topics before us, — that in these days of progressive reform, when in religion, as in all things else, old customs cease to be revered, and a departure from them is thought to be *of course* an improvement, — when, "liberty" being the watchword, the multitude are easily made to fancy that constancy is bondage, and to suppose that they advance into light just in proportion as they recede from their fathers or their old-fashioned neighbors; — under such circumstances, it is necessary that special effort be made to retain a sober rev-

erence for the house of God and his worship; that, in fact, uncommon pains be taken in every possible way to strengthen the habit of regarding them as sacred and divine. We are lost, — I speak with solemn deliberation, — we are lost, and our power to benefit and advance great principles is gone, whenever we shall encourage or permit the public means of religion to be slighted. And no more mistaken or false friend to the cause of human liberty and improvement can be found, than he whose conduct in this respect makes men think that he personally feels no interest in it, and whose example directly tends but to quench that interest in others. The cause of Episcopacy never was much promoted by those splendid buildings in which the boasted liturgy is read every Sunday afternoon to empty seats. Methodism never spread itself by the agency of men whose hearts allowed them to prefer a dinner to a sermon. It was not such men that introduced, or helped to introduce, the gospel, or started the Reformation; and we may depend upon it, that those will have no share in the completion of that glorious Reformation, however they may boast, who cast personal slight on the worship and preaching by which it is to be brought about.

I am aware that all this applies to but a small class; but it serves none the less to illustrate my positions, and it may, indirectly, give admonition to others. I am aware, also, that all this relates but to the *means* of religion; but without the means, who will venture to guaranty the *end?* There are, I know, a few mystical, speculative men, who are possessed with the fancy that not themselves only, but that the world, has outgrown these leading-strings; who make light of all instrumental help; and who thus — with a good, but most mistaken intent — virtually join the scoffer in sapping the foundations of religion. It is enough to give a passing

word to this. It is the error and sickness of the times, threatening serious disasters; for where one thoughtful and safe man lays aside this wholesome attachment to institutions, instruments, and helps, weaker men will do it in multitudes, and will shelter their indolence, worldliness, and selfishness, like their more enlightened brethren, beneath the plea of a spirituality which needs not the nourishment of these beggarly elements. It is one of the perils of the times. Let the strong watchmen be awake to it. Let them not cease, day nor night, to cry out against it with a loud and alarming cry. Let them suffer none to sleep under the fatal notion that religion will grow up of itself in their hearts, without the culture which God and nature have ordained; or that a great truth will prevail because it is great, without any care to guard and enforce it. Let them pour scorn on these puerile and superficial conceits. Let them strangle this idle and mischievous folly. Let them silence those who profanely pretend a special trust in God and his ways, while in practice they contemn his purposes and neglect the way of his commandment. If this great work for the perfection of Christianity, and of men, is to be done, it must be done by men, putting in operation the necessary means. If you do not take your share in it, — no matter what your plea, you will share none of the honor promised to those who do it, — you will taste the bitter shame ordained for those who hinder it. If you fancy yourself already too enlightened to require the further aid of times and ordinances, the greater the cause for using and honoring them, that you may bring others to the same advanced state. If you are sure that the great cause is in triumphant progress, the greater the reason that you should not hold back, but, if you love it, should "pursue the triumph and partake the gale." If you *think* it by any thing encumbered, hindered, thwarted, the

greater the cause that you should be awake and active, — removing obstacles, encouraging friends, and swelling the tide of men and measures, which is to sweep away the impediments of the truth.

It will be said by some, "Let the people be truly interested in religion, and they will both support and attend its institutions. Make them religious, — that is what you have to do; until then, you in vain call for their contributions, or expect them to be present in the church." Undoubtedly this would be a remedy for all backwardness. The truly devoted will spare neither their money nor their time. But how are men to *become* thus devoted? Are we to use no means to render them so, until they are already such? Are we to be told that there is no motive to bring men within Christian influences, short of that absorbing religious feeling, which would show that the work is already nearly done? Certainly not; there are other motives, powerful motives. It as much pertains to good citizenship as to piety, to take care that public worship be supported; and multitudes of those, who are at present indifferent and worldly, think of it reverently and well, and intend by and by to be sanctified by it. All these are to be entreated to perceive their obligations; they are to be called on, as patriots and friends of social order and peace, to prevent the downfall of these powerful seminaries of moral instruction. But I have more particularly in view another class, — those already referred to, who count themselves the subjects of a glorious emancipation, the participators of a great light, and who freely use words of self-congratulation. They are, or profess to be, keenly alive to a sense of mental degradation, and are perfectly aware of the great privilege they enjoy in the light and liberty of the present era. They are very honestly ready to thank God that they are not as other men, — members of

churches which fetter them by human confessions and bind them to make no advance in their apprehensions of spiritual truth. Now, is it decent for such men, — who not only enjoy great privileges, but show that they are aware of it, — is it decent for them to withdraw their support from the institutions which guaranty their peculiar advantages? Is it consistent or becoming in them to forsake the churches, which they assert to resound with the purest doctrine! to doom to poverty the preachers whom they believe to be the most enlightened apostles of God's word, and to discourage the eloquent assertors of the most important views which have dawned upon the earth! I address these questions to a *select class*, which it is mortifying to say has an existence, but which — God be praised! — is as small as it is arrogant and false. I address their sense of shame, their sense of dignity, their love of consistency, their magnanimity, their intelligence, their hope of immortality, their faith in a future reckoning.

If all who profess to honor religion were religious men, there would indeed be no call for expostulation or entreaty on behalf of religion. But alas! the inconsistency of believers with their profession is an evil as old and as notorious as the existence of the church itself. The solemn and indignant questions of Paul in his second chapter to the Romans, have been equally applicable to multitudes in every age since; and it is more a matter of grief than astonishment, that they still apply to many of our own day. The increase of light is with them rather a cause for glorying, than a call to duty. They, with great complacency, rest in their light, and make their boast in God, and know his will, and approve the things that are more excellent, and yet, through unfaithfulness to their light, they dishonor God. They live respectable lives of worldly decorum, but have no

spirituality of affection, no desire for excellence beyond the ordinary mark, no conception of any thing more pure and disinterested than the average of decent society has presented to their view. Their standard is low, their taste sensual, their principle inactive, their wisdom earthly and sensual, though not perhaps devilish. They live decently, but only for themselves and for this world. They would be very sorry to be accounted other than friends of religion, but they would be greatly ashamed to be pointed out as pious men. They are proud of the dignity of their intellectual nature, and do not doubt the immortality of their souls; but nothing is farther from their intention or desire, than to occupy their minds now with the subjects which they suppose are to occupy their future immortality.

There is a lamentable deficiency in our practical apprehension of what are the requisitions of our religion. We do not see, feel, realize, the extent and strictness of its obligations. With all our getting, we have not got a spiritual understanding of its admirable and glorious purpose. We are yet in the alphabet of Christian attainment; we are of the earth, earthy. Who is there that, in his best hours of serious contemplation, has not been made deeply to deplore this? Let me not be met with the cry that there is such a thing as being righteous over-much; nor let the old saying be turned against me, "Physician, heal thyself,—practice, instead of preaching." No one has such a claim to be heard in denouncing an evil, as he who can tell of it from personal experience; no man's warning is so good as his who can show how himself and his friends are suffering. There is a great dislike to austerity, a great dread of puritanism, a horror of cant, and fanaticism, and superstition; and one cannot recommend a stricter devotion, or a more scrupulous morality, than the ordinary customs of the world

make requisite, without the risk of being branded by the more worldly as an enthusiast or a hypocrite, and being told by many of the more serious, "that it is too late in the day; that this preciseness and scrupulosity were well enough formerly, but that the spirit of the times forbids it now; *nous avons changé tout cela;* it is vain to think of carrying men back to modes of thought which are long obsolete, and to habits of devout observance which savor more of the cloister than of the world."

Let us admit the changes which have taken place, and which render it requisite to abandon modes of operation, and address, and observance, which are no longer adapted to accomplish their design. But human nature has not changed; the Christian religion has not changed; the institutions of God have not changed; — there may be a diversity of operations, but there is the same God, who speaks the same truth for the instrument, the same nature to be wrought upon. The requisitions of that God are as rigidly conformable to the eternal and uncompromising law of right, as they ever were; the path of sentiment and life to which truth would lead, is no whit less straight and direct; the nature to be perfected, is accessible to the same and to no different principles and motives, and is to be moulded into the same character. Surely, that the Christian character is to be inferior in moral elevation, that it is to have less of spirituality and self-consecration to principle, less of the Christlike, and the Godlike, than in other days, will not be pretended. What it was in the days of Jesus, such it is now; such as it showed itself in his example, such it must be in the lives of his followers at the present time. To make it less disinterested, less unworldly, less scrupulously averse from all contamination of impurity and all suspicion of wrong, would be to make it another thing than the Christian character.

To make it more compatible with a heart devoted to ambition and gain, with a life of thoughtlessness, frivolity, and uselessness, — to make it synonymous with self-interest, and the decent external proprieties of civilized life, — would be to change its definition from that which its Master gave to it. To make it of so pliable a texture, of so flexible and complying a disposition, that it shall be consistent with any degree of selfishness and worldliness which does not destroy a man's reputation; with any devotedness to luxury and folly, or any modes or forms of business which are not discreditable; with any absorption in useless fancies, indolent indulgences, or money-making cares, which are not absolutely injurious to society; or, in a word, with all and any character of heart and life, which does not offend against human law, or honor, or fashion, — is to make it a convenient tool for human depravity, instead of an infallible guide to celestial purity. And yet, we are perfectly aware, that there are men of all these sorts of characters, who deem their lives very sufficiently religious; and who are indignant against the austerity and uncharitableness of any definition of the Christian life, which would put in jeopardy their empty self-complacency.

There must be some standard; — and it cannot require to be proved, that it must be a peculiar one, — a high one, — an inflexible one; — a standard, which will not vary to accommodate itself to different states of society, or different dispositions of individuals; but which, like him who established it, is' the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; — making the true disciple of the first century the same, in all essential and characteristic features, with the consistent Christian of the middle ages and these latter days; in things indifferent granting a privilege to human imperfection; but, in the vital spirit, the essential elements, the

absolute characteristics, demanding imperatively an absolute and undeviating conformity.

The great danger is that of admitting too lax a standard. The world is always encroaching upon it, and the weakness of the human heart gives way. It may be that the figure is too strong, which represents the Christian character as a fire burning from out of the ocean, which can exist in the midst of so contrary an element only by perpetual miracle; but certainly there are counteracting impulses, principles, and opinions in the world, which render a perpetual effort necessary on the part of the Christian to sustain the liveliness and purity of his faith; there are influences from society, from example, from without and from within, which tend constantly to secularize his feelings, to bring down the tone of his affections and convictions, to dull his susceptibility to truth and purity. The crying danger is that of admitting too low a standard. Many a man, — who has learned what human virtue should be from the study of the Scriptures and devout communion with God, and who, in the private contemplations of his early days, has suffered his imagination to draw pictures of the good people whom he was hereafter to meet in the world, — has found, on entering life, that his notions were far above the actual standard of good men, that his idea of the prevalent religion was too beautiful for the Christianity of Christians, was an image of something not to be seen in the world; he has found them shaking their heads at him with a wise and meaning smile, as they informed him that his notions of goodness were impracticable, that they would do for the closet, but not for those who know the world, and must live among men. At first he is disappointed, shocked, and mortified; but he gradually becomes accustomed to so lamentable a state of things, acquiesces in it as unavoidable, and comes

by and by to have his enthusiasm as thoroughly cooled, and his ardor for perfect goodness as completely turned into discreet caution, and his charity as carefully guarded by selfishness, as the older men about him.

It has been the disgrace of Christians, that they have not stood out against this worldly tendency, and kept themselves up to their own temperature in spite of the cold atmosphere of society. If their souls had imbibed the full vitality of their religion, if they had been filled with the spirit of its life, they would have found in themselves the power of resistance, just as they find it in their bodies. The mysterious principle of organic life imparts to the body a sustaining energy, which keeps the vital heat invariably the same; — though all around be chill, it remains unaltered; and Providence has afforded means of aiding it to preserve this temperature which protects it from distraction. When *the soul truly lives*, it possesses a similar power of resistance to external influence. The world may operate upon it, the moral atmosphere of society may close around it with its deadliest influences; but it has the power of resistance; it may retain its own standard; and God, by his word and Spirit, has made provision of means by which, in any extremity of exposure, it may be completely protected. If men will not use those means, if they will not clothe themselves in the protecting dress of watchfulness and prayer, they will lose in the world the warmth of their devotional natures, and cease to enjoy the full health of the immortal soul. It is the disgrace of Christians that it has so often been the case with them. Some, many, have wrapped themselves in their principles of holiness, and refused to give place for a moment to earthly solicitation or example, and thus have exhibited illustrious instances of the beauty and excellence of Christianity. But, alas! others, too

many, have conformed themselves to the world, — they have dreaded to be singular, — they have been ashamed to be better than others, — and they have thus lost both the influence with others and the peace within themselves, which they might and ought to have possessed. Hence it is that society is not more thoroughly Christianized. The friends of Christianity have gone to the world, instead of insisting that the world should come to them. They have weakly given way. They have failed of presenting that dignified and resolute adherence to the convictions of conscience, that unhesitating, immovable devotedness to grand and immortal principles, which their infinite importance deserves. Nothing less than such devotedness could persuade a worldly-minded man, that they actually believed in their reality and eternity. How could he be persuaded, that those men loved supremely a better and immortal life, who were as eager and as unprincipled as others in the struggles of this? How could religion gain ground in the world, when advocated by men who were constantly qualifying and modifying the requisitions of their faith, to suit a sensual and worldly taste, and accommodate their own temporal interests?

There is no more serious mistake than the idea of promoting the interests of religion by diminishing its strictness, and thus bribing the favor of the world. The world is not to be so bribed. It sees through and despises the shallow manœuvre. None understand better than your most devoted worldlings the essential incompatibility between their spirit and the spirit of Christ, and they feel nothing but contempt for the weakness which thinks to attain their suffrages by softening down the requisitions of the eternal law. They can read and understand what the Lord requires of them, and their consciences compel them to admire its *unapproachable* purity. They feel for it something of the

reverence and awe, which it is suited to impress on every intelligent mind. And when they perceive its guardians and friends so insensible, or so faithless to its claims, as to press upon men something inferior in its stead, they view them as traitors, and instead of embracing, on their invitation, a cause which is thus unfaithfully dealt with, they turn with contempt and loathing from the false-hearted men. The cowardly and short-sighted policy has repelled from Christianity the very men it was designed to conciliate and win.

Christianity is designed to produce a great effect upon men and the world. But not a mixed, adulterated, mitigated Christianity. It produces its effects by *what it is.* Change it, and its power ceases; make it something else, and its operations are no longer the same. Say that, instead of going down into the bottom of the soul, and taking possession of the whole man, and informing his entire spirit and character, it is sufficient that it regulate his exterior deportment, and restrain him from the grosser sins,—you alter its character;—it is no longer what Christ taught, and it can no longer produce the effects which he proposed. It will excite a feeble interest; it will awaken a feeble emotion; it will therefore call forth slight exertion, and will end in a feeble virtue. Little will be felt, little, therefore, attempted, very little accomplished. Make the way very broad and easy, and many will walk in it; but whither will it lead them? There can be nothing of the striving, the earnestness, the energy, by which alone great characters are formed, and great enterprises achieved, and an exalted virtue reached. It is not the languor of an easy path which elevates and perfects; we must enter in by a strait gate, we must strive through a narrow path; we must seize the kingdom of heaven by violence. We must feel that every thing is at stake, and then we shall be ready to attempt

every thing. Make our way so easy that nothing shall seem to be at stake, and we shall attempt nothing.

It is perfectly true, and Gibbon was right when he said it, — though the unhappy man did it maliciously, —that Christianity gained on the world and flourished, at the beginning, through its very sternness and austerity. It was uncompromising in its strictness, and thus compelled attention, respect, admiration, awe, roused vehement feeling, and forced the homage and allegiance of men. And so it has been in all ages since. The severest forms, the straitest sects, have always had the most resolute followers, have always left the strongest, deepest, and most permanent impressions on the world. The looser sects have had their votaries, but they have not exercised the greatest power, nor done so much to decide the fortunes of the world. Even at the present day, when monkish austerity is wholly out of vogue, and all superstitious strictness derided, yet now, the more of rational severity of doctrine a sect upholds, the more peremptorily it exalts the standard of religious character, the more sure it is to receive the homage of the multitude, and to commend itself to the thinking friends of society and man. This is agreeable to human nature; — so much so, that in all ages and all religions, it has been the pretence of universal sanctity, the show and inculcation of a holier and mortified life, upon which the fanatical or ambitious founders of sects have built their success. The most absurd and ridiculous doctrines have thus been recommended. But what sect is to be named, which has signally prospered by an opposite policy and a looser doctrine? — unless, indeed, by such a degree of laxity as has become freedom from all moral restraint, and has thus destroyed its pretence to be called a religious body. *It is idle* to think that it may be otherwise now. The world

is said to be more intelligent; society is cultivated and refined. But unless religion be absolutely discarded, men still believe in its exalted purity and holiness; and that form of religion will command the surest homage and do the best work, which shall offer the severest standard of moral and spiritual attainment, alike free from timid concession to the spirit of the world, and from weak tendency to fanaticism and superstition; in other words, which shall succeed most truly in representing the character of Christ; — as bold, as unflinching in principle as he, yet as gentle, as amiable, and as free from all extravagance and eccentricity.

This, I say to those whom I address, is what you are to desire and aim at. You might as well be no Christians at all, as be satisfied with any thing less than this. You might as well abandon all hope of progress and prosperity now, as struggle on hoping to succeed by a power of personal religion less than this. Nothing less than this is the Christian character; and neither human nature, nor the providence of God, nor the spirit of grace, will permit any satisfactory attainments to be made in goodness, by those who would substitute some other standard of goodness for that of the Christian Scriptures. No such attempt can succeed. Nothing but true principle can create true virtue. If you think to render the true principle more palatable to men, or better adapted to them, by diluting it down to the taste of the worldly, you change it from what it is, you destroy precisely that which constitutes its efficiency, namely, its truth, and thus you render it the same in effect as falsehood. Christianity cannot be made this accommodating system without ceasing to be Christianity.

It is necessary, then, to insist on a high and uncompromising standard. It were a poor thing to contend for a reli-

gion which bends to our tastes, conforms to our habits, humors our prejudices, and connives at our selfishness. All these we might have without a religious system, as well as with it. No doctrine is worth a rational regard, which will not *do something* for us, — which will not lift us out of ourselves and above the world, and transform us in the renewing of our minds, and make us fully conformed to the holy, acceptable, and perfect will of God. Pure and undefiled religion, says the apostle James, consists in *Holiness* and *Love:* it is to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep one's self unspotted from the world." Our faith is worth little to us, if it do not effect this. We may glory in it as we please; it is but a worthless name, if it do not issue in purity and philanthropy, — if it do not work by love and purify the heart. We may argue for it with what power of demonstration we please, we may eulogize it as with the tongues of angels; if it have not wrought in us the great transformation which Christ designed, if it do not prove its divinity by its effects on character, who will heed the tones of admiration in which we laud it? who will credit our sincerity?

I would ask, with all humility and earnestness, whether the community is awake to these considerations. We need not overlook the disadvantages of its position. We may make due allowance for the encumbrances and drawbacks which result from the circumstances under which it has come into existence, and from the heterogeneous character which has been imparted to it by the confusion and troubles of the times. To these circumstances I have adverted on a former page; they are such as to demand a charitable judgment, and candid allowance, which will by many be denied them. But make what allowance may be reasonable, *still*, if circumstances are unpropitious, there is only the

more imperative call for exertion in order to surmount them, and to do our duty in spite of them. To yield to them, to acquiesce in their neutralizing and palsying influences, to suffer them to put to sleep our zeal and philanthropy, would be unpardonable treachery to a great trust. May we abandon a cause because circumstances are adverse? May we labor in it languidly, for the very reason that vehement efforts are requisite in order to its advancement? We have in view one grand object, — namely, to insure to Christianity its full, its legitimate authority in society and over men. In order to this, we are professedly seeking to extend and complete the Reformation. If there be impediments in any of the circumstances and accidents of the times, they must be strenuously resisted. Every means must be employed, every heart and hand must be engaged. The pulpit must assume a more earnest and stimulating tone, and the press a more determined emphasis, and thus urge home upon the conscience of the community the fervent, bold, persevering expostulations which the sacred importance of the enterprise demands. Every believer must apply himself to the work, and inquire, and talk, and pray, and act, until all arrive at that elevation of the spiritual life, which as yet is only approached, but which must be *arrived at* before a Christian community can be fully worthy of its name.

The signs of the times are favorable. The movement has been long begun, and is prosperously going on. May God speed it! Our churches, our Sunday schools, our books, and our various organizations for mutual aid and charitable action, are gratifying tokens of advancement; they show that the true spirit is at work; they encourage us to labor and pray for its extension, confident that God will hear our prayer, and that success will reward our labors. Let us, then, redouble our labors and our prayers. Let us

contend valiantly for these practical and spiritual achievements. The times are propitious; all things are ready; there is something for every man to do. Every man has, first of all, a mighty work to finish in his own character; — he has, in watchfulness and prayer, to govern and perfect his own spirit, and, in disinterested love, to seek the good of those around him. He has to do his share toward the diffusion of elevated principles, toward giving a Christian tone to the society in which he moves, toward imbuing its conversation, its spirit, its habits, with the purity, gentleness, peacefulness, and love of right, which ought to characterize communities of Christians. Much activity is requisite in order to this end. Very much is to be done to make society what it should be; very much before it will realize the image drawn in the New Testament. It can be effected only by the strenuous fidelity of individual Christians; and no one can be accounted guiltless, who neglects by word and example to do all in his power to hasten the desirable consummation.

But individuals cannot do it alone. Their single action will effect something; but it is their combined action only which can bring about the perfect result. And therefore, if I am asked what is the great lesson of expediency and duty to be drawn from the survey now taken of the position, character, circumstances, and relations of this Christian community, I should answer, the imperious necessity of more general and affectionate union and coöperation in the cause of truth and happiness. I should say, You stand in a peculiar posture; you are pledged to a peculiar work, — peculiar and vast; — you are embarrassed by peculiar and multifarious impediments; — and nothing but the loftiest virtue, and the most devoted faith, and the most energetic and unquenchable zeal, will enable you to carry

through your work, and accomplish what Providence has apparently offered to you to accomplish. Under such circumstances, it is impossible that the single-handed efforts of insulated individuals shall be sufficient. The requisite zeal cannot be kindled, the necessary determination cannot be excited, the needed information cannot be spread, without much communion of mind with mind, much action of heart on heart. You must unite your hearts, your prayers, your strength. You must meet together, and talk about these things; excite, encourage, admonish each other, provoke one another to love and good works. Devotion, in this cold world, needs the cheering stimulus of sympathy; virtue, in this tempting world, needs the strength of public countenance; philanthropy, in this selfish world, requires the support and courage of numbers. You must pray together in social circles assembled for the purpose; converse together of your trials, wants, and duties, of the demands of the truth, of the necessities of the church, of the capacities, glories, infirmities, degradation, and destiny of this immortal nature; and thus enkindle a livelier flame of piety, a warmer zeal for truth, a bolder action for charity, and a more eager aspiration after the spiritual life. In order to this end, I know nothing to be more earnestly desired than the increase of these means of social and mutual religious improvement. The times cry out for them. Wherever adopted, they have been signally blessed. So few have the ability to excite their own souls and set themselves to work, that thousands, when left alone, would sink down to cold, inactive selfishness, who, if placed in frequent contact with their fellow-believers, would become generous, ardent, enterprising promoters of every good design.

But whatever may be thought of the *means* that should be employed, there can be no doubtfulness respecting the

greatness of the *object*. The hints which I have rudely thrown out on the peculiarities, the hazards, the responsibilities of the present crisis might be extended to a volume, and ought to be written in characters of fire. Weakly as they are here presented, they cannot be wholly without force; and if any man of powerful and earnest mind perceives their justice and urgency, I leave it in charge with him to set them forth in their proper strength, and press them on the attention and conscience of the public. If I can rouse one such mind to speak to the times in the prophet-like tone in which they ought to be addressed, I shall feel that I have not ventured to lift my voice in vain. At any rate, I have attempted to perform a duty.

> "But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek;
> Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
> Whose approbation — prosper even mine."

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT KENNEBUNK,

BEFORE THE

YORK COUNTY UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,

OCTOBER 24, 1827.

AN

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

YORK COUNTY UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

I STAND here, this evening, at the request of the Unitarian Association in this county, auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association. I therefore feel that it will be expected of me to direct my remarks to a consideration of that system of faith which it is designed to advocate and support. Any other topics would be foreign to the occasion. And I the more cheerfully address myself to these, because it not only gives me an opportunity of declaring my devout adherence to the simple and glorious truths of our faith, but also offers occasion for some general remarks, which the character of the times seems to call for, and which, I cannot but hope, may be of service to the holy cause of Christ. If, in attempting both these objects, I shall make large demands on your attention, I rely on your candor and interest in the subject, to give it patiently. You must be sensible, brethren, that it is a serious work, and one of no slight responsibility, in which we are engaged. It becomes us to enter upon it with composed and sober minds; looking without passion or prejudice for the truth, and doing and saying nothing which we should be unwilling to have witnessed

and heard by God, and carried in by the recording angel at the last day.

Under this impression I address you as Unitarians, who have associated yourselves for the defence and promulgation of that truth which God has revealed to you in the Scriptures, and which you regard as the light and hope of your souls. I wish, first, to remind you of the reasons you have for so regarding it, and then to offer a few suggestions respecting the temper and manner in which you should conduct yourselves in relation to it.

One or two things are to be observed, before entering on the subject.

First. Various views of the Christian doctrine have prevailed among the disciples of Jesus from the very time of the apostles, all professing to be drawn from their writings, and each having more or less in common with all the others. Of these, you have chosen that which is commonly styled *Unitarian*, because it allows no object of divine worship but God the Father. But in preferring this, be it remembered, we do not reject every thing contained in other systems of faith. Far from it. We hold much in common with those which are even most at variance with our own. We think that the essential points of the Christian system are held in common by them and by us. We therefore, of course, regard them as Christians, professing and following the same Lord. We see no insuperable obstacle to fellowship. We do not exclude them from the same table. We cannot do it — for we have too much in common that is sacred and dear, and we anticipate the day when all separation shall cease, and we shall sit down together in the kingdom of God. This ought to be kept in view in all our arguments respecting those doctrines peculiar to them which we reject, and which we are too apt, very unwisely, to regard as

if they corrupted the whole religion. But it is not so; and no disgust at single points, of whatever magnitude they may be, should cause us to regard with dislike, or treat with contumely, the *whole* of another system.

I would further premise, that, for reasons similar to those which I have just named, if it were possible to state the leading features of the system I advocate without the express contradiction of any other doctrine, I should greatly prefer to do it. But this would be impossible. We cannot prove that God is One, without implying, in the very terms, that some have believed him to be Three. We cannot assert the one, without, of course, denying the other, which is the current doctrine. Whence it is that we have given occasion to those who dislike our opinions, to say that Unitarianism "consists in not believing," which, however, is a very unkind play upon words, and might with perfect justice be retorted. They do *not* believe that the Father is the only true God, that Jesus is but the Son of God, that man is born innocent. They do *not* believe that transubstantiation is a Scripture doctrine, and that the pope is the head of the church. We might make out a long list of denials like these; but we should be ashamed to say that it placed them among unbelievers. To say that the faith of one sect consists in not believing, because it denies the peculiarities of another sect, or of all other sects, is ridiculous in point of argument, and ungenerous in point of application. We rejoice to say, for ourselves, that our system *does* consist in "not believing" the articles of Trinitarianism and Calvinism, *so far as those systems are concerned;* but it consists yet more in *believing all the truths of the Bible, so far as they are concerned.* If we could find Trinitarianism and Calvinism there, we should of course believe them too.

It is not that Trinity is a mystery — that is, if you mean

by mystery what we cannot fully understand or explain. This circumstance may create a difficulty in many minds; but still, if we found it testified to in Scripture as an unquestionable and essential doctrine, we should not hesitate to believe it any more than we hesitate to believe that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, or that God foreknows all things, and that yet man is a free agent. What we want is PROOF. We do not find it written. *We do find that God is revealed to be One; but we do not find that he is revealed to be Three* — neither three "persons," nor three "subsistences," nor three "distinctions," nor three "somewhats," for each of these words has been used to explain the doctrine.

That God is revealed to be One, is a point which I need not stop to prove; for no one denies it. We have this great advantage — that we profess a doctrine on this point which none presumes to question. It would therefore be consuming time to no purpose to quote passages in support of it.

I therefore pass to the other proposition — *We do not find in Scripture that God is revealed to be Three.* This is the doctrine opposed to our faith, and which it is necessary distinctly to disprove in upholding the truth of the Bible. In doing this, we go to the Bible for instruction; and may He, who blessed man with that precious volume, aid us now in so unfolding its testimony, that we may "speak concerning him the *thing which is right.*"

Recurring, then, to the sacred volume, we draw from it the following reasons for disbelieving the doctrine of the Trinity: —

I. *The terms which are necessary to the very statement of the doctrine, and which cannot well be avoided by those who hold it, are not found in Scripture.* The words *Trinity*,

triune — Jehovah Jesus — God-man, are not in the Scripture. We nowhere find the expression *God the Son*, but always the *Son of God;* nowhere *God the Holy Spirit*, but the *Spirit of God*, or *the Holy Spirit.* The expressions *first person, second person, third person, three persons*, are not found. Now, if the very words which are necessary to express the doctrine, are not in the Scriptures, how can we suppose the doctrine itself to be there? If the sacred writers meant to teach this doctrine, how is it possible they should not sometimes have used the words which are now used in regard to it?

II. *The doctrine of the Trinity is nowhere stated in express terms, while that of the sole divinity of the Father is taught in language the most explicit and direct.*

There are only three texts which speak of the Father, Son, and Spirit, in formal connection; and neither of these declares them to be three equal persons in the Divinity. Now, is this possible if the doctrine were true, that the apostles should never name them together but three times, and then not speak of their being one God?

Indeed, I am wrong to say *three* texts; there are only two; for one of the three passages to which I referred is well known to be no part of the Bible; viz. 1 John v. 7. *There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.* This verse, every body knows, was never written by St. John, but has been added to this epistle since his day. John wrote in Greek; but the old manuscripts of the Greek Testament do not contain it. It is found only in the Latin. It has therefore no right to a place in the New Testament, and ought to be rejected. It is rejected by all impartial scholars of every denomination, who have inquired concerning it. There

are, therefore, only two texts which formally name the Father, Son, and Spirit, in connection.

The first is the form of baptism, Matthew xxviii. 19. *Baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* Here the three are placed in connection. But observe the mode of expression. Does it say that they are three persons? No, it does not say that they are persons at all. Does it assert that they constitute one God? No. Does it say that each is God? No such thing. Does it say that they are all equal? No such thing. Does it say they are all to be worshiped? No. Then it does not teach the doctrine of the Trinity. If it neither declares them to be three persons, nor equal to each other, nor each to be God, nor each to be worshiped, then it does not teach the doctrine in question.

The same is true of the other text, 2 Corinthians xiii. 14. *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.* It is not here said that each is God, nor that all are equal, nor that all are to be worshiped, nor that all together constitute one. Therefore it does not teach the doctrine of the Trinity. Nay, it virtually denies it. For, as you observe, it does not speak of the *Father, Son,* and Spirit, but of *Jesus Christ,* and *God,* and the Holy Spirit. Observe the difference, and consider what it implies. Would a Trinitarian express himself in these words and in this order, when intending to express his doctrine? If it were *Father, Son,* and Spirit, we should of course regard them as three, and not one, unless expressly instructed to the contrary; how much more where the words run, *Jesus Christ* — and *God* — and the Holy Spirit! So that there is only one text which unites the terms *Father, Son,* and *Spirit,* and that one says nothing of the doctrine of the Trinity. Now, I ask seriously, if it had been

intended to teach that doctrine, is it possible that this should be the case?

It is thus plain that this doctrine is nowhere taught in express terms. You then say, it is perhaps taught indirectly and by necessary implication. I answer, it is impossible this should be, because the doctrine that THE FATHER ALONE IS GOD, is taught in *the most direct and absolute terms that language will admit*, so as positively to put out of the question every other doctrine, and to take away the liberty of inferring any other from indirect expressions.

That this is so, may be seen at once from a few plain and explicit texts, which seem to be perfectly decisive.

1. John xvii. 3. *This is life eternal, that they might know* THEE, THE ONLY TRUE GOD — *and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.* This is the language of our Lord himself in prayer. Now, that he was *at prayer*, proves that he himself could not be God; for God never prays. But, besides this, he strongly asserts that the Father *only* is God. It could not be asserted more strongly.

2. Mark xiii. 32. *But of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven;* NEITHER THE SON; *but the Father.* This is the language of our Lord. He declares that he does not know the time of that day and hour; that the Father only knows. Therefore the Father only can be God; for God knows all things.

3. 1 Timothy ii. 5. *There is one God — and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.* What can assert more positively than this that Jesus is not the one God?

4. 1 Corinthians viii. 6. *But to us there is but* ONE GOD, THE FATHER, *of whom are all things, and we in him; and* ONE LORD, *Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.* This text is very positive. It declares that

Jesus is our Lord; but that the Father only is our God. Can language be devised which shall declare it more positively?

5. Ephesians iv. 5, 6. ONE LORD, *one faith, one baptism,* ONE GOD AND FATHER *of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.* What can the apostle mean by this separation of our Lord from the one God and Father of all, if it do not intimate the Father's complete and unrivalled supremacy? What words can speak it, if such words as these mean any thing else?

I ask you then, seriously, — in the fear and presence of Almighty God, and in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, — if these five positive, explicit assertions, that the Father only is God, ought not to set the question at rest in our minds? While we have these plain and intelligible declarations of the divine word, — which never have been and never can be made consistent with the doctrine of three equal persons in the Godhead, — ought we to be turned from our faith by any arguments which might be drawn from more obscure passages? Ought we to take up the opposite doctrine, because it may be ingeniously inferred from difficult and controverted texts? Are we not bound by these plain declarations? And while they stand in our Bibles, uncontroverted and unrefuted, shall it be said that we reject the testimony of God, and depart from the oracles of truth? For myself, so long as the glorious doctrine of the Divine Unity is built up on these FIVE SACRED PILLARS, I must confide in it as the truth of God. If the Holy Oracle can announce any truth plainly and unequivocally, it has so announced this. To my ear, it speaks in language the most unambiguous and the least susceptible of perversion. While I abide by it in these plain texts, I know what I believe, I have the sure word of truth. If I forsake these for the sake of reasoning out another doc-

trine from more difficult passages, I am not sure that my reason may not deceive me in the process, and lead me to wrong conclusions. I am safer, therefore, to abide by the testimony inscribed on these Five Pillars, which I can read as I run.

III. As these fundamental texts most plainly teach the supremacy of the Father, so there are *equally decisive texts respecting the character and offices of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit*, which go to confirm it. Let us attend to these.

1. Let us consider, first, *the language which is commonly used respecting our Lord Jesus.* Is it such as implies that he is the same with Almighty God? Take his testimony respecting himself. — "I came not to do mine own will." — "I can of myself do nothing." — "The Son can do nothing of himself." — "The Father that is in me, he doeth the works." — He calls himself "him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent." — He says, "I am come in my Father's name." And after his resurrection he says, "I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." — Ponder these expressions; weigh these words; and say whether they be the words of one who would represent himself as the independent God.

Take the testimony of the apostles. "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God, by signs and wonders which God did by him." — "Appointed to be a Prince and Savior," — "at the right hand of God exalted," — "made both Lord and Christ" — because of his obedience unto death, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name above every name," — in the end he shall "deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, that God may be all in all." — Weigh these expressions deliberately, and consider whether it be possible

that they should be constantly used concerning Almighty God. But such as these are applied to Jesus in every part of the New Testament.

Consider the terms of faith in him which were required of his disciples. Were they such as implied his supreme divinity? Remember the confession of Peter — "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" — and with this Jesus was satisfied. Remember the confession of Martha — "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God" — and he required no more. Remember the reason which John gives for writing his Gospel — "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." Who does John say is born of God? "Whoso believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." Who does he say overcomes the world? "He that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." What was the preaching of the apostles? Look through the book of Acts, and you will find the burden of it to be, "Reasoning from the Scriptures, and testifying that Jesus is the Christ." Now, is it possible, that in all which is thus said of the necessity and value of faith in Jesus, — when believers were to be received into the church, and their immortal interests were depending, — is it possible that they should not have been required to believe him the Almighty God, if he were so? Would he and the apostles have so solemnly assured them that faith in him as the *Son of God* was sufficient, if in truth he had been the eternal God?

2. The same conclusion may be as decisively drawn from *the language perpetually used respecting the Holy Spirit* — language wholly inconsistent with the idea of a divine person distinct from the Father, and equal with him. The Spirit is said to be *poured out*, *shed*, *given* — *given without measure*; men are said to be *baptized* with it, *filled*

h it, to *partake* of it. But this cannot be said of a per-
. It signifies evidently a divine influence; and that may
cend from the person of the Father, as well as from some
inct person. God does not become another person,
ause he gives his spirit to men. When Paul visited
nesus, he found certain Christians there, and asked them
hey had received the Holy Ghost. They answered,
: *have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy*
ost. How is this? The Holy Ghost a person in the
lhead, equal with the Father, and essential to salvation
know him, and yet these disciples never heard of him?
possible; and therefore impossible that it should be a
d person in the Deity distinct from the Father, and equal
ower and glory. No — the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of
Paul tells us what it is, when he says, "As no man
eth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which
him, so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit
d." The spirit of God is God himself, just as the
of a man is the man himself, and not a separate per-
And thus the single supremacy of the Father remains
ted.

'here are, also, *many expressions respecting Jesus and*
'y Spirit in connection with each other, which con-
evidence that the Father alone is God. It will be
t to cite these without comment; since the mere
of them will show how utterly irreconcilable they
the idea of three persons, alike equal and supreme.
pinted Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and
r." — "Jesus received of the Father the promise
ly Ghost." — "God giveth not the Spirit by meas-
im." — "He that raised up Christ from the dead
quicken your mortal bodies by the Spirit that
you." — Consider what each of these passages

must mean if the doctrine of the Trinity be true, and you will perceive them to be utterly irreconcilable with it.

IV. Thus far we have looked at the testimony of Scripture as exhibited in particular classes of texts. We may now turn to some considerations drawn *from the general style of the New Testament.* Here we shall find that the doctrine of the Divine Unity so pervades and gives a complexion to the New Testament, that if we could conceive the doctrine of the Trinity to be true, it would alter the complexion of the whole. It would not be such as it is, if that doctrine were true.

This may be partially illustrated from the devotional character of the New Testament; from the conduct of the disciples toward their Lord; from the conduct of the Jews toward him, and toward them; and from the controversies of that age.

1. Look at *the devotional character of the New Testament.* If the apostles worshiped God in three persons, it will so appear throughout their conduct and writings; it will characterize their devout expressions every where. And this the more especially, because they were Jews, — of a people who worshiped God with a strict and most jealous regard to his unity — and they could not have changed their practice in this particular without the change being most strikingly observable. Yet we have no intimation of such a change. They appear to have gone on with the worship of the one God of their fathers, without any alteration in their views. When Paul was converted, he must have passed — supposing the Trinity to be a Christian doctrine — from believing Jesus a blasphemous impostor, to believing him the Lord Jehovah. Is there the least hint of such an amazing change? He speaks with admiration and

rapture of the new views and feelings which he had enjoyed with his new faith. But all the rest together was not so astonishing and wonderful as this, if it had been so. Yet he nowhere alludes to it. Is it, then, possible that it could have been so? that so great a revolution of feeling should leave no trace? He speaks frequently of his prayers. And how? "I bow my knees unto the *Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" "Blessed be the *God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" "Making mention of you in my prayers, that *the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father* of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom." It is plain, therefore, to whom Paul directed his worship. His epistles contain many doxologies and ascriptions of praise to God. And in what terms? Always to one person, God the Father. And *not once*, either in his epistles or any other writing of the Bible, is a doxology to be found, which ascribes praise to Father, Son, and Spirit, or to the Trinity in any form. The New Testament contains, I think, twenty-eight ascriptions in various forms; and from not one of them could you learn that the doctrine of the Trinity had been dreamed of in that day.

Honor is, doubtless, ascribed to the Savior in terms of gratitude, love, and rapture. It could not be otherwise. How could they, who had seen him, avoid it, when we, who have not seen him, are constrained to love him, and, through our faith in him, to rejoice with joy unspeakable? Ascriptions of gratitude and honor to the Savior who will not render? But this does not prove him to be the Almighty God. When the company around the throne are represented, in the Apocalypse, as uttering a new song of blessing, and honor, and glory, to *Him who sits upon the throne*, and to the Lamb, it never can be understood that they attribute divinity to the Lamb; for he is standing in the midst of the

elders, and is praised because *he was slain*. This is not a description suitable to God. And thus, while the New Testament overflows with warm expressions of reverence and gratitude toward Jesus, it is as to the *Son* of God, and reserves all worship of God for the Father. Jesus himself worshiped the Father. The language of the apostles was, "Giving thanks always to God, even the Father, through Jesus Christ." And when honor to the Son is spoken of, it is distinctly stated that it is "*to the glory of God the Father*."

Such is the devotional aspect of the New Testament—an aspect it could not possibly present, if the disciples had practised, and meant to teach, the worship of God in three persons.

2. *The manner in which the disciples conducted themselves toward their Master*, is a certain proof to the same point. Conceive that they supposed him to be Infinite Jehovah, the God of their fathers, whom they had been adoring from their childhood in the strong and awful reverence of the Mosaic worship; and could they have lived and conversed with him freely as they did? Could Peter have rebuked and denied him — Judas have betrayed him — and all forsaken him? Impossible — perfectly impossible. Their whole intercourse with him must have worn a wholly different complexion. It is not in human nature to have lived with one whom they knew to be God, and yet to have conducted themselves as if he were not.

3. The same thing may be said of *the conduct of the Jews toward him*. If they had supposed him to be the God of their fathers, is it possible that they should have treated him with violence and contempt? If they did not suppose it, yet knew that he *claimed* to be such, and that his apostles so regarded him, they must have looked upon him with

horror, as the highest blasphemer. And would not this have sometimes appeared? This is a very strong point. When he was accused before their council, and the charge was blasphemy, they were evidently at no small straits to support the charge. The only evidence which they could at last adduce was, that he had said he could raise up the Temple in three days. Now, if he had ever claimed, in any way, to be Almighty God, or had given any intimation that he desired to be so considered, would they not have remembered it against him at such a moment? When they were eager to seize on the most trifling circumstance, when they sought for false witness long before they could find one, is it to be believed they would pass by such a charge as this? And as they were entirely silent concerning it, is it not certain that he could never have made any such claim?

Nothing can be more decisive than this consideration. Yet it may be corroborated, if not strengthened, by adverting to a remarkable incident in his history.* Some of the Jews, on a certain occasion, took up stones to stone him. He inquired the cause of their violence. They answered, "Because thou, being a man, makest thyself God." To this he replied by a positive denial, and by a full explanation cleared himself of the charge, saying that he claimed to be only "the Son of God." After this they seem never to have repeated the accusation — not even when they were ready to take unfair measures for his condemnation. And yet — strange to say — this explanation, which satisfied his enemies, has not prevented his followers from still insisting to repeat the charge which he refuted — that he, being a man, made himself God.

4. *The conduct of the Jews toward the disciples* proves that

* John x. 31.

they knew nothing of the Trinitarian doctrine. They were active in establishing a new dispensation of religion, and thus drew on themselves the obloquy, abuse, and persecution of their countrymen. Their opposition vented itself, wherever they went, in forms of the greatest outrage and violence. They were accused of speaking blasphemous words against the holy place and the law; of turning the world upside down; of designing to overthrow the religion of their fathers; and were scoffed at as followers of a Master who had died the ignominious death of a malefactor. But they were never accused of worshiping or preaching him as God. Amidst all their enemies' accusations — about the fairness of which we cannot think they would have been very scrupulous — they never brought forward this. And yet, in the eye of a Jew, it must have been the most hateful thing in their system. To teach that that Nazarene enthusiast, whom they had despised and slain, was the very God whom they had always honored and worshiped, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! nothing could have so excited them against the new religion and its active propagators. Yet it never formed the ground of their opposition. Is it not, therefore, certain that the apostles never held such a doctrine?

5. Of the same nature is the following argument. There arose several controversies in that age, especially with those Jews who had been converted to Christianity. Some of these are treated of in the Epistles. But it is very observable, that amongst the questions which thus arose, and required explanations from the apostles, there is no record of any question or controversy respecting the object of worship. And yet, if the new religion was adding two new objects to that of the old, this would have been, to a Jew, by far the most important, most interesting, and most perplexing of all the peculiarities of the gospel. No such

doctrine could have been added to the ancient faith of the Jews, with whom the Unity of God was the proud and distinguishing tenet, without its occasioning some controversy, either with those who received or those who persecuted the new faith. Yet no such controversy took place; neither is there the slightest appearance, in the New Testament, that any objection, difficulty, or doubt, arose in any quarter upon this ground. Is it not impossible, then, that any such doctrine should have been taught?

V. I have thus gone over a few heads of the scriptural argument respecting the Divine Unity.

But in speaking thus decidedly respecting the testimony of the Scriptures, we must not be understood to assert that there is nothing in this volume which seems to favor the Trinitarian doctrine, or that its advocates are altogether without plausible support. Far from it. There are, unquestionably, many passages of difficult interpretation, and many expressions, more or less direct, which may be construed to assign supreme divinity to the Savior ,and personality to the Spirit. But there are two considerations which go to show, that, although this be the case, yet the certainty of our doctrine is not in any degree affected.

1. The first of these considerations is, that the texts, which speak most directly and plainly on this subject, are decidedly Unitarian. These we have already quoted, and no forms of speech could be selected more explicit and unequivocal. But this is not the case with those texts which are quoted in support of the Trinity. Not one of them states the doctrine in so many words. The doctrine is made up by inference and argument from separate texts. Many of these are among the most perplexing and difficult passages in the Bible—passages which have tried the skill of

interpreters in all ages, and have received a variety of expositions. Now, it is plain that where such passages are cited in proof of the Trinity, the value of the citation must depend on the correctness of the criticism; that is, on the soundness of the reasoning by which the text is interpreted; that is, the doctrine is thus far supported by the power of reason simply. Need I say how different from the support which our principal texts give to the doctrine of the Unity? Thus it appears that the doctrine of the Trinity is mainly dependent for its support on processes of reasoning; processes by which the most plain and decisive texts are made to bend to the less plain, and the easy are interpreted by the difficult. We think it safer not thus to trust our power of interpreting dark places, but to take the plain texts for our guide, and solve the dark ones by them. And if there be some which still remain obscure, and which we cannot satisfactorily clear up, we should esteem it safer to leave them as they are, unexplained, than to give them a meaning, and then find ourselves obliged to conform the plain texts to them. In the one case we should think that we followed our own power of logic, and in the other the simple word of revelation.

2. Again. The *assumption*, or *supposition*, which is resorted to in order to make these plain, decisive passages agree with the Trinitarian doctrine, is of a character to confirm us yet more strongly in our opinion. This assumption is, that Jesus Christ possessed two perfect natures, the human and the divine; and that he sometimes speaks and acts as man, and sometimes as God. Now, if this were expressly asserted in Scripture, it would be very well. But it is not; it is not pretended to be expressly taught. It is *argued* that it must be so, because it is a supposition which serves to remove difficulties, and to reconcile the language which is

used respecting the Lord. But we have no right, it seems to me, to reason out for ourselves a doctrine of such magnitude as this for such a purpose; especially when it *creates* difficulties quite as embarrassing as those which it removes — it seems to me far more so. For look at the case a moment. The assertion is, that our Lord speaks and acts sometimes as God, and sometimes as man. Accordingly, when we argue thus — "he declares that he does not know the day or the hour — he says that he can do nothing of himself — he prays to God" — it is then replied, he says these things *as man;* he does not, *as man*, possess supreme power, or know the future; and as man he prays; but still *as God* he is omnipotent, and omniscient, and asks no blessing from on high. This assertion, it is true, may support the doctrine of the Trinity, and may evade certain difficulties which Scripture throws in its way; but does it not create a more serious difficulty than it removes? Let any man candidly examine the subject, and say whether it do not. For — I speak it reverently, and my flesh trembles while I utter it — does it not attribute to our Lord a very strange way of speaking, and something of a deceptive manner, to say that he *does not know* when he really does know, and that *he cannot do* what he has infinite power to do? For, if he were God, it would not be *true* that he did not know the future; it would not be *true* that he did not his own will, and did not work miracles of himself. And therefore I beg to ask — in the name of all that is reverent and good — *whether we can find it in our hearts* to advocate a doctrine, which can be supported only on a supposition which exposes the blessed Jesus to the charge of untruth and deception; a supposition, too, which would render it impossible, if carried to its full extent, to believe any thing which he may say; for one has only to assert — He spake this in his human nature, and

therefore it was not so — and then all his testimony on religious truth may be entirely set aside.

No, brethren, let the plain declarations of our Savior's word be enough for us; and let us rejoice that we hold a faith which allows us to believe every word that he said, just as he uttered it, without the necessity of explaining away a syllable, on the plea that he sometimes spake in one character, and sometimes in another.

I have thus stated a few of the reasons which are directly and indirectly furnished by the Scriptures for holding the doctrine of the undivided Unity of God.

I present it to you as the clear and unquestionable doctrine of Holy Writ, and therefore to be held with firm and decided faith. The more confident our persuasion that it is so, the more highly shall we value it, and the more shall we rejoice to see it extended and honored. If we feel that he whom we call Master and Lord, the author and finisher of our faith, who lived and died that he might secure to us the blessing of our religion, and whose kingdom we desire to spread with its holy and beneficent blessings, — if we believe that *he* taught and inculcated this doctrine, — then, as his disciples, we shall desire that it prevail, for it is his truth.

It is, therefore, *as Christians*, and *for the sake of the Christian religion*, that you are entreated to hold fast this form of sound doctrine, and to do what you may for its encouragement and progress.

It is a duty to your religion. If, as we conscientiously believe, the doctrine which we oppose has no good foundation in Scripture, — if it has grown up from the admixture of some philosophical opinions brought into the church ages ago, — then we cannot but regard it as a most unfortunate misapprehension of the truth; and it becomes as

imperiously a duty in us to expose it, as it was in Luther and the reformers to assail the corruptions of the Romish church. Allowing that it produces less practical and palpable evils, yet if, as there is reason to believe, it has occasioned skepticism in many reflecting minds, and been an obstacle to the progress of the gospel; being, moreover, the corner-stone of certain other doctrines called Calvinism, which we cannot honestly regard as agreeable to the perfections or the word of God; in this case, I say, it becomes a DUTY — from which we can no more discharge ourselves than from the duty to speak the truth and deal uprightly — to strive to remove the error from the world. Our religion demands it of us, that its divine features may be recovered to their pristine beauty. Our fellow-men demand it of us, thirsting, as they are, for information and light on the most interesting subjects. Our own reputation demands it of us, being, as we are, in the situation of the apostles, a sect "every where spoken against" — every where reviled as enemies of the Lord whom we love — branded as unbelievers in that revelation which is our soul's joy, and which Unitarians have done as much and as ably as any to defend against the assaults of infidelity — and accused of seeking covertly to overthrow that blessed book which is our charter of peace, and the anchor of our soul's hope. Brethren, I do not see how we can answer it to our conscience or our God, if we hold our peace and refrain our hand in this matter. I love concord as well as any man. I lament from my soul the alienations and divisions of the Christian church. I deprecate the spirit of hostility and wrath which rides abroad on the tempest of controversy. But still I say, that when we see a doctrine which the united force of all other sects is engaged to blacken and overwhelm, against which a fierce war of extermination is waged, and no quar-

ter given even for charity's sake, — a doctrine which *we* hold to be God's truth, revealed in his word, and testified by the teaching and blood of his Son, — then, I say, *we have no right*, for the sake of quiet, to shrink from proclaiming and toiling for it. If it were our own cause, we might have an option. But being, as it is, the cause of God and his Christ, the apostles did as rightly in forsaking their Master when men rose against him, as we should do in forsaking this his truth when men rise against it. No; let others deny it, and betray it, and forsake it and flee, in the time when the multitude execrate and insult it. I trust that we shall not dare to prove false to it. Let the scribes, and chief priests, and the elders of the people, exert their power, and prevail even to its apparent extermination. It may be put down for a time, and buried, as its holy teacher was, in the tomb. But, like him, it shall burst from the power of its enemies, and rise again — rise, in triumph and dominion, to exalt its empire on an everlasting rock.

It was, therefore, an auspicious day for the truth, when the American Unitarian Association commenced its labors. Its labors were needed; and we already find that they have not been in vain. Its publications have been eagerly called for and welcomed, and the spirit of inquiry is still increasing and extending. It only needs that the minds of its friends should be alive to its importance, and furnish to it the necessary means; and it may be an efficient instrument of truth, under the blessing of God, by supplying the community not only with books, but with living teachers. In order to this, much is yet to be done. Auxiliary associations must be multiplied and strengthened. It is gratifying to find their number increasing daily. I congratulate you, brethren, on your readiness to this good work. You have joined a laudable and needed enterprise. Let not your

hands slacken. Go on persevering, and seek to do more and more. Cause our religious doctrines to be not only published, but circulated; and ask those who speak evil of them, whether they have ever studied them, or even read the most common explanation of them. Think yourselves well employed, when you thus contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and seek to restore the true doctrine of Scripture.

But this is not all which your faith requires of you. You are called upon to testify in its behalf, and recommend its claims by a corresponding temper and life. In contending for the faith, take heed that you do not lose the *spirit*, of the gospel. Hold your opinions in the exercise of a candid and charitable temper toward all. This is a cardinal point in the Christian character. Resist strenuously and devoutly all temptation to regard with censoriousness or illiberality those who differ. Remember what has been so forcibly illustrated in your hearing to-day, that "if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." * You infringe that spirit whenever you speak unkindly or sneeringly of those whose doctrines you may dislike, whenever you "judge your brother, or set at nought your brother." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth;" and we must *all* stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Give to your doctrine, also, the support of a good life. The gospel is a doctrine "according to godliness;" and unless it lead to "godly, righteous, and sober lives," it might as well be a corrupted as a pure doctrine. Consider, therefore, that you do little for the cause of Christ by barely

* Dr. Lowell preached an ordination sermon in the morning from these words.

contending for it, unless you also live for it and adorn it. This caution is especially needed, because it is our misfortune to be thrown into situations of peculiar exposure. We stand in opposition to sects which make extraordinary pretensions to piety and exemplariness of Christian manners. As we are compelled to protest against their erroneous doctrines, we are easily displeased with all the appearances associated with them, and are hence in danger of being driven to the opposite extreme of a careless life. This is a real and natural tendency. One extreme begets another. By all means, be persuaded, brethren, to guard against it. Suffer not yourselves to be driven to carelessness of life, or contempt for serious appearances, by what may seem the unreasonable austerity and sanctimoniousness of others. Remember that there is a rational medium; and, as rational men, holding a sentiment which you know to inculcate that medium, and which thoroughly abhors all licentiousness, both of thought and of practice, cherish diligently an ardent piety, and a strict, unbending, though unostentatious, exactness of morals. Be religious men; and be not afraid to appear as such. Otherwise, you are false to your principles, and obstruct the cause which you really desire to advance.

Is there not reason to fear that we are too insensible to the importance of this consideration? I have no fear for the *argument* in behalf of our faith. So long as the Scriptures exist, and man's mind is free to study them, it must be seen, more and more clearly, that they testify of One God and his impartial grace. But I do sometimes fear from the folly and incaution of its friends. If it is to be lost to the world, and fade away again in darkness, it will be because its friends are not wise enough to do away the prejudices against it; because they are too confident in its inherent

strength and native divinity to think that their own carelessness can hinder its triumph, or their own characters in any way affect the prosperity of what God has made his charge. And, while too many suffer themselves to be more influenced by their dislike of harsh doctrines, and their desire to be wholly rid of them, than by their scriptural views of duty; while they dread to be righteous *over much*, and forget that it is possible to be righteous *over little;* and are reluctant to make exertion or sacrifice for the sake of conscience and truth, — is it strange that such persons are the occasion of keeping alive prejudices against the faith we hold? Will men believe it to be "the doctrine of God our Savior," unless its professors take heed to "adorn" it?

In saying this, I do not forget the many characters of illustrious virtue, and humble, exemplary piety, which we rejoice to see around us, formed under the influence of the pure and life-giving truth — characters which bear the very impress of Heaven, and exhibit, in bright colors, the excellence of the doctrine which gave them birth. Neither do I forget that the state of mind of which I have just been complaining, arises, in great measure, from the peculiar circumstances in which we live — circumstances for which sufficient allowance is not usually made, and which at once account for what we lament, and teach us where to look for the remedy. Similar circumstances of religious agitation and change, when important revolutions of opinion were going on, have always been attended with similar evils. The period of the Reformation was such a season; and how was it then? Let the historians of the day answer. They tell us, with mortification and grief, that one of the conspicuous consequences of that noble attempt to emancipate men from their old, corrupt system, was the introduction of more lax notions and habits of life, and the loosening of the bonds

of morality.* The Catholics triumphed in this, as a demonstration of the falsehood and wickedness of the reformed system. The reformers bewailed it as a calamity and sin. But we see that it grew out of the *circumstances of the times*, and did not spring from their faith. So it may be that, in the present day, a somewhat similar complaint is made in regard to *our* opinions, and exulted over as proof of their falseness; — not, indeed, that the complaint is carried so far, for much worse consequences were attributed to the early Reformation. But what there is, arises from similar circumstances. We are acting over again, in some sense, the part of the reformers. We are going through a similar trial and contest of opinion, and are liable to be ill affected and driven to adverse extremes, just as they were. If the evils of that day were no demonstration that they were wrong, the less evils of this day afford no proof that we are wrong. They do not result from the doctrine, but from the times. They should be no ground of despair to us, nor of

* "The irregular and immoral lives of many of the professors of the gospel gave their enemies great advantages to say they ran away from confession, penance, fasting, and prayers, only that they might be under no restraint, but indulge themselves in a licentious and dissolute course of life. By these things, that were but too visible in some of the more eminent among them, the people were much alienated from them; and as much as they were formerly prejudiced against Popery, they grew to have kinder thoughts of it, and to look on all the changes which had been made as designed to enrich some vicious courtiers, and to let in an inundation of vice and wickedness upon the nation." — "They were men in whose hands things grew every day worse and worse, and whose arrogance and other disorders our chief reformers were forced in some measure to connive at, that they might not provoke them to retard the work," &c. — *Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation*, b. iv., where more may be found to the same effect.

exultation to others. But we should be put on our guard, that we may apply the remedy. It is our duty vigilantly and strenuously to oppose these unhappy tendencies of our situation, and demonstrate, not only the truth, but the holy power of the doctrines that we love.

And why should it not be so? Why should any circumstances seem an excuse or apology for carelessness in practice, or contempt of religious appearances? Is it not pusillanimous to be seduced from paying due honor to the principles you respect, to be driven into apparent or real dislike of a devout demeanor, and self-denying principles and habits, by what you think the unnecessary austerity and ostentatious zeal of others? Jesus Christ, the first preacher of the doctrine you profess, set no example of shrinking from the utmost openness of strict and devout living. The apostles, the zealous professors of the same gospel, felt no difficulty in living wholly and devotedly for their religion. They inculcated the most severe and thorough strictness, even though they had seen the disgusting ostentation of the Pharisees, and found many among their followers, as there are amongst us, who used their liberty "for a cloak of licentiousness." Let us know that it would be an honor to follow their example. Let us know that it would effect more for the conversion of man and the spread of the truth, than all the books we can circulate, and all the arguments we can array without it. It is to little purpose that we prove, by abstract reasoning, the truth of the doctrine; that we boast of its purity; that we demonstrate its excellent tendencies; and show, by incontrovertible argument, that it *must* make the best Christians. Let us show that it *does* so Let us prove our faith *by our works*. Then men will be convinced. Then it will be said, God is in you of a truth. And the gospel, in which we rejoice, will go forth in its holy light,

to bless and redeem the world. Amen. So let it be! God hasten it in his time! And let us, brethren, be "fellow-workers with God." It is an honorable employment. Let us be engaged in it not only with zealous, but with pure minds; for they who would put a hand upon the ark must have written on their garments, Holiness to the Lord. They who fight the battles of the Lord of hosts must not be aliens, but subjects and friends, having his seal upon their foreheads, and their hearts purified by the truths they would teach. God grant that we may be such, and so honored as instruments to accomplish his excellent work — "that we may see the good of his chosen — that we may rejoice in the gladness of his people — that we may glory with his inheritance!" And unto Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, — to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. AMEN.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE DUTIES OF THE PULPIT AND THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

AN

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE,

OCTOBER 18 AND 25, 1830.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO THE

CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

On meeting for the first time in this new relation, our thoughts are naturally directed to the object for which this office has been instituted, and the purposes which it is designed to accomplish. These are indicated with sufficient distinctness in its title. Leaving to other chairs the discipline which is to form theologians, and furnish the teachers of the church with the requisite learning, it is the office of *this* to regard them in the light of preachers and pastors, and train them to the eloquence demanded for the pulpit, and the prudence and affections that must guide in the parish walk.

The connection thus suggested between the eloquence of the pulpit and the pastoral care, is real and natural. These two branches go together and sustain each other. The minister is the better preacher for having his heart warmed by intercourse with his hearers in private; and he goes to them in private with the greater influence and effect, because he carries with him the sacredness and sanction of the pulpit. The full power of the Christian ministry can be known only where both departments are exercised with faithfulness; and he entirely errs, who fancies that he may

neglect either, and yet command the best success in the other. It is to the union of the two that we must look for the efficient and complete minister. And I think that we cannot better introduce our labors in this department, than by attempting to illustrate this important truth.

In order to this, it may be well, first of all, to state our idea of the terms we are using.

When we speak, then, of ELOQUENCE, as an essential requisite for the preacher, and as something *to be taught*, we do not mean that high and singular gift, that extraordinary combination of powers and attainments, which the books describe as the property of the orator; for men so splendidly endowed are but few in an age, and the church, if it must depend on them, would soon perish for want of advocates. But so far from being necessary, it is not certain that this highest eloquence is advantageous, or even desirable, in the pulpit. At any rate, it is not this which our institutions propose to teach, or which our students aim to acquire. What we propose is, simply, the power and habit to select judiciously, arrange clearly, and express forcibly and fervently, the topics suited to the pulpit, and to utter them in that distinct, correct, and pleasant elocution, which shall insure for them the attention of the people. Thus much is capable of being learned; and this is what we mean by pulpit eloquence, when we propose it as something to be attained.

By the PASTORAL CARE we understand that duty toward individuals and families, which consists in personal acquaintance and intercourse for the purpose of knowing the character and condition of the flock, that so the minister may be ready to seize opportunities of usefulness among them in either their temporal or spiritual relations, — by giving counsel, instruction, reproof, encouragement, consolation,

according to situation and character. We do not regard it as consisting in what appears sometimes to be understood by the term, — the custom of simply visiting as a friend, or making calls from house to house; much less ceremonious and party visiting, or social tea-drinkings. Some ministers have much intercourse with their people, or rather with a certain portion of them, in this way; but this is not doing pastoral duty. Social visiting is well. It has its uses; indirectly, its religious uses. But pastoral visiting has *directly* its religious uses. The pastor goes "from house to house," like the apostles, with an expressly religious object; and he executes it, not only in sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of his people, and administering advice in sickness, and comfort in affliction, but also in communing with them on their religious interests, and applying himself to their spiritual ignorance, trials, doubts, perplexities, and progress. It is to this that we especially refer, when we speak of the advantages he must derive as a preacher from the discharge of his duties as a pastor.

The importance and necessity of the connection between the labors of the pulpit and of the pastoral charge, may be discerned, first, *in the nature of the object to be accomplished by the ministry.* The ministry is designed to act on the characters of men, through the truths and motives of the gospel, so as to bring them in subjection to religious principle, and thus fit them for everlasting happiness; not simply to give instruction in religion, or gain assent to the doctrines of revelation, but so to press them upon men, that their *characters* shall be made conformable to them. Now, character is a very complicated thing, dependent on a vast variety of circumstances and influences. Of these the pulpit can never furnish but a small proportion; and if none other be exerted in behalf of truth and Heaven, the character of most

men will be formed more from the prevalent influences of the world, than the holier agency of the ministry. To render this agency sufficient, it must be brought into operation at other times and in other relations — amidst the actual pressure of the circumstances and trials of life. And this is precisely what is attempted by adding the watchfulness of the pastor to the eloquence of the preacher.

The necessity of this junction may be seen, again, in *the nature of preaching*, taken in connection with *the character of the congregations addressed.* Preaching is instruction and exhortation addressed to a promiscuous audience of men and women of every rank, order, and age, with the view, as I have said, to *influence and form their characters.* And who does not know the extreme, the almost insurmountable difficulty, of so addressing a promiscuous assembly, that all shall understand and be affected? Such are the varieties of situation and education, of intelligence, disposition, and habit, of modes of life and thought, experience and trials, moral advancement and religious attainment, that a preacher may speak most instructively to some, while to others he is talking unintelligibly and idly. How necessary, then, that he have other occasions and methods of access to them, than the formal communications of the desk! And where is he to find these, but in the opportunities of the pastoral office? How otherwise can he reach, or know whether he reaches, a large portion of the minds committed to him?

We shall further discern this necessity, if we reflect that the advancement of religion, and the diffusion of its blessings, are just in proportion to its action upon individuals, and its effect upon single characters. We are too ready to regard Christianity as designed to operate on society, and accomplish a great work for the progress and reformation of

the world. Even when we look at a single parish, we are too apt to see it in this general view, and address it as a community, rather than as a collection of individuals; in consequence of which, our preaching is general and vague, our aim uncertain, our exertions too little direct and concentrated, and our success doubtful and partial. Now, this barren generality in preaching, proper views of the pastoral office would do much to correct. We should then come down to individuals; our great object would be the improvement and welfare of certain persons, for whose particular case we are concerned. We should understand their wants, trials, and dangers, and be anxious to apply to them the faith and power of the gospel. We should think our work best done, when we found that the very persons with whom we hold daily intercourse in the common walks of life, have been led, one by one, to think of God and duty, and prepare for the retributions of a future world. This action on individuals would tend peculiarly to warm our hearts, and enkindle a generous zeal within us. It would animate us in our studies. It would give life, particularity, and directness, to our preaching; and it would prove the most effectual way of producing that general improvement which we so desire to witness in society.

Such being the necessity and importance of the connection between these two branches of ministerial action, let us proceed to consider the support which each furnishes to the other.

I. And, FIRST, of *the support which the pastoral care furnishes to the pulpit.* This may be seen in relation both to the actual labors of the pulpit, and the preparation for them.

1. We will begin with the preparation for them. Noth-

ing is of so much consequence here as *the spirit in which this preparation is made.* If it be done simply as the inevitable routine of a professional calling, or as an intellectual exercise, or an exhibition of talent, or a rhetorical display, it is evident that the moral state of the preacher's mind is altogether unfavorable to the production of a truly religious effect. He has no proper apprehension of the subject he is treating, and, not entering into it rightly himself, he cannot rightly represent it to others, nor attract to it their regard. We are not to wonder that those who thus go to the pulpit miserably fail of all valuable influence, and that religion becomes heartless and dead under the management of men who have no higher aim than to get through their stipulated task as hirelings. Religion is so much a matter of sentiment and sympathy, that the universal rule of oratory is in no other profession so true as in this,—that the most efficient speaker is he who most throws his own soul into his eloquence. Now, to enable him to do this—to prevent the weekly duty of preparation from degenerating into a mechanical performance, or selfish ambition from taking place of the hearty disinterestedness of a Christian preacher, the pastoral office is an essential aid. The man who is familiar with the situation, trials, and wants, of those whom he addresses, who goes up to the pulpit from their firesides and their chambers,—full of interest in their characters, and sympathy with their condition,—feels that he is not meeting a congregation in the abstract, but men and women whom he knows and cares for, and who are waiting to catch from him something which will suit their necessities, and be for their guidance and improvement. He cannot sit down, and prepare for such an assembly a dry dissertation in metaphysical philosophy, or a learned criticism on an unimportant text, or a sentimental essay of which he has studied only the

ornaments and graces. But, urged by natural and spontaneous emotions, impelled by the current of his own affections, with perfect directness, and that best of all energy which results from simplicity of purpose, where all is real, and nothing affected, artificial, or forced, — he will prepare an address suited to their actual condition, and with a single view to their profit. As Butler observes there is a certain *unity*, so is it equally true there is a certain *power*, "in the words of one who writes with simplicity and in earnest" — a power which, perhaps, is nowhere seen more strikingly contrasted with weakness, than in the case of the preacher who prepares a set discourse on religion without any acquaintance with the actual religious wants of man, and as an intellectual exercise alone, and of him who, glowing with sympathy for his flock, thinks only of imparting instruction and pressing upon them expostulation, as a friend with a friend, or a parent with his children.

2. Beyond this general effect, which lies in the state of his affections, the pastoral relation aids the preacher's preparation by directing him in *the profitable choice of subjects.* It is quite obvious that in the vast fields of theological and moral truth, there is room for infinite variety of choice. If one select from this variety at random, or at the suggestion of the moment, he may, indeed, frame excellent discourses on most important questions; yet if they be not suited to the character and wants of the hearers, he will be a thoroughly unprofitable preacher. So also, if he follow the bias and taste of his own mind, and the train of his favorite studies, he may treat great subjects, and treat them well; but while he gratifies himself, he may neither please nor benefit the congregation. The only just rule, by which to decide among the ten thousand subjects and texts which may suggest themselves, is their fitness to do good to the particular class of

persons addressed. And what will enable one to determine this point so correctly and judiciously, as the intercourse of the pastoral relation? He who holds that relation knows what instruction is needed by them and useful to them. He is at no loss to decide what classes of topics he should treat. They are pointed out to him in his daily walks, and in the character and condition of all around him. When he sits down to the labor of composition, he finds them springing up in his mind, suggested by some interesting event which has occurred, by some question he has been asked, by some conversation he has held, by some character he has observed; and in treating them, he *knows and sees* the very individuals who will drink in his words like thirsty men, and rejoice in the refreshment and strength he imparts. What a prodigious help has he here! No languor and vacuity of mind to be roused and inspired, no unwilling drudgery, no heartless task-work; but warm, stirring, interesting occupation, — such as he only knows who can unite the delightful glow which attends a successful intellectual exercise with the affectionate serenity that waits on him who is engaged in the moral improvement of others.

3. The same remark holds good in respect to *the mode of treating and illustrating his subjects.* His pastoral relation will help to give an air of reality and suitableness to the whole method of discussion, and to the topics of argument and elucidation. Instead of being compelled painfully to seek them, and bring them by effort from afar, he will find them ready at hand, springing up all around him. He will not reject them because they are familiar. He will not be fastidious about their grace and beauty. He will speak to his people freely, as he would to one who should privately ask advice in his study, — anxious neither for profoundness of views nor elegance of diction, but only to

make himself understood and felt. He will thus be led, I might almost say instinctively, to the most efficient and persuasive course; while another, studying out the same subject without the same application to real life, and with no guide but his scholastic rules of composition and the formal dicta of logicians and rhetoricians, would go astray into useless subtilties and artificial declamation.

This is especially true in regard to that class of topics which concerns the action of Christian truth on the mind and heart, and the exercises of the soul in its religious course. He that would preach profitably must exhibit these faithfully and truly. He must treat of the emotions and conflicts that are going on within, and the strong trials and glorious aspirations of our spiritual nature, as things of fact and experience — an experience which, in its full extent, embraces every subject of thought and duty, affection and devotion, hope, fear, faith, and action, which can interest a pious mind, and make up the history of a responsible being. And this he must do in such manner as shall come home to the business and bosoms of those who hear, shall awaken a response in their hearts, shall reflect their image to themselves, and minister to them the needful guidance, admonition, consolation, and peace. For such a work, how valuable the preparation of the pastoral walk! It sends him back to his study fresh and glowing from intercourse with minds into whose recesses he has been admitted, inquisitive for truth, anxious for heaven, disturbed with doubt, shaken with remorse, trembling with despondency, overwhelmed by affliction, depressed by misfortune, struggling with temptation, or rejoicing in faith and hope; and he is prepared to treat the topics I have mentioned with a feeling and reality which study never could have imparted, with a clearness

and force which meditation and books never could have supplied.

I know no cure for false rhetoric like this. And whenever I witness the grandiloquence of the sophomore in the pulpit; when I hear there the flashy common-places of flowers, and rivers, and clouds, and rainbows, and dews; when I listen to the empty music of periods which are rounded only to be harmonious, and the tricks of speech which perform no office for the sense, — then I say that all this miserable foppery, as false to good taste as it is to the souls of men and the truth of God, could never have been committed by a man who walked faithfully among his people, caring for their actual wants, and anxious to feed them with knowledge and understanding. What lawyer, I ask, who makes his client's cause his own, would dare to put it in jeopardy by such idle flourishes at the bar? And, therefore, beyond all instruction from books or masters in the truest eloquence, — that is, the eloquence which reaches men's souls, and, being adapted to their state, moves and changes them, — I would send a young man into the experience of actual life. I would say to him, "Interest yourself in these people; be governed by the supreme desire to bring them to God, in the love and acknowledgment of his truth; and though you may not hear yourself extolled for beautiful figures and accomplished address, you will have the satisfaction of subduing many hearts to thoughtfulness and peace, who shall reward you with their gratitude at the resurrection of the just."

4. Again. The pastoral office aids the preacher in respect to *the delivery of his discourses.*

The best delivery is not that which conforms minutely to certain rules; nor that which in vulgar estimation is accounted eloquent, — the loud, sonorous, and showy. It

is that which best brings out the meaning of the discourse, and leads the hearer so directly to the sentiment, that the manner of its utterance fails to attract remark. This, at any rate, is the desirable delivery for the pulpit. Why is it so rare? and what are the greatest obstacles in the way of attaining it? First, undoubtedly, the ill habits created in childhood by reading what we neither understand nor care about; and next, the continued habit of reading mechanically, as we have been accustomed, without throwing our natural feeling into our manner. Every one knows how difficult it is to remedy the constrained and unaffecting utterance which has thus come up with us from the dame's school. Lessons, criticism, example, painful practice at self-correction, may do something, especially if we will always read pieces in which we feel interested, and practise in an excited state of mind. To read or recite in dull, cold blood, may only help to dishearten us, by showing how difficult it is to overcome our faults. It is working with blunted tools. An edge is given them to work keenly and happily only by excitement.

But however much may be done in this way, I know nothing so likely to remedy the faults alluded to, and give birth to a *real* manner, as the consciousness that we are doing a *real work*, — in the midst of those who are seeking our opinions and advice, and whom, as acquaintances and dependants, we are desirous to serve, and with a devout sense upon our minds of religious responsibility. This is precisely the situation of the pastor. The reality of his office, like that of the parental relation, thrusts aside all that is factitious, and imparts the air and tone of nature, truth, and feeling. Let him give way to the impulse of his situation, and nature, truth, and feeling, will make him eloquent — that is, will make him effective. The fetters of his unnatural schoolboy habits will relax and drop off. He is

once more a man, independent and self-moved. The drowsy, dronelike monotony of indifference, and the artifices of affectation, and the graces which seek applause,—all fly before the business-like sobriety of actual zeal. He is no longer a sounding declaimer, eager only for admiration; no longer a heartless drudge at an irksome task; nor a timid aspirant for fame, shrinking embarrassed from the eye and censure of critics around him. He is simply a friend among friends, and he speaks right on. He has a business to do, and he forgets every thing but to do it. If any thing will break down the disastrous habits of early and scholastic life, and teach him or betray him to speak like a man who is in earnest, and who, therefore, can touch other men, it is the consciousness of sustaining a relation like this.

5. There is still another department of public duty, on which the pastoral relation exerts a most valuable influence; namely, *the public prayers of the sanctuary*. These, no less than the preaching,—in order to be right, edifying to the congregation, and therefore acceptable to God, because going up from hearts which assent to them as they are uttered,—must be suited to the congregation; not only in phraseology and style, but in sentiment and topics; suited to them, not only in general, as they are men, possessed of a common nature, common wants, infirmities, and sins, but particularly as they are *such* men, with their own peculiar characters, situation, and exposure. It is perfectly obvious that a devotional exercise, adapted to affect the minds and express the souls of one class of men, may be wholly unfitted to excite or represent another. A preacher may skilfully study the proprieties of thought and diction, and diligently select and arrange the addresses with which it becomes mortal man to appear before his God, or he may, following the train in which his own mind runs when he pours

himself out in private worship, dwell on those sentiments which are most affecting to himself in *his* state of religious experience and progress. In each case, the prayer, in itself, may be proper and excellent; yet, as designed for the use of a given congregation, it may be barren and vapid. Without careful adaptedness, there can be nothing in it of that warm and fructifying vitality by which public prayer should communicate life to the souls of the worshipers. And who can understand this essential adaptation like him who lives among those whose mouth he is to be; acquainted with their temporal condition and spiritual wants, and familiar with their modes of religious thought and expression; who knows, therefore, what sentiment will find an echo in their hearts, what words will kindle a devout flame, and what there is already established within them, to which he must appeal, if he would carry them on to higher spiritual attainments? He would fear that he should not lead them to pray at all, if he dealt only in the general language of piety, or in those peculiar views which satisfy and delight himself. He seeks to enter into their minds, borrow their associations, speak from their sentiments, allude to their trials, temptations, and sorrows, describe and specify their condition, wants, and infirmities. He would thus, in a manner, take them by the hand and lead them to the very mercy-seat, that they may pray themselves; while a stranger, being unable thus to sympathize with them, would be like the ancient priest, who presented an offering of which the people could only be spectators.

6. The preacher's *success* is favored by the relation which he bears to his hearers as their pastor.

The writers upon rhetoric insist much on the importance of conciliating the good-will of an audience. They lay down various rules for beginning in such a manner as may

disarm prejudice and win favor, — knowing how little is to be hoped from the highest eloquence, if received into unwilling or prejudiced ears. But for the affectionate pastor this is already done. He is in the midst of acquaintances and friends. Individuals, doubtless, there may be, cold, incredulous, inimical. But, as an audience, he addresses those whose confidence he possesses, and who have put themselves in his power. Even in the case of those who doubt or disbelieve the doctrine he delivers, or whose sinful minds rebel against his entreaty and warning, — his personal connection with them affords the most propitious of all circumstances for bringing them to a *willingness* to listen and be improved. But, as regards the auditory in general, — from him, whom they know, not only officially, as a preacher of righteousness, but privately, as a man of integrity and charity; from him, whose tested purity and sanctity render him as venerable at their firesides as at the altar; from him, entreating them in Christ's stead, — they receive counsel, exhortation, and reproof, as they would from no one else. At his expostulations they are less likely to cavil and demur. His statements and style they are less prone to criticize and debate about. By his entreaties, they are more easily persuaded to self-examination. His instruction is, consequently, more salutary; he is enabled to address them with a freedom, confidence, and particularity, which nothing but the intimacy of his relation to them would warrant. Hence we have often known a discourse received with favor at home, which has given offence when preached to a congregation abroad. Hence, too, we may believe, that, as a general rule, religion will most flourish where the pulpit is not too frequently given up to strangers; but where the steady administration of truth from the same trusted lips, forbids gossiping criticism, unprofitable comparisons, and the itching ears

which the apostle long ago condemned as idle and mischievous.

Thus it is that the pastoral relation augments the circumstances propitious to the preacher's success. It is a great truth, that the same instruction and advice are interesting and useful, or the opposite, — are received with welcome, or rejected with contempt, — according as our minds are affected toward him who speaks. This is the foundation of the ancient adage, *Neminem oratorem esse, nisi virum bonum.* And hence the pulpit must always gain an increase of power, from the circumstance of its being occupied by men who are known and beloved of those who sit beneath.

Of course I do not speak without exceptions; and it will readily occur to you what prodigious effects have sometimes been wrought by the preaching of strangers in strange places. This has been owing, in part, to the extraordinary powers possessed by those persons, and in part to the influence that novelty always exerts over minds of a certain character, which sleep under whatever is familiar. But there can be no doubt that, upon the whole, the best, the most wholesome, the most permanent effects of religion are derived from its uniform and settled operation. Its most salutary agency is, like that of the sun in perfecting the harvest, steady, equal, gentle, and perpetual. It is upon this idea that the regular institutions of the Christian church are founded. And however sleepers may be sometimes most effectually awakened by the warning cry of a stranger, the whole flock is best watched and fed by regular and stated shepherds; for which reason it was, that, when Paul and the apostles had gone through the world, and waked its slumberers into life and faith, they then "ordained elders in every city," to watch for the souls which they had converted.

II. We come now to speak of *the favorable influences exerted by the pulpit on the minister's labors as a pastor.*

1. The advantage which it gives him is mainly this — that it clothes him with a sanction and authority which he could derive from no other source. Something of the ancient reverence, which belonged to the prophetic character among the Jews, attaches itself, even now, to the simple man who stands up in the Christian church as the herald of the New Testament. He is the proclaimer and expounder of the divine will. The majesty and awfulness of the message passes to him who is commissioned to utter it. Wherever he may be, his image is associated with the pulpit, — that venerable place, consecrated to the denunciation of sin, to the proclamation of supernatural truth, and the invitations of divine grace — to which the mass of Christians look up, as did the Jews to the mercy-seat, whence the oracles came forth. There it was that the people of his charge first saw him. Their earliest associations with him are as habited with the sanctity of that place — as a man at prayer — as a man pleading for souls — as separated from earthly objects, interests, and feelings, and wrapped up in subjects of infinite concern. This feeling always clings to him. It is never wholly separated from his image in their minds. They receive him, wherever they meet him, as bearing his office with him. In their houses, and at their tables, he is still, like the prophet in the cottage of the Shunammite woman, "THE MAN OF GOD."

What an advantage may he thus carry with him into every office of Christian love! In going about like his Master to do good, what power! He can reprove as no other man can do, and where no other would presume; for there is a deference to his standing and office, which feels that to resist him might be to resist Him who sent him. If

ons and strife arise, there is none who may so effec-
· step in, as a peacemaker, to reconcile and heal; for he
·ceived to be only doing what he has declared from the
t to be a Christian duty, and thus practising the pre-
which he has often enjoined upon others. In affliction,
ınd calamity, he can speak comfort as none other can.
same sentiment, the same words, — as the experienced
r has often been surprised to observe, — are worth
from his lips, and go more deeply into the sorrowing
. He is thought to be more familiar with the true and
tial springs of consolation; and the mourner seems to
a higher Comforter speaking by his voice, and saying,
ıce! be still!"

ıdoubtedly, great prudence and discreet wisdom are
ssary to secure, perfectly, all the advantages of which I
:, — especially in an artificial state of society, like that
ıich we live; and we may find instances in which they
not been obtained. But it must be because the minis-
as neglected and forfeited them. It is impossible that
did not once exist, and that he had not the opportunity
:cure them. Many ministers seem not to be aware of
ɔower which they thus possess. Many, through deli-
, do not call it into action as they might. Some fancy
the ministry ought to rely solely on personal character
s influence, and that no advantage whatever should be
ı of the dignity which unavoidably appertains to the
:; while many wield its influence with a fearful and
ınical sway, which proves, at once, how real it is, and
immense would be its action for good, if employed
for legitimate and salutary ends. For such ends let it
ıcredly used, as a most responsible trust. You cannot,
u would, descend from the holy eminence of the pulpit
mingle with men unmarked. If you could, you ought

not. And the distinction and power which you gain from this circumstance, may be, and should be, cherished among the most valuable and beneficent talents in your possession.

You will not understand me as urging you to expect or claim authority and influence, on the ground of your office alone; or to take advantage of the natural reverence of man for his priests, to assume a clerical superiority, independent of your personal acquisitions and character. These must be conformable to your high place, or they will only sink you the lower in merited contempt. This is neither the age, nor country, nor state of society, for ignorance and ambition to lord it over God's heritage, by any claim of office, or any pretence of a divine commission. All, therefore, that I have now intended, is, to state strongly — I do not know whether more strongly than the truth — the actual sentiments of men, which offer you a singular facility of doing pastoral good; a facility of which you are diligently to avail yourselves; and this the rather, because the tendency of the times induces many ministers to fling away all advantages to be derived from their function, and because there is a tendency in the state of society to destroy the distinction between clergy and people. Now, as far as I have stated it, this distinction is salutary, and these advantages legitimate and desirable. Beyond that point, I would be the last to plead for them, — certainly the last to rest on them, as if they could answer instead of personal worth, intellectual fitness, and religious devotedness to duty. Indeed, my next remark is, —

2. That the pastoral office gains strength from the pulpit, because he who is gifted to fill that place bears with him the credit of talents, learning, and religious disinterestedness. He has been educated for his trust, by long retirement for study and discipline. His mind is stored with

various information, and in most circles within his parish he is regarded as farther advanced than others in all the branches of essential knowledge. Of course, then, he has all the advantage which such attainments and reputation always afford a man for influence with his fellow-men. With many persons, this, and not his office of religious teacher, will be the actual ground of respect; and with all, any inconsistency between his character and profession, any obvious worldliness of mind, selfishness of purpose, improper ambition, and habits of thought, feeling, and pursuit which indicate that God and Christianity are only secondary objects of interest, will destroy the influence of both his life and teaching; while simplicity and disinterestedness, conscientious and zealous devotedness to his benevolent function, and a life evidently modelled on his Master's, will secure to him a real, deep-seated power, which office and learning alone never could have given. Thus the ability to preach implies attainments and character, which secure deference and regard in the pastoral relation. But these will be at once changed into neglect and contempt toward him who claims them from the office he holds, and not from his fitness and fidelity in discharging it.

3. The pulpit gives aid to the pastor, by making impressions which offer occasions for personal intercourse, and thus create opportunities for addressing men individually on their religious concerns.

The work of impression and improvement which is begun by the pulpit, can never be completed by it. Let the word be preached with ever so much discrimination, fidelity, and particularity of application, it is impossible that it should be made at all times to suit the peculiar emergencies of all characters, and impart to each variety of spiritual necessity the exact direction and counsel which it requires. It is by

attention to his flock in private, that the pastor is sure of being able to "give to each his portion in due season." And the best opportunities to do this are the result of his public preaching. For however general it may be, if it be faithful, it will reach some hearts, will touch some consciences, will excite some minds to thoughtfulness, penitence, and prayer. Where this has been done, how is the way opened to easy, natural, confidential communication on the deepest interests of man and the most affecting truths of God! How is his access to these topics facilitated, and how acceptable are his instructions and counsels! He finds ears opened to him which had hitherto been closed, and an earnest welcome to suggestions which formerly were received with, at best, a cool and repulsive assent. And it was the cry he had uttered in the pulpit, which thus "prepared the way of the Lord, and made his paths straight."

Hence, for this reason, he keeps an open and vigilant eye to discover the effects of his preaching. He follows Orton's advice, to converse with his people, not about his sermons, but on the subjects of them. He seeks to know the instances in which he has awakened a sense of responsibility, or stirred up a spirit of inquiry, or excited a thirst for knowledge. He desires to ascertain in what cases he has been misunderstood, and in what he has given offence; in what instances his expositions have failed to give satisfaction, and in what they may possibly have excited doubt. He may then be able to explain more clearly the points that were left in darkness, and pursue still further the subject of discussion. He may put an end to the offence, before it have become inveterate by time; may correct the misunderstanding before it have done its work of mischief or alienation; may answer the inquiry, before it is forgotten in the bustle of the world, and direct and fix the nascent interest in things

divine. These are interesting offices of pastoral oversight, the occasions for which he owes to his public preaching. How much of what falls from him on the Sabbath might be lost, if it were not thus followed to a ripe result! How much of the precious seed of the word may be wasted, where there is no one to cultivate and guard its growth! And how valuable to the pastor, that public proclamation of the gospel, to which he is indebted for these propitious opportunities of communicating with men on their eternal interests!

4. These views may be still further illustrated from the relation which he sustains to the young of his flock. These have been truly styled "the hope of the ministry;" and toward them his most devoted and shepherd-like interest must always be awake. Over their early impressions and growing characters he is to watch. Their parents he is to aid and prompt in the arduous task of training them to purity, faith, and the love of God. In his parochial rounds, they are to be peculiar objects of his inquiry and attention. In the common schools, in the Sunday schools, and by his own personal instructions, he will labor for their knowledge and piety. And as he has been solicitous that they should receive at first the baptismal sign, he will be anxious to guide them onward to a suitable preparation for the other Christian ordinance, and introduce them to a worthy commemoration of their Lord. In all this charge of their religious progress, how much does he gain by being the teacher in God's house! How favorable is this circumstance to the success of his efforts! Who may find an easy way into their young hearts like him whose image is interwoven, in their thoughts, with all that is reverend and affecting in the worship of God, the history of Jesus, and the proclamation of things eternal? Who else may so guide, influence, mould them, as he who descends from the most sacred of

places and of duties, mingling the affectionateness of an elder friend with the authority of venerable office!

I have now said what I designed, to show the mutual dependence and reciprocal influence of the eloquence of the pulpit and the pastoral care. It is the union of these which forms the complete and effective minister. It is such ministers that we desire to send forth to the churches; "eloquent men and mighty in the Scriptures;" who shall carry into the pulpit the best gifts of utterance and persuasion, and the most affectionate zeal for the salvation of men; and who shall move amongst their people with the kindness of friends, and the cheerful gravity of men of God. That *you* may become such is to be the object of your and my unceasing and solicitous study.

You are called to be PREACHERS and PASTORS. It is for this that your whole discipline is to prepare you. The learning and exactness of the study, the musings and devotions of the closet, the watchfulness and discipline of daily life, — all are to combine in fitting you for the solemn function of preaching God's truth to a sinning and slumbering world, and of guiding and counselling men in the most interesting concerns of the human soul.

Let me exhort you, then, to look forward habitually to the day when this charge of souls shall be actually in your hands, and to consider by what preparation you shall be able to acquit yourselves in it satisfactorily and acceptably. Contemplate the pulpit, from which you are to speak to GOD in behalf of the congregation; and realize with what devotion and elevation of spirit you should be imbued in order rightly to carry up the general offering of praise and supplication — the pulpit, from which you are to address men on the loftiest themes, and awaken their dull hearts to the spiritual things from which a sensual world is constantly enticing

them; and realize with what holy earnestness of deep conviction, with what suavity and vehemence of utterance, with what clear and energetic reasoning, with what intimate knowledge of scriptural truth, of providence, and of human nature, you must be filled and glowing, in order worthily to execute so vast, so various, so delicate, so responsible a trust. Bring this thought before you. Keep it before you. Weigh it, feel it, understand it. You will then cheerfully devote yourselves to the severest toils, which shall be requisite to accomplish a thorough preparation.

Look also to the pastoral relation. Consider what it is to be the religious counsellor of hundreds of souls, in every most trying and momentous crisis of their being. Consider what prudence you must study, what wisdom and discretion you must cultivate, what readiness, what patience, what forbearance, what affection, what zeal; above all, what need there is of a spiritual habit of mind, a fondness for religious thought, a heart always alive to sympathy with man, and ready to rise in devotion to God. You will then comprehend with what diligence you are now to cultivate your affections, and live as men of faith and prayer, that you may not then be strangers to the most spiritual part of your labors, but may go to them as an accustomed and welcome occupation.

Understand, therefore, the importance and dignity of the work you are to undertake. There is no more momentous trust committed to human hands. There is no higher honor to which man may aspire on earth. Office more responsible no one can bear. Duties more weighty and trying no one can assume. It is the office, trust, honors, and duties, which once were borne by the Son of God. To esteem them lightly, to prepare for them sluggishly, is the extreme of folly and of sin. It is to seek and deserve disappointment, failure,

and contempt. It is to dare the displeasure of Heaven, and darken the prospects of the soul. Be persuaded, then, to set your standard high. Act from elevated and disinterested principles, with a lofty aim and a vigorous perseverance. In attainments and in character press on to the ALIQUID IMMENSUM INFINITUMQUE; or, in words more solemn and exciting still, "to the mark for the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus your Lord."

It is to help you in this arduous, and almost fearful preparation, that I have come among you. I truly feel that I could receive no more interesting or important charge. And what power God has given me, what skill and knowledge experience may have taught me, may be more than occupied in the responsible task. I will do what I can. May God grant his blessing! I only ask of you to second my exertions, and give me your prayers.

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DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN

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It belongs to the system of education at the present day, to pay great attention to the training of youth in preparation for its participation in the action of society. There is great wisdom in this, because much of the energy and enterprise, on which the prosperity and advancement of the world depend, is found among the younger men. The spirit, the hope, the sanguine enthusiasm, the fearlessness of consequences which are essential to great undertakings, are to be found in those whose hearts have not yet been chilled by disappointment, and to whom experience has not read lessons of doubt and caution. Some great things can only be achieved by a sort of desperate struggle, which none will venture who have lived long enough to be aware of its desperateness. Some evils never will be removed if their removal depend on those who have become accustomed to them, for they then become less burdensome than the toil of removing them. The old are naturally conservative; they wish to keep things as they are; they have ceased to hope any thing better; innovations disturb them as unwise and ungraceful. The young fancy every thing might be better;

they take counsel of their imaginations and their dreams; they think every thing to be possible, and are impatient to introduce changes which shall bring to pass all their visions. The middle aged unite much of this caution of the elders with much of this ardor of the young; experience has given them wisdom, and years have not changed that wisdom to timidity; they love to act and desire to improve, but their action is not that of impulse, and they judge of improvement more by lessons of history and real life than by the suggestions of a sanguine imagination. For these reasons it might be best if the affairs of society could be wholly intrusted to them, if its security and peace for the present, and its steady advancement toward something better, could be committed to their mature wisdom and energetic but thoughtful experience, subject to no revolutionary violence on one side, and to no lethargic contentment on the other. But as these wise counsellors in the prime of life could never exist excepting as they arose from the ranks of the young, and as their wisdom could be acquired only by their experience in earlier years, it is impossible that the guidance of the public weal should devolve on them alone; the younger must have a share with the more mature in order to their right introduction to the cares and trusts of manhood, and the aged should be retained among the counsellors, that their caution may keep the balance right, and prevent the undue preponderance of hasty impulses and ill-considered projects.

There is always a tendency in the ranks of the young men to press forward and seize prematurely the active stations in society. The fire of ambition and enterprise consumes them; they are impatient of tardy action. In the great procession of society they can ill bear to be kept in the rear rank, and be obliged to school down their quick step to the deliberate

movement of their elders in the van. In various ways this tendency has always exhibited itself. If there be a great political revolution, youths are among its leaders; if a career of military glory which sets the world in flames, it is a young man that commands it. Alexander was in India at thirty, and Napoleon in Italy at twenty-six. In arts also, and letters, how many have done their amazing works, and gained their imperishable renown, before the dawn of middle life! The fame of Raphael, the king of painters, of Byron, of Burns, of Lucan, and even of Newton in science, is the fame of early manhood.

The remarkable calmness and wisdom which marked the conduct of the American revolution was owing to the circumstance that its leaders were men in mature life, of sober experience and ripe wisdom. The author of the Declaration of Independence was younger, but he had seen thirty-two summers; there were few so youthful; and their undue impetuosity, if they could have been impetuous in so grave a cause, was more than balanced by the sobriety of the elder men, who, like so many Nestors, gray in years and patriotism, were joined to the councils which Chatham eulogized. The same is observable in the army. The commander-in-chief, never a young man in the sense of being rash, was then arrived at the sober age of forty-four; the chiefs next to him had outlived the boyishness which counts war a frolic, and the young men who came forward during the struggle in the bloom of youth, like Lafayette and Hamilton, became imbued with the prevailing temper, ingrafted the sobriety of years on their own ardent stock, and thus the war was saved from all predominance of folly, disorder, and caprice. It took from the first, and held to the last, the character of a grave performance of a serious duty.

During the last twenty years, in which there has been a

new development of the active energies of man, and society, in every direction, has been extending its efforts for an increase of knowledge, wealth, power, and whatever constitutes the good of civilized man; when the moral has been as active as the political, and plans for the spiritual well-being of the race have been as enthusiastically formed and pursued as ever were expeditions for personal aggrandizement, — during this period, the universal stir has imparted a peculiar impulse to the young men. The circumstances of society in this country call them out, at an age which in other lands confines them to a state of pupilage, into the various fields of manly competition, invite them to become, not only actors, but leaders, and put them at once into places of responsible trust. The world was once astonished to behold the first place in the British empire bestowed upon a man of twenty-one years; but extraordinary emergencies always stand by themselves, and are exempt from the common rule; here and there arises a man who is a phenomenon among men. The tendency amongst us has been to put an end to these exceptions, and to fill the trusts of church and state with young men. This feature of our condition has been a subject of frequent animadversion by foreign observers, and deserves attention from ourselves. We cut short the period of education and precipitate that of action, and lessen the time of preparation that we may begin that of labor; in consequence of which it is to be feared that the members of our acting community are, on an average, less completely accomplished in the desirable attributes of mind, than those of the same rank in other civilized lands. Our daughters leave school at sixteen, before they can have gained any adequate discipline of the intellect, or established a taste for profitable reading. Our sons are taken from school at fourteen or fifteen, pressed into business which

allows them no time for further study; and they arrive at manhood, wealth, respectable connections, perhaps a leading place in society, with nothing more than a schoolboy's learning, and without the tastes which should adorn their station. Or, if they pass through the course of education at our colleges, it is still such a course as brings them early, and oftentimes but half educated, into the professions, with only here and there one who can stand in fair competition with the scholars of the older countries; while many of them, who should have devoted their education to the all-important purpose of promoting the intellectual improvement of their country, shut up their books at the call of business, and, tempted by the prospect of speedy wealth, plunge into the active bustle of life. In a word, such is the opportunity for youth to appear and act as men, that they are fairly in danger of leaping at once from childhood to manhood, and, by taking into their own hands the whole work of society, bring upon it something of the evil which Solomon suggests in that well-known exclamation, "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child!"

In this state of things, it is no wonder that many thinking and patriotic men have addressed their counsels of political and moral wisdom to the young; for in truth never were the young so important to a country, nor so perilously situated; and he who can succeed in impressing on their minds an adequate sense of the responsibility and dignity of their situation, so that they shall feel their place truly; be awed, but not depressed, by its responsibility; be excited, and not intoxicated, by its grandeur and promise; be made wise to seize and bold to use its vast opportunities without rashness, reverently deferring to the cautious judgment of the experienced, and yet not deficient in the energy which is requisite to go forward as the times demand, — that man will be their truest friend, as well as a benefactor to his country.

The political, moral, and religious destinies of this country are all dependent on the practical opinions which the coming generations shall carry with them into the action of life; and there are certain hazards to which our prosperity and character are exposed, concerning which they ought earnestly to be put on their guard, and solemnly instructed to provide a seasonable resistance. On one or two of them we would take the present opportunity to enlarge.

It has often been remarked — and the remark is doubtless founded in truth — that the principle of personal and political equality, in being acted out, operates to produce undue familiarity in intercourse, and a disregard of those outward forms of courtesy which render the intercourse of society pleasant and agreeable. The ancient air of deference with which gentlemen met each other, the decorous uncovering of the head, and the tone of respectful regard which marked the address of the younger to their seniors, — these have departed; and young men scarcely out of their teens speak of their elders, and to them, with the same familiar tone and colloquial freedom of good fellowship, with which they meet their own companions. We may well rejoice, that what was irksome and frivolous in the artificial forms of other days, has been banished; but it is lamentable that it should ever be allowed to carry with it the natural expression of respect, and still more so, to erase from the heart the disposition to give honor where it is due. Yet one cannot altogether avoid the apprehension, that to this extent the age has gone in far too many instances. It is to be admonished and recalled. Respect for age is a natural sentiment, implanted in the human soul for wholesome purposes, in all ages and nations esteemed and inculcated. Respect for superior virtue, for high station, for eminent services, is also a natural sentiment, which can be dispensed with only by

so far unhumanizing the community which abrogates it. All nations have found it necessary, in all ages, to cherish it; the human being demands it, and cannot live happily in society without it. Hence the promptings of nature have been followed in the establishment of chiefs and kings, standing apart from the people. Hence the gradation of ranks among the ancient Egyptians, among the Eastern nations in all ages, among the European nations, even the most civilized and free, down to the present time. Let it be allowed that in all these the institution has been false and mischievous; that man has been thus debased, and deprived of many of his noblest rights, — still it remains true that they were founded in an original suggestion of human nature. Those who gained the ascendency may have abused it; but the original sentiment was a noble one, and the multitude exercised a state of mind virtuous in itself, though the objects on which it rested might be unworthy, and the forms of its exhibition degrading. To look up with awe to real greatness, to express deference for true wisdom, to bend in reverence to that which is high, and is appointed to administer the essential functions of society, so far from being a weakness is a virtue, so far from a debasing is an elevating trait of character. The child stands thus in the presence of his father, or we brand him as a monster. The man stands thus in the presence of his Creator, or we shudder at his insane daring. He that honors his parent and worships his God with the deepest devotion, is always accounted as doing what is most becoming MAN to do. He thus manifests that he knows his place, and that he may be trusted. And just in proportion as any other beings or institutions stand toward him in relations similar to those of his parent or his God, something of the same honor is exercised toward them. The old man, the good man, the public benefactor, the

magistrate, the law, the state, each is an object of respect. Nay, he recognizes in every individual a brother of the parent whom he reveres, a son and image of the God whom he adores, an equal subject of the law he honors; and therefore he honors all men. He feels that none are to be treated with disrespect; if equal, then equally entitled to consideration with himself; if in each a portion of the national sovereignty resides, then that sovereignty is to be honored in the person of each; and he can no more be guilty of, than be willing to receive, that indecorum of speech or of manners which implies that a man has a right to be rude.

This deserves to be seriously considered. If it were, men would perceive it to be altogether base, worthy only of a grovelling mind, to thrust the principle of political equality into the face of every man he meets, and thus abolish the courtesies of life. Yet it has been strangely permitted, even where it would be least expected; men forget their moral duty in the selfish application of a civil right. As we once heard it well described, the interpretation of the republican principle seems too often to be, "I am as good as you;" hence disrespect and rudeness; whereas the true interpretation is, "You are as good as I,"—which would lead to universal deference and politeness.

It is not too much to say of the tendency we refer to, that it leads to unfaithfulness toward the institutions of the country, and puts in jeopardy the high expectations which have been founded on them. We have here nothing which is venerable for its antiquity, no sacred relics of former days, no ancient institutions of government or religion, which bear on their front the hallowed impress of departed ages, and are inseparably mingled with the earliest recollections and associations of our souls. All is new. All has been created as it were by ourselves, within the memory of the

present generation. Our constitution, our government, our whole political organization, are the work of our own hands, and the work of our own hands we will not worship. We eulogize and flatter them as fond parents do their children, but as for reverence — no, they are our creatures; we are the sovereigns, not they; they can be changed at our pleasure, and shall be whenever we see fit. We therefore hold them in as little respect as we please. And with this habit of viewing the constitution, the law, and the law-makers, what are we to anticipate? Is it strange that we have seen what we have seen? Even the most sacred thing among us, — that which attaches to itself more nearly than any thing else that deep feeling of inviolable devotion which is termed LOYALTY, — even the constitution of our government, the subject of so much verbal panegyric, overladen with so much violent and fulsome eulogy, — yet how easily, in more than one instance, both in the national and the state governments, has party spirit been able to set it at defiance, and erect itself into a power above it! How have men sworn to defend it, yet laughed it to scorn, when it stood in their way! How have even legislators been bold enough to contradict it by their enactments! Then the law, — which if it be not supreme in the land, alas for our liberty and security! which if it be not king, then is nothing to be looked for but anarchy and chaos, — have we not seen this sacred guardian set at defiance by the people in violent assemblies? and that, not only, as might sometimes be expected to occur, in season of sudden exasperation and passionate excitement, but deliberately, systematically, under the guidance of men of high name, large influence, reputed patriotism, confessedly appealing to a power above the law, and in place of the law, as something better than the law; while meantime the over-awed press held an om-

inous and dreadful silence, not daring to rebuke the vile conspiracy against the people and their rights.

When such things can be, there is occasion for serious alarm. If the law can be despised, if the constitution can be crushed, if men of influence can be found capable of asserting, and acting on the assertion, that there is an authority in the land higher than these, the country is undone. Now is the season to look to it, while this fearful development is yet new, before the disorder has spread and corrupted the whole people. And it is the young men of America who are especially interested; it is for them to recover and restore the respect for law and right. Let them see to it that they early cherish in themselves, and in all around them, a heartfelt, unwavering, all-submissive respect for the law; neither by word nor by act let them cast a breath of ill-will upon it, or raise in themselves or others a willingness that it should be evaded. If there be a bad law, (as unhappily the rage for legislation and the insufficient reverence for law have but too often caused evil enactments,) seek its repeal; submit implicitly while it exists, at any inconvenience, at any loss; it will be to your honor to suffer for the general good; but seek its repeal by righteous means, and always in such wise as shall prove your profound respect for law itself, and your deep sorrow that so great a wrong should have been done to its majestic name, by the usurpation into its place of an unrighteous statute. Do thus the utmost in your power to maintain the inviolable sacredness of that authority without which there is no security to the nation, and to enshrine the image of it in the hearts of all the people.

These remarks may be extended to another point — the manner in which the men who hold office in the government shall be regarded and treated. It is true that very

unworthy men may be thrust into places of high dignity; but it greatly concerns the well-being of the community, that the *place* should at all events be honored, and the man in it for the sake of the place. Like a bad law, he should be displaced by the regular forms as soon as possible, but, like the law, should be honored until displaced, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the institutions and the people. Dishonor him, and you wound the general good, by casting contempt on an office essential to be honored. The incumbent cannot dishonor the office; it is unsoiled by his baseness, it is uncontaminated by his corruption; he leaves the seat as he found it, pure and revered, unless the offensive missiles, hurled at him while he filled it, may have desecrated it in the thoughts of the by-standers, and the office thus become an object of contempt, because associated with the contempt cast on the man. Who, therefore, can regard with unconcern, or with any feelings but those of mortification and alarm, the reckless tone of so large a portion of the political press in all that relates to public men and their public life! Let them be exposed to free observation and severe judgment; it is right. Never let a base man usurp the place of a public functionary, or prove himself untrue to his trust, without being exposed. But let this be done with the calm and grave tone with which the judge on the bench pronounces sentence after the process of impeachment, so as to save the dignity of the office, and the honor of the mistaken men who raised him to it, while it unmasks the falsehood of the man. Then good might be done; the press would exercise a wholesome and needful moral control. How is it now? We are obliged to say, that to too great an extent it is a mere instrument of party. It is a mouthpiece to spread unfounded calumnies, without regard to character, truth, or consequences; it catches up and propagates any *report which may prove* injurious to an obnoxious statesman,

or welcome to the mass of gossiping readers; it imposes, with the most enormous and untiring impudence, on the credulity of the people, and throws the facts and opinions of the times into such confusion, that a sober inquirer can hardly hope to arrive at the truth. And this press is nearly the governor of the community! The journals which are less violent, less false, more principled, calm, and fair, are so much more tame, that they have comparatively a small circulation, and the mass of the people is left to the mercy of a large body of self-constituted, irresponsible editors, whose whole care it is to make such journals as will attract the readers of their party, and secure a good livelihood to themselves. Is there not thus a perpetual warfare waged against the spirit of patriotism in the people? Can our institutions fail to fall into disrespect? We call on the ingenuous and fair-minded young men, who are coming up into life, as yet unsoiled by the low contests of party, and still glowing with their native love of the pure and the true, to discountenance and rebuke this unholy brood. It is for them to set a higher example; to make it dishonorable, either to edit or receive a gazette which is indifferent to truth, good morals, and the fair reputation of public men. Let them unite with one voice, and declare that the profanation we complain of shall go no farther; that the good name of every son of the common mother is sacred, until forfeited by crime, and shall not lie at the mercy of political writers, whose trade is defamation. We call on them to give to their country a generation of fair-minded and generous politicians, and thus secure to her that respect and love which cannot live in the bosom of her children, if her image be forever associated in their minds with what is low and selfish.

A part of the duty of the rising generation to their age

and country, relates to the cultivation of the mind, the advancement of knowledge, and the spread of those elegant tastes which refine and exalt. "Onward" is the watchword of the times, and it should be applied to this as well as to other subjects. Onward the nation is going, with astonishing rapidity, in population and wealth, and consequently in the means of promoting any object which shall seem desirable. It is infinitely desirable that this wonderful external progress should be accompanied by a corresponding progress in education and refinement, so that when we shall equal the older nations in wealth, and exceed them in numbers, we may not be mortified by inferiority in science, literature, and the civilizing arts. Now, the danger is, that the progress of the mind will lag tardily behind the growth of the outward prosperity; it certainly will do so, if effects correspond to causes, unless our youth are trained in a supreme regard to the higher objects of man, and sedulously cultivate in themselves the love of letters and refinement. Thirty years ago, Mr. Buckminster, filled with the generous spirit that belonged to him, and with an apprehensive regard to the tendency we are adverting to, wrote home from Europe, as an apology for purchasing so extensive a collection of books, when his own life was so uncertain, "I consider that, by every book I send out, I do something for my dear country, which the love of money seems to be depressing almost into unlettered barbarism." This is the spirit that should animate our young men. When they see how the whole people is abandoned to this idolatry, how many gifted minds are decoyed by the glittering temptation from the quiet pursuit of letters and the cultivation of knowledge, they should awake to a sense of the peril that threatens. They should understand how the true greatness of a people does not consist in its external prosperity; that it

never can be secure or happy without knowledge. Let them give their most strenuous effort to maintain the truth on this point. Let those, especially, who have had the benefit of the highest education, know that to them is committed a solemn charge in this respect. They are constituted by Providence guardians of this portion of the public weal. They are made watchmen over the intellectual interests of the people. They are to be overseers of the instruction of the land, and in no small part its educators and guides. Let them know that they descend from their lofty position, when they forsake this honorable vocation, and go out from the temple of science and the halls of instruction to join the throng that is toiling for mere wealth and power. They are not wanted in the counting-room or the market-place. There are enough without them to do the active work, and carry on the commerce of the world, and fill the offices of state. But they are wanted in the seats of education. More teachers in all departments, more sober, enlightened, judicious educators of the people alike in the humbler schools and in the higher seminaries of science, morals, and art, are pressingly needed; and he does more service as a patriot who puts his books in a knapsack, and walks away with it to some frontier settlement, and lays the foundation of a solid education in that infant town, than he who, by enterprise, adventure, or speculation, becomes the nabob of a city. A thousand men have the education and the talent for the latter, for one that is fitted for the former, or has the character requisite to accomplish it.

We address a similar train of remark to all. For the sake of their own happiness and dignity, for the sake of their country and fellow-men, let all cultivate the love of letters, and intellectual accomplishments, and a spirited interest in the cause of education. It often happens to men

of active vocations, that they cultivate no taste for reading beyond that of the newspapers; they therefore never arrive at any enlargement of mind, or systematic and extensive knowledge; they have no resources if health and fortune fail them; in sickness and in age they are forlorn and desolate; the mind and its treasures are nothing to them; even the book of life fails to command their lethargic attention; nay, in instances not a few, it has been known that when a sudden reverse of fortune has left such men without resource, they have cast themselves into the arms of death. Such instances should plead trumpet-tongued for a juster treatment of the immortal mind, which demands to be fortified against evil, by tastes, resources, and habits corresponding to its nature and destiny.

But let them be warned against being led astray by the temptations presented by the present condition of literature. The multiplication of books offers equal facilities, at the present time, for the cultivation of the most beneficial and the most injurious taste in reading; and while the land is deluged with worthless publications at inconceivably low prices, the exposure of unwary minds to corruption and waste is very much like the temptation to intemperance, which lies at the corners of the streets. One may read continually without being benefited. A large proportion of the popular works which lie in every body's way, lauded in the newspapers like patent drugs, and offered at every corner like cheap spirits, are little else than poisonous stimulants, exciting the appetite, creating a craving for indulgence, and debilitating instead of nourishing the mind which resorts to them. We could as soon recommend our young men to feed at the confectioner's, and drink at the bar of a second-rate tavern, in order to ruddy health and manly vigor of body, as send them to the circulating libraries in order

to a clear and strong mind. We warn them against the effeminacy of soul to which this feeding on the popular literature of the day will inevitably lead. The resources of classic English literature, both of former times and of the present day, are abundant in books of solid merit, and equally interesting with the trivial volumes just referred to; and it is pitiable to find so many resorting to the society of the foolish and corrupting, in preference to that of the strong and elevating. However we may lament the vast proportion of worthless trash published and republished by the American press, we cannot deny that a large mass of valuable works also are continually brought before the public; so that no one need complain that wholesome nutriment is not at hand; it is his own fault if he select the deleterious. And let the rising generation but use a wise and discriminating judgment; let them reject whatever a pure moral and literary taste disapproves; let them take advice of men competent to give it; let them be guided in the selection of books, not by the purchased panegyric of flippant editors, or the advertising puffs of interested booksellers, but by the deliberate recommendation of some judicious friend, or the impartial testimony of some trustworthy literary journal, — and the evil so much complained of will cease to exist.

We do not mean to repeat here what is so often and so urgently said of the importance of intellectual cultivation and taste to the character and prosperity of this nation. It has become a proverb, that popular institutions can rest securely only on the intelligence and virtue of the people, and that to these universal education is essential. But proverbs are words; and it is wonderful how superficially, after all, the great truth herein expressed has taken hold of the actual convictions of the people, or, at any rate, how

exceedingly low is the estimate of the requisite intelligence and virtue. Our governments and our politicians seem as yet to have hardly caught a glimpse of the truth, or to have suspected the responsibility which it devolves on them. They go forward as if the great duty of public men were still, as in the barbarous ages, to provide for external defence, as if the depredations of robbers were the only thing to be feared, and as if all wealth were wasted which is diverted to any other object. And, therefore, when they hold in their hands the public wealth beyond what this object requires, they know not what to do with it. Short-sighted beyond other men, they do not perceive that Providence has given them this unheard-of boon, just at the present age of the world, and in this precise state of society, that they might perform a duty for their country, which no other country ever had such an opportunity or such a need of performing, namely, the establishing that universal, thorough EDUCATION which all the wise and good see to be the one thing essential to the national prosperity. One might suppose it to be the great charge of a government so situated, to secure that one essential thing on which the hope of the nation rests. And yet, instead of thus acting up to the spirit of the age, they limit themselves by the narrow views of former and ignorant ages, and dissipate for temporary objects those means which might have been made to rear institutions that would bless the country to the end of time. Perhaps nothing different could be reasonably expected of the government of the nation; but we blush that Massachusetts should have proved so false to her former reputation as to throw away the splendid opportunity. We are ashamed that the magnificent sum of nearly two million dollars should be divided and subdivided, and scattered over the surface of this state, like so much water spilt upon the ground, on

the poor pretence of lightening the burdens of the people Have the sons of the Puritans come to regard this petty relief as the *summum bonum?* Is this the legislation which they ask at the hands of their representatives? We are slow to believe it, though it has been asserted. Or if, for the present, they are willing, like improvident children, to take a temporary gratification in place of a solid and lasting good, the time must come when they will count themselves wronged by the parsimonious indulgence.

While these things are so, it is the more necessary that individuals should devote themselves to this all-important concern. What has been done amongst us hitherto has been done principally by private beneficence; and the signs of the times indicate that government is determined to throw the future yet more upon the munificence and forethought of private men. However this may be, it is clear that the further progress of education depends on the interest which shall be taken in it by the men who are coming forward to fill the future places in society. They must therefore be early aware of their responsibility. However absorbed in their own affairs, they must allow themselves leisure to devote a portion of their care and thought to this general good. Public spirit must be a pervading and universal virtue; not displaying itself merely in those works of general convenience, by which intercourse is promoted, trade facilitated, and our cities adorned;—in regard to these, neglect is little to be apprehended, because they lie in the very path of men, and are palpably instrumental in the growth of population, wealth, and luxury. The public spirit which the times demand must go deeper; it must act as if the minds and character of the people were the chief concern, and therefore be anxious to enlarge the means of education and virtue, watch over the schools, encourage the institutions

of philanthropy, and labor for whatever advances society by advancing the minds of its individual members. What might not be the progress and glory of this land, if our young men would devotedly address themselves to this great enterprise!

To all this there is yet a higher principle to be added. It is not for patriotism only that we speak; it is not merely the prosperity, order, and peace of the community, that we would promote; nor can it be hoped that the highest form of civilization will be attained, if man be regarded as the creature of society only. There are no principles adequate to this end but those of the Christian faith. All others stop short of the requisite thoroughness and consistency. The laws of the commercial world uphold honesty because it is the best policy, and connive at breaches of morality when they are good policy also. Politicians and governments make wealth and power the supreme good, and have little care whether individuals be ignorant or informed, virtuous or vicious, happy or miserable, so long as the state prospers. The law of honor establishes an external decorum of deportment, and obliges the base to appear like gentlemen; but it cares not for any thing deeper than the appearance; it leaves character unimproved, affixes no stigma to the grossest debauchery of life, permits the seducer to walk unmarked amongst men, and applauds him who lives with the cherished purpose of revenging with murder any insult to his own person. The mere pursuit of science or letters, refining and strengthening as it may the intellect, yet allows the corruption of the heart to remain, frowns ambiguously on the irregularities of life, and admits the profligacy of Byron and Voltaire to the same honors with the purity of Cowper and Milton. It is not here, then, that we must have our young men schooled. It is not a punctilious personal

honor, nor a mere devotion to country, nor a zeal for knowledge, that can satisfy. We must see them concerned for PRINCIPLE; — patriots and scholars, for the reason, not that it is public-spirited and good policy, but from a sense of moral obligation, because it is immoral to be otherwise. They must regard virtue as the chief concern, the interests of the religious nature the chief interests, and whatever is done for themselves and for society, must be done in obedience to the will of God, and with a view to the highest welfare of his moral children.

We have not room to press this great topic. We can only implore our young men to give it their faithful consideration. Let them ask themselves what there is worth living for except virtue, and how virtue can exist without principle, and what principle can be trusted excepting that of religion. Let them take counsel of their moral nature; let them listen to the spirit's voice within, which they cannot fail sometimes to hear, however overborne by the noise of the world and the tumult of earthly desires. Let them set their mark high, and press steadily forward to reach it. What other lesson are they to learn from the hallowed history of their own land? Who made New England what it is? What laid the foundations of strength, virtue, knowledge, which have been, and still are,—blessed be God!—our just boast? Men, with whom religious considerations were the first question; who did their duty to the state because it was their duty to God; who thought that no real good existed for the human family, but that which grew up from Christian faith, and a stern devotedness to conscience and truth. Herein we discern the spirit that makes a commonwealth, and it is the only spirit that can keep it. So far as New England has gone forward, it is in the power and by the guidance of this spirit; and if it has gone backward, — if, in the love of

liberty, in devotion to knowledge and human rights, in high moral independence, she has gone backward, — it is because she has been unfaithful to this spirit of the forefathers, and recreant to their example. If in any honorable thing the commonwealth has deteriorated, it is because it is less a Christian commonwealth, and because inferior views have turned aside the hearts of the rulers, and corrupted the tastes of the people.

It is a narrow and short-sighted policy which excludes private principle from public actions; — as if God were not the Sovereign of the nation as well as of the man; as if he were not Lord of society as well as Father of its individual members; as if the whole history of the world did not show how he has exacted heavy retribution from the nations whenever they allowed selfishness and luxury to usurp the place of integrity and virtue. One would suppose, from the manner in which some men talk, that the ballot-box and the press were infallible talismans, breathing into the people undying vigor and everlasting youth; forgetting that they are both of them but the tools of the people, and sure to become corrupt and corrupting the moment that public and private principle are held cheap. And so of all our political institutions. They are at the beck and will of individual men; and they are the readiest instruments of the nation's ruin, if those men are allowed to become unprincipled. They may be unprincipled in spite of constitutions, free elections, and newspapers; in spite of a general education which should confine itself to human learning and the mere art of getting along in the world. O that our brave and goodly armies of youth, just coming into life, eager, resolute, and with the destiny of forty millions in their hands, could be made to see this! that they could be roused to under-

stand, and to act on the understanding of this infallible truth! that they could see how there are other institutions, those of moral instruction and Christian faith, on which the happiness and weal of themselves and all they love depend, infinitely more than on what the politicians and schemers about them contrive and enact! Let them observe, that there is no ground to fear lest the exchange and the senate-house be deserted, but there is fear lest the house of God be forsaken, and the institutions of religion cast away; lest the generations, that are rapidly filling up our extensive borders, should spread their tents upon the hill-sides and in the valleys without the tabernacle of the Lord among the tribes; lest worldly-mindedness and earthliness should possess and deprave the inheritance of our posterity.

Let our Young Men come to the rescue, and resolve to prevent the evil before it is too late. Beautiful it is to observe how many of them are already on the alert, and doing with their might what the times and their religion demand. How much does the cause of temperance, of education, of philanthropy, in all its various branches, owe to their hearty aid and affectionate zeal! We look with admiration and devout gratitude on the examples we have seen of the cultivated and accomplished bringing the treasures of their intelligence, their refinement, and their wealth, and laying them at the feet of the altar, in the service of the poor and the church. We say to them, God speed! They are doing for themselves and for society a work that can never pass away, the most important work now to be done for mankind. If their spirit could pervade the land, if in all our cities and villages this youthful energy could be excited, and the united force of our ten thousand beating and growing hearts be directed to this object, what a revolution should we not

ıld, and how like Paradise would be our land, before
:urrent century shall close! We put it to the conscience
'ery young reader, whether he will not do his part. It
seem little he can do; but let him think it would be
inal in him to withhold this little; let him know that,
: do it in simplicity and faith, it will be far more than
nagines. There is no infallible sign that the world is
: despaired of, until individual men think there is noth-
for them to do toward its salvation.

THE FAITH

ONCE

DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS

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As the apostle Jude has declared it to be a duty of Christians *to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints*, it becomes us to understand what that faith is, and to consider whether we are doing our duty in this particular. To aid us in this is the design of the following pages.

By the faith once delivered to the saints, we understand the Christian religion — those truths which were taught by our blessed Savior for the instruction, the regeneration, and the salvation of man. If it be inquired what these truths are, we should say, they seem to be mainly and chiefly comprised in the following summary.

That there is One Infinite and Eternal Being, the Source of all existence, the Author of all blessing, the Ruler of all worlds, who exercises an unreserved and impartial sovereignty over all beings and events:

That this God is One only, without equal, rival, or partner:

That this Being, infinitely perfect in his moral attributes, maintains a moral government over his creatures, the end of

which is the promotion of the greatest virtue and the greatest happiness:

That man is the subject of this moral government, beneath which he is treated as a free moral agent, capable of choosing between right and wrong, and accountable for his choice:

That in this world he is placed in a state of trial and probation, for the purpose of forming and bringing out his character, in preparation for a final allotment of condition in conformity with his character:

That into this state of preparatory discipline he comes, not with a character already fixed, but with certain rational faculties and moral capacities, in themselves neither good nor evil; that he himself, on entering life, is neither virtuous nor vicious; neither holy nor sinful; neither an object of praise nor of blame; but possesses such powers as, when developed, will render him one or the other, according to the objects to which they become attached and the habits which they form.

These powers are reason and conscience — which approve and lead to goodness; and the passions and appetites which, being connected with sensual objects and present gratifications, incline to self-indulgence and sin.

That man's trial consists principally in the struggle for mastery between these two parts of his constitution, (in the language of Scripture, "the law in the members and the law in the mind — the flesh and the spirit,") and its object is to exalt and purify his spiritual nature, and deliver it from subjection to the sensual:

That in order to aid man in this great struggle — to which, from natural infirmities and strong temptations, he was so often found unequal — it pleased God to commission his Son, Jesus Christ, to communicate all the knowledge, en-

couragement, and aid, and to set before him all the powerful motives, which might be necessary to his success and happiness:

That in the truths and institutions of his gospel, he has made a provision of means, which it is for man himself to use, and which he is left at liberty to use or to refuse; so that none will be saved except through his own exertion, nor will fail except through his own fault:

That these means are, his own instructions, as recorded in the Scriptures, and as connected with a previous dispensation; the worship and ordinances of his institution; the spiritual influences granted in answer to prayer; his own life, death, and example, so fitted to affect and influence the heart and character; and the promises and threatenings of future retribution:

That the terms of acceptance to divine favor are, faith in Christ, repentance of sin, and an obedient life; that future happiness is suspended on these conditions; those who comply with them shall be abundantly rewarded of divine grace; those who hold out against them shall deservedly suffer from the divine displeasure in a future condemnation:

That, as man had no claim to this revelation and aid from God, it is to be accounted the free gift of his grace, and therefore those who are saved by the gospel, are saved, not because of their own independent and unassisted righteousness, but by the grace of God — a grace which makes merciful allowance for human weakness and imperfection, while it imparts all needed assistance toward accomplishing the great end of man's spiritual improvement and moral perfection.

This view of the system of the divine administration and purposes, as gathered from the Christian Scriptures, may be thus presented in a more naked and compact form.

That there is one God over all; that Jesus is the Son of God, the predicted Messiah; that man is placed here in a state of probation; that the gospel is the final dispensation of religion — originating in the compassion of God for his sinful offspring, and founded in the placability of his nature — having for its object to make men holy, that they may be happy — establishing, as the terms of pardon and acceptance, faith, repentance of sin, and obedience of life — using for its means the labors, instructions, and institutions of Jesus Christ — and asserting the sanctions of a future state of retribution.

In this brief summary we have, as we conceive, the substance of the faith once delivered to the saints. We do not profess to have put down all its minute lineaments, but those general and fundamental traits which constitute it what it is, and which cannot be removed or denied without affecting its essential character. It is obviously a plain, simple, intelligible statement, with nothing in it to perplex the understanding, to contradict the judgment of sound reason, or to oppose the kind affections which God has planted within us.

For this system we are to contend — not only because it was once delivered to the saints, and is Christ's saving truth, but because there have prevailed in its place other systems, in many respects different — systems obscure, complicated, mysterious, and less agreeable to the *simplicity which is in Christ*. In contradistinction to them, we have sometimes found occasion to denominate this the *rational* system — not as arrogating any claim to intellectual superiority in its supporters, for we do not suppose them to possess any; much less as being independent of revelation, or opposed to it, for it is expressly founded on revelation; but because all the doctrines which it contains are agreeable to right reason,

while the opposing systems are admitted, even by some of their advocates, to be partly made up of doctrines repugnant to human reason. We beg that this explanation may be candidly regarded, when, for the sake of convenience, we use the expression *rational system.*

The faith, which we thus suppose to constitute the essence of the Christian religion, has our deep reverence and strong attachment. We have gathered it from our knowledge of the Scriptures; we have found it corroborated by the testimony of nature; we have strengthened our conviction of its truth by reflection and experience; we have seen its power in the regulation of the affections and the life; we have tasted its comforts in trial; and we place our confidence in it to sustain us in death, as we have known it to sustain others, with its cheering assurance of divine mercy and the animation of heavenly hope. How can we fail, then, to feel it a duty to contend for it? We should esteem ourselves unworthy of its privileges and pleasures, if we were ashamed to confess and vindicate it. We should deserve to be forsaken of its peace, if we should pusillanimously forsake its defence. May God give us wisdom and zeal successfully to maintain the truth which we conscientiously hold!

It will be our present object to bring forward a few of those general considerations which have tended to confirm us in the persuasion, that the system above exhibited is indeed the faith once delivered to the saints. We cannot but think that there is force in them, and that they are calculated to recommend and establish its claims.

1. The plainness and intelligibleness of this system is favorable to its claims.

We hear a great deal in the New Testament about "the simplicity that is in Christ." We are told that the gospel was "revealed to babes," and "preached to the poor." The

language of our Lord is perspicuous, and his instruction concerning the doctrines and duties of his religion easily intelligible. He wrapped up nothing in mystery, except when speaking to the perverse Jews, who were waiting to entrap him. He told his disciples, that to them "it was given to KNOW *the mysteries* of the kingdom of heaven," though to the Jews it was not given. His apostles also, although, on account of the controversies of the times, they delivered many things hard to be understood, yet in stating the great essential truths and requisitions of the gospel, were always clear and intelligible.

It is evident, then, that of two or more systems of faith claiming to be the original faith of the gospel, there is a presumption in favor of the more simple. And this the rather, because there has always been an acknowledged tendency to depart from the simplicity of the gospel. The history of Christianity in every age shows, that this tendency has been a chief source of religious corruption. Men have been fond of making their religion more imposing than they found it. In the very first age of the gospel, it was esteemed an objection to it with some, that it had no pomp and magnificence, nor hidden and awful mysteries, like the mythological faith of the ancient religions; it was an objection with others, that it was not subtile and profound, like the philosophy to which they had been accustomed in the schools of the sophists. Hence sprung the two sorts of corruptions, which flowed in like a deluge upon the church. On the one hand, they thought to dignify it, and remove what they esteemed its foolishness, by mixing with it their own wise speculations and philosophical subtilties; and on the other hand, they thought to relieve its nakedness by adorning its spiritual worship with the rites, and forms, and incense, and lustration, and images of their former idolatrous temples. I

need not say how much and how long the church suffered from these abuses. The rational system throws them off, wholly, in principle as well as in form. It tolerates nothing but what is simple. It makes essential nothing but what is plain. These were striking characteristics of the original faith; and they afford a strong presumption in favor of its identity with this.

2. It is a presumption in favor of the claims of the rational system, that it is constituted of articles in which all believers of every name are agreed; it occupies the common ground of Christians.

It will be found, if we mistake not, that the articles we have described are included in the faith of all believers. Others dissent from them rather by certain modifications and additions, than by absolute denial and contradiction. For example — in respect to the great doctrine of the Divine Unity; no Christians deny this doctrine. It is held by all. But some hold it with the *modification* that this One Being is constituted of three persons. So, also, that "Jesus Christ is the Son of God," none deny; but in some systems it is asserted that he is God himself, as well as the Son of God. So, also, that man is here placed in a state of probation, is universally allowed; but some receive it in connection with certain additional doctrines, which greatly affect and modify it. They suppose that he comes into life with a character already fixed — so strongly fixed, that it can be changed only by the power which made him at first; a notion which greatly affects, if it do not destroy, the probationary purpose of life. They suppose also that this final condition of happiness or misery has been already determined by the immutable decrees of God; which seems to leave life without any object, or at any rate makes it difficult to understand how it can be a state of probation.

That the object of the Christian dispensation is "to make men holy that they may be happy," none deny; it is a proposition to which unanimous assent would be given. But in some systems much is added, of very questionable authority, respecting the mode in which this holiness is attained, and the persons who may attain it. As, for example, some insist that it is a divine communication to the soul, an act of sovereign, almighty power, as great and supernatural as the original creation of the soul; and that none are the subjects of it but those who were appointed to it from eternity, by an irreversible decree of election. They thus, in effect, modify the simple doctrine so as to make the gospel only a mode of insuring the happiness and holiness of a specified portion of mankind.

Again. That the gospel is founded in "the placability of God," none would deny, but all would heartily declare. But in some systems there are found restrictions to the exercise of this placability, which appear essentially to alter its character. It is said, for instance, that God is not able to extend this attribute to sinful man, until a substitute have endured the penalty of his sins. This notion has assumed various forms, and a great deal of metaphysical acuteness has been exercised in making definitions and establishing distinctions. In every form, however, it seems to be taught, that the placableness of God, or his exercise of mercy in the gospel, depends on his having first received from the Savior an equivalent to satisfy the demands of justice in regard to the sinner's punishment. Now, it appears to us, that a placability thus encumbered and modified loses its claim to be so called. In the rational system we admit, because it is revealed, the connection of the Savior's sufferings and death with the extension of pardon and salvation to unworthy man; but we do not pretend to explain or understand fully that

connection. We think it enough to rejoice in the fact, that the divine mercy is thus exercised, without explaining the secrets of the divine administration, or presuming to say that God cannot, or can, pardon in this or that way.

Similar remarks might be made upon other points; but what we have said may be sufficient for our purpose. Now, we acknowledge it to be very natural that men should add to the naked statement of religious doctrines their own conceptions of their import, and mould them to their own feelings and opinions. Men love to explain, and illustrate, and exercise their ingenuity in searching into what is obscure, and discovering what is concealed, and building great systems from small hints. But, in doing this, it is plain that the original groundwork would be retained, and would be held in common by all, however different the additions they might make to it. And there is certainly a presumption that this common groundwork, these universal principles, which none have been able to remove or hide, do of themselves constitute the genuine, original system.

3. It is another strong presumption in favor of the rational system, that it is most agreeable to the obvious meaning and general tenor of the New Testament; that is to say, it contains those views of religion, which a plain, serious man, unbiased by education, and unprejudiced by his connections in the world, would naturally derive from his first careful study of the Scriptures. He would state these to be his impressions respecting its contents: That there is but one God; that he requires men to do his will; that he has compassion on human imperfection; that Jesus Christ is his Son; that by him he has given and promised all needful aid for man's instruction and salvation; that all, who will, may come to God through him, and that none who come shall be rejected; and that the future condition of

all will be determined by an equitable judgment according to character. There is no doubt that a man of plain, unbiased mind would discern this to be the substance of the faith contained in the New Testament, and that, if he had never heard of it before, it would not occur to him that there are three persons in the one God, or that God has chosen a select few from all eternity, and left the rest of mankind without help, or that all are so corrupt on account of Adam's transgression that they can do nothing but sin. The general aspect and complexion of the holy volume would not suggest to him these doctrines. He would find some passages hard to be understood, and some expressions obscure. But he would not think of collecting the meaning of the book from these. He would not judge of any other book by the passages which he could not understand; — neither will he of this. And whatever some men might learn by refined criticism and ingenious speculation on dark and hidden expressions, *he* would not doubt that he was right in taking for his guide the plain passages and most definite expressions. Now, it is very remarkable that the rational system is contained, in most explicit terms, in those portions of Scripture which are plainest, easiest, and most indisputable; while the more complicated systems are gathered, by arguments and inferences, from those portions which are ambiguous and difficult, and which have perplexed thinking men in all ages to interpret them. Can there be a doubt, then, which is likely to be the true system?

4. It is another presumption in its favor, that the most important corruptions which have crept into the records of our faith have been of a character to favor an opposing system, and that the more the Scriptures are restored to the precise words of their writers, the greater is the support which they give to the rational system.

Upon this point a very brief statement will be sufficient. It is familiarly known that a few verses of the New Testament have been altered since it was written, and do not read in our copies of the Bible exactly as the apostles wrote them. A great deal of pains has been taken to ascertain their original reading, and it has been found that some of the principal alterations were made for the purpose of supporting the Orthodox faith; that, as the apostles wrote them, they were inconsistent with that faith, and altogether conformable to the rational system. What could be more in favor of that system? The nearer we come to the very words of the sacred writers, the more nearly do they coincide with it. We do not mean that there are many such cases; but what there are, are remarkably to this purpose. And if we choose to take the Scriptures as nearly as possible, word for word and letter for letter, as they came from their holy authors, and to reject whatever changes may have been made in them either accidentally or purposely, then we shall find that the examples I have mentioned indicate the faith once delivered to the saints to be the faith which we hold.

5. The manner in which this system is for the most part opposed, seems to us to afford another presumption in its favor. It has been by exciting prejudice against it, and preventing free and fair inquiry concerning it.

We, of course, shall not be understood to say that this is the only mode of opposition which has been resorted to; for there has been a great deal of profound learning and manly argument arrayed against it. But the favorite and prevailing method has been to raise an outcry against it, and hinder men from fairly examining it. Hence it has been urgently recommended in religious publications, as well as from the pulpit and in conversation, that men should avoid

the worship of liberal Christians; that they should shun their books as they would poison; that they should not listen to their preaching, or hold any religious intercourse with them. Thus their system is made an object of dread and aversion. But if it were plainly false and erroneous, without foundation in Scripture or fair reasoning, there would be no cause for thus blinding men to it, and preventing their inquiring into its pretensions. This alarm lest men should know any thing about it, this eagerness to keep them in ignorance concerning it, and to fill their minds with an unenlightened and superstitious horror of it, seems to indicate an apprehension that its claims are too powerful to be resisted when understood, and that the only sure way to keep men from becoming converts to it, is to keep them in ignorance of it.

I do not say this tauntingly. I would not use a taunt upon such a subject. I only state what is forced upon my thought by unquestionable facts. There are many examples of men who have dared — in spite of precaution, obloquy, and discouragement — to read, and hear, and think for themselves; and who, by so doing, have come to discard their prejudices, and throw away their superfluous articles, and rest satisfied and happy in the simple doctrines of the rational system. In doing this they have made great sacrifices, which attested their sincerity and conscientiousness; they have given up friendships, and reputation, and livelihood, and whatever earthly good is dearest, that they might secure the truth of God and peace to their own souls. It is such instances, proving how dangerous is free inquiry, which have led its opposers to discourage all acquaintance with it, and to secure by prejudice what they dared not trust to argument.

We are aware that any inferences drawn from con-

versions of this sort are in general to be little depended upon, for probably every sect can produce examples of them. Still we cannot but think that the instances to which we allude, in the preceding paragraph, were attended by circumstances which demand for them, to say the least, a candid consideration. For they are examples of men, not of worldly lives and no religious pretensions, who had adopted their system without knowing any thing of its grounds of support, and then left it, at last, in a period of strong religious excitement, when they became convinced, for the first time, of the importance of personal religion. But these, to whom we refer, were men of long-established religious principle, of extensive acquaintance with Scripture truth, of devout habits, and some of them valued and eminent ministers of the gospel. Yet such men — while still influenced by their long habitual fear of God and attachment to his word — have given up their accustomed faith, and, like the apostle Paul, have "preached the faith which they once destroyed." When our minds rest on such examples as these, we cannot help deriving from them a feeling, not to say an argument, in favor of our views of truth. It is but a small thing that a man should abandon a system of which he knows but little, and for which he cares not seriously, and with which, especially, he has none of the holy and dear associations of personal and experimental religion. But that serious and devout men should leave that faith which they had studied and loved long, and with which all their deepest sentiments of devotion and hope had always been connected, — this is a thing to be accounted for. And can we in any way so reasonably account for it as by believing that what produces this great effect is indeed the truth of God — which is mighty, and will prevail?

6. A further presumption that this is the faith once delivered to the saints, may be found in the fact, that it is in truth the system adopted by a great portion of those who are educated in another faith, and who have always had another system preached to them. Inquire of them, in friendly and confidential conversation, the particulars of their faith, — let them talk freely, and throw off the disguise of technical phraseology, and declare in their own language what they believe, — and you find that they have no idea of any different religious principles from those which we have advanced. After all the pains taken to indoctrinate them, they stand fast by the plain, primary principles of gospel truth. Ascertain carefully their opinion respecting the nature of God, and you find that, when they get beyond the *words*, they have no more notion of three *persons* in the Deity than you have yourself. Describe to them the doctrines of total depravity, election, reprobation, and the kindred tenets, as they are set forth in the confessions and bodies of divinity; and they count it slander to attribute to them such a faith; they hold it unfair and ungenerous to charge them with maintaining such dogmas. This is a matter of familiar observation. We constantly meet with men who have supposed themselves Orthodox, as it is called, but who find, on a careful examination of the Christian doctrines, that they are not so. They have held the name and the phraseology, but never embraced the system in its detail, as laid down in the books. Their actual faith has been that of the rational system. Does not this afford a presumption in favor of the truth of that system? since even the powerful influence of education, and the weekly expositions of the pulpit, have been unable to displace its simple, reasonable, and comforting truths. What divine

power must it not possess, thus to vindicate to itself the assent of multitudes, who have been all their lives instructed in opposition to it!

7. We also find a presumption in favor of this system in the fact, that these are the views of Christian truth into which men have been prone to settle down wherever inquiry has been left perfectly free, and no persecution or loss could attend their profession. It has been found in many examples, that when society has been at peace, and the churches have rested without disturbance or fear for any considerable period, there has been a natural and inevitable progress toward this system. So it was at Geneva, once the stronghold of Calvin himself. Being left to pursue the light of truth wherever in God's providence it might lead them, without dread of consequences, the believers of that city gradually softened down the tone of their doctrines, and became the mild and happy professors of the simpler system. So it was in the school of divinity instructed by Doddridge. Beneath that devout and charitable teacher, the young men read and reflected, without fear of reproach or excommunication, and the minds of many of them were opened to the errors of Orthodoxy, and they became advocates of the liberal faith.

And how was it that the liberal system gained so extensive prevalence in Boston and its vicinity? It was by the operation of the same irresistible causes. The churches were for a long period at peace, having none to molest them or make them afraid. They worshiped God quietly, and walked together in charity, provoking one another — not to strife and questions — but to love and good works. Truth has best scope in still waters, and makes most rapid advance where there is no prejudice. And so it came to pass, that the Calvinistic notions, which had long been clinging to the

Christian system, gradually fell from it, and in the natural progress of things the rational faith prevailed. It was as if a man should sow seed in his field, and sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knows not how — first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. So it would have continued to spread; and its friends would have rejoiced to see the glorious work of the church's regeneration still carried forward by the silent operation of that Providence which does all things thus. But opposition to its progress was awakened, and the whole enginery of creeds, and combinations, and loud outcry, were arrayed against it, and the calm elements, which had favored its growth, were thrown into stormy convulsions.

The friends of Orthodoxy are so fully aware of this natural tendency of free and unembarrassed inquiry, that they think it necessary to counteract it by strong restrictions. To mention one example — they lay the professors of their seminaries under obligations not to believe, or teach, and sometimes not even to "insinuate," any thing inconsistent with certain prescribed articles. And lest, notwithstanding this, a teacher should by any means change an opinion, he is sometimes compelled to renew the obligation every five years! The rational system needs no guards and fetters like this. THE TRUTH does not require to be thus bound.

Other examples like these might be cited. And how can we doubt as to the inference to be drawn? How can we doubt which is most nearly the genuine system, when the one flourishes by violent measures, and is nursed and protected by creeds, and threats, and prejudice — and the other never grows so rapidly and soundly as when the passions are at peace, prejudice and suspicion at rest, and the minds

left to study God's word and commune with him,
m all control and apprehension of human judg-

ıe moral and practical character of this system seems
other circumstance in favor of its claims. It does
ess to go profoundly into philosophical speculations,
very anxiously engaged in unravelling and explain-
secrets of the divine will, and the purposes of the
ecrees. It finds no virtue in schemes of ingenious
nship, which may have the praise of human logic.
tent with those few, simple principles which God has
ased plainly to reveal, and which have a direct bear-
he momentous concerns of human duty. It is satis-
know what God requires of us, without making it
that we should understand all the designs of the
dministration. In regard to them many things are
nd unfathomable. But duty is revealed and unques-
. Duty therefore makes the chief thing in the
system. To do God's will is thought to be the
d prime consideration. When men have done this
e right motives, it teaches that they are safe; for
ın be no doubt that God will do what he has pur-
ıd promised, whether we understand rightly or not
hod and the means.

ı we see a system thus exclusively practical, laying
stress on obedience to God and conformity to his
ɜ cannot hesitate to regard it as the genuine faith.
see that it tends directly, without circumlocution or
ɔ effect that great purpose of man's moral regenera-
ich it was the object of the gospel to accomplish. It
ıothing before that. It makes every thing inferior to
ıllows of no substitute for it.

while we regard it as thus favorable to virtue, we

cannot pass without special mention of the graces of charity and candor, to which it is peculiarly favorable, and which, in a manner, may be considered as its own. I know that we have been accused of boasting on this subject, and that we expose ourselves to certain sneers and ridicule if we mention it. But we can repeat, without boasting, that we still believe it to be true. God knows, that, in practice, we are but too deficient in a grace which we so much honor; and that we often exhibit examples of illiberality and uncharitableness wholly at war with our profession. Would that we might be more consistent! But inconsistency with an opinion is no proof that the opinion is false. And, be it remembered, it never has been asserted that all rational Christians are charitable, but that the rational system is peculiarly favorable to charity. The reason is this — that, being confined to a few plain articles of essential truth, it is able to allow and feel that on other articles men may differ and err, and yet be acceptable and saved. But those who add largely to their list of articles, and hold them all to be essential, of necessity maintain that men cannot innocently differ, and that therefore there is no salvation for those who dissent. Hence the Papal church is exclusive. The Orthodox church is exclusive. They must be so. Their systems require it. The rational system requires the contrary. And if the Christian religion make charity the chief grace, which system must be nearest that delivered to the saints — that which makes it impossible to judge charitably of those who err, or that which requires it?

9. It is still another circumstance favorable to the claim of this system, that even unbelievers and men of the world are compelled to look upon it with approbation and respect. It never has been a popular system, because it is too plain and unimposing. But then it is well known that men of

inquiring and reflecting minds, who have disbelieved Christianity under some of its forms, have become converts to it under this form; and that even irreligious and worldly men do not withhold from it the expressions of their respect.

This has been accounted for by saying that it is near akin to infidelity and worldly-mindedness. But candid reflection might suggest a truer cause; it might discern in this a proof of the strong marks which the system bears of divine original and truth — so strong, that they who have resisted the evidence for Christianity in any other form have been compelled to assent to it in this; so evidently, conspicuously, and incontrovertibly worthy of God and suitable to man, so undeniably consonant to all the desires and wants of human nature, that skepticism itself cannot doubt, and the veriest worldly-mindedness is compelled to acknowledge and adore. If they do not give it all their hearts; if they will not make sacrifices for its sake; if they will not conform to it, as they ought, in a new life and holier conversation, — yet they cannot deny it the homage of their respect, and dare not pour upon it reviling and contempt. We confess that, however others may feel, we cannot help regarding this circumstance, for our part, as a presumption in favor of its claims; for it coerces, as we may say, the regard of men, who — with this exception — have been disinclined to believe or to honor the religion of Jesus. It verifies the words of Solomon — "The evil bow before the good, and the wicked at the gates of the righteous." It reminds us of the days of our Savior, when it was a signal attestation to his divine authority and power, that even the demons, when they saw him, were made to cry out and acknowledge him.

Being thus persuaded of the divine authority of the faith which we hold, we esteem it our duty to contend for it. We must not suffer our religion to be a matter of indifference to us, but of hearty interest. We must feel it to be important and precious — not merely a good sort of thing, which it is well enough to have, but which also we can do well enough without; but the best of all things, which we can by no means do without; which is dear to us as any of our possessions, and which we are ready to defend and advocate, as we would our property, liberty, and life, against any who should assail them.

And truly, if it have enlightened our minds; if it have given us trust in God and access to his favor; if it have filled us with the sublime and comforting hope of a happy immortality, and raised us above the dread of death, — we should be unfeeling and ungrateful if we did not desire to impart the same to others, if we did not long to pour into their wounds the balm which has healed our own hearts, and provide for them a shelter beneath the everlasting rock which is a covert for ourselves. And if there were any who could hold this in derision, and pour contempt upon it, and defame it in the ears of the world, and drive away those who were coming to it for salvation, we should then be bound — by all our knowledge of its worth, by all our experience of its peace, by all our acquaintance with its sanctifying and consoling influence — we should be bound to stand forth in its defence as if our mother were reviled, and "contend earnestly" for the jewel of our souls.

Of the various modes in which this duty may be performed, it is not our design to speak. He who is rightly interested in his religion will readily discern by what means he may promote it, and will not fail to use his opportunities of so doing. He will count it no hardship, but a pleasure, to

aid the cause of religious education, to be a patron of religious publications, and to cast in his mite for the encouragement of benevolent associations, and, above all, to evince his sense of the worth and excellence of his faith, by its influence over his own life and conversation. We cannot too earnestly insist upon this. Men will judge a doctrine by its fruits. If these be good, not all the malice of its enemies will convince men that the tree is bad. If these be evil, not all the eloquence of its friends will persuade them that the tree is good. The first and most desirable of all things is *personal religion.* None will believe that we contend for the faith from any good motive, except its light shine in us, and they see our good works. What can it be supposed that we care for the faith, if we are not ourselves subject to its power? What is the worth of speculative truth held in unrighteousness? What would the world be the better for a correct system of doctrines, if it were consistent with irreligious and immoral practice?

Remember, then, that *the Faith once delivered to the Saints* is — not a barren catalogue of doctrinal truths — but the CHRISTIAN RELIGION — a religion, in its essence and power embraced, we devoutly trust, by all classes of disciples, and dear to every spirit that cares for immortality — a religion which cannot be monopolized by any one sect, and a true regard for which is to be shown by diligent study to know what it is, and faithful practice to become what it requires.

It is the truth of God, revealed from heaven; of infinite moment to man, because it points out the way of duty and the method of salvation. It is the message of pardon and reconciliation by Jesus Christ; of infinite value to the soul burdened with sin, because it teaches where there is cleansing and acceptance, and how the penitent may be restored to

God. It is the promise of eternal life through the divine mercy; of infinite value to the soul that stands trembling on the verge of life, because it lights up the dying eye with the vision of a future world, and soothes the sinking heart with the prospect of eternal rest.

Who, then, would be ignorant or unconcerned respecting the faith of Christ? Who would not embrace it heartily, live by it scrupulously, and contend for it earnestly?

THREE

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

ANSWERED,

RELATING TO THE

CHRISTIAN NAME, CHARACTER, AND HOPES.

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

ANSWERED.

It is my object, in these pages, to consider and attempt to answer the three following questions: —

I. What is it to be a Christian?

II. How does a man become a Christian?

III. How shall a man satisfy himself that he is a Christian?

They are important questions, of very deep and serious personal interest. They deserve a careful consideration and solemn reply.

I. What is it to be a Christian?

The word *Christian* is used in a particular and in a general sense. In a general sense, when we call those *Christians*, who dwell in a Christian community, and partake of the privileges of the gospel. Every such man is so named in distinction from a *pagan*, or one who lives in a pagan country. It is in this sense that we say any one is a Christian by birth.

Every man, also, who believes the Scriptures, is a Christian, in opposition to a deist or infidel, who does not believe the Scriptures.

It is not concerning a Christian in either of these senses that we are to inquire; but concerning him who is to be acknowledged as such, on account of the full influence of

the gospel upon his own heart and character, and who, upon his own responsibility, independent of all other beings, is to receive a Christian's favor and happiness in the future world.

It is in this sense that the inquiry is so important to us. We are all of us Christians, if that mean, not to be heathen. We are all of us Christians, I trust, in the sense of not being infidels. But it is still a question whether we are Christians in the special, saving sense of the word, so that we can appropriate to ourselves the promises of the gospel, and lay claim to its hope and peace. If not, we might as well be pagans or infidels. It can avail us nothing to have the name, if we want the reality.

I say, then, first of all, to be a Christian is precisely the same thing as to be a *disciple of Jesus Christ.*

A *disciple* — to speak in general terms — is one who acknowledges any one as his teacher, and faithfully follows his instructions. Thus, for example, those who chose Socrates or Plato for their teacher, and lived according to their directions, imbibing, owning, and practising their system of philosophy, were called their *disciples.* Those who in like manner acknowledge and follow Mahomet as the prophet of God, are called his *disciples.* So the Jews were disciples of Moses; as some of them said to the man whom Jesus had healed, *Thou art his disciple, but we are Moses' disciples.* And to the same purpose we read, *the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.*

To be a disciple of Jesus Christ, two things are necessary — to receive him as an Instructor, and to obey him as a Master.

1. To receive Christ as an instructor, to regard him as the teacher of our souls, at whose feet we are ready to sit as humble, docile pupils, and receive without question what-

ever he may communicate respecting God, and his character and purposes. He that is thus eager and willing to learn of Jesus as God's appointed Teacher, or, which is the same thing, to take his religion from the New Testament, is so far a Christian. And he has a perfect claim to the title, when,

2. He carries into practical effect those instructions, and faithfully conforms himself to them in heart, disposition, and conduct. This faith in him as a divine Teacher, and obedience to him as a Savior, constitute a Christian.

Some, however, will step in here, and tell us that this is not sufficient. They will name a certain list of doctrines, which it is necessary to believe that Jesus taught, and declare that no one is a Christian who does not hold a certain specified form and number of religious articles. Of such I ask, Who told you so? Who has given you a right to say, that there is only one sect in all Christendom which contains true disciples? — for in fact the assertion amounts to this. Just as if it were not more well pleasing to our Lord, that one should come to him and learn of him with right dispositions and faithful endeavors, than that he should simply attain a correct set of abstract opinions. There is not a passage in the New Testament which requires a completely unerring faith, before one can be numbered with the disciples of Christ. I can point to a multitude of passages which require a *life* without error; but I do not remember one which requires a *faith* without error. On the contrary, I recollect that we are told "to receive the *weak* in faith;" and, what is more, to receive them without "doubtful disputations."* I recollect, too, that, while the twelve were always acknowledged by their living Master as his disciples, they had many great errors of faith, even in respect to the

* Romans xiv. 1.

nature of his kingdom. But when they were humble, sincere, diligent learners, — they listened to him, and followed him, and placed all their confidence in him; and therefore, notwithstanding their errors, they were received by him. It is plain, therefore, that no man is to be refused the name of Christian solely on account of the supposed imperfection of his faith. They that have drawn up their articles, and declare that all who do not conform to them are not Christians, are trying men by a wrong standard, — a standard which their Master himself, by his conduct to his disciples, has discountenanced.

This point may be made perfectly clear at once, by appealing to every man's experience and plain common sense. You meet with a man, who, in all the relations of life in which he moves, is marked for his uprightness and integrity, his good dispositions, and general benevolence. He says very little, perhaps seldom says any thing, about his religion, but withal is humble and distrustful of himself, mild and meek in his intercourse with men, punctual in his attendance on the worship and ordinances of God, and apparently diligent in the perusal of the Scriptures, which he seems to reverence, and love, and live by. What do you say of this man? Do you not consider him a Christian? You have never heard him converse for half an hour on religious subjects; you do not know any thing of his opinions on any one of the great doctrines which have divided the church; but you do not doubt that he is a Christian. Perhaps, well as you know him, you do not even know in what temple he worships, or with what church he communes; you have not thought to ask whether he be Methodist, or Quaker, or Episcopalian, or Baptist. But you do not doubt that he is a Christian. The evidence is stamped on every feature of his life; and you would as soon think of waiting for the

anatomist to examine his body, before you would venture to call him a man, as you would wait to know his private opinions on controverted points, before you admit him to be a Christian. In such a case as this there is no dispute. All agree. All acknowledge Fenelon, and Lardner, and Doddridge, and Penn, and Wesley, to be Christians; and yet, on disputed topics, in which some tell you is the standard, they differed from each other as the four winds of heaven.

You meet with another man who presents a different aspect. He talks very often and very long about his religion; it is the favorite topic of his conversation, on which he dwells with earnestness and zeal, and condemns all who seem to be less zealous than himself. He lays urgent stress upon the peculiar doctrines which he has adopted; he proclaims their excellence, he argues for their truth, he is almost ready to suffer martyrdom in their defence; and they are the very doctrines which are declared to be *the essentials* to the Christian. But, then, at the same time, you discover that there is something in him of religious ostentation and spiritual pride; he does not govern his passions; he indulges his appetites, is selfish, and exerts himself but little for the benefit of others; and is quite censorious and uncharitable in his judgments. Now, what do you say of such a man? Do you think that his merely holding that set of opinions, which is said to constitute a Christian, gives him a fair title to the Christian name? Do you not at once judge that his feelings, dispositions, and character, are more than an offset to these opinions? Does not every one judge so?

I have stated these two cases strongly, because it is easiest thus to put the principle to the test. Upon such cases — and they are by no means imaginary — there can be no difference of opinion; and they prove that it is perfectly absurd to pre-

tend that any certain set of opinions, beyond an acknowledgment of the divine authority of Jesus Christ and his gospel, is essential to a Christian, or constitutes a Christian.

They prove to us, further, that he is a genuine disciple, who, having patiently and humbly learned of Jesus whatever he teaches, and cast himself on his gospel for salvation, faithfully cultivates *his* spirit, and forms his character according to that teaching and his example.

This is a definition which cannot be set aside. This will hold good amidst all the opposition of zeal and bigotry. This, in all practical decisions, ever has been, and ever must be, appealed to, by the sober common sense and unanimous judgment of the whole Christian world.

He may be more or less enlightened. He may be more or less an adept in subtilties of doctrine and mysteries of knowledge. He may see reason to hold the five points of one, or stronger reason to abide by the five hundred of another. But if he have, with a good and honest heart, gone to the word of Jesus himself, and imbibed his spirit, and brought forth the fruits of that spirit, — *heretic* he may be, but he is still a Christian; and from the living grave of the Inquisition, or the flaming pile of Protestant persecution, his meek and lowly spirit shall ascend to a righteous Judge, and be acknowledged in the presence of angels. Many, many will appear on the right hand, at the last day, whom human judgment would not suffer to live, because they were no Christians!

How important, then, is it for us to avoid the error of making our private opinions the standard by which to judge the claims of our fellow-men! It is not the right standard by which to try *ourselves;* much less by which to try others. We cannot go beyond their general characters; and if their characters, under a charitable construction, are agreeable to

the upright and devout spirit of the gospel, it is to the last degree arrogant and criminal in us to deny them the Christian name. We may think their opinions erroneous, and say so, if we please; but to denounce them as not Christians, because it is *our opinion* that *their opinions* are erroneous, — words cannot express the absurdity.

That we may the more fully understand the Christian character, let us go for a moment into detail, and notice some of the particulars of which it is composed.

1. First, then, the Christian is one who feels a deep and solemn interest in religion, as a thing of the first importance to his happiness, and which is valuable to him above every thing else. This religious concern lies, as it were, at the bottom of his character. It is not a feeling which excludes all interest in the world and the pursuits of life; for he attends to the cares of his present calling as faithfully as any man. But he does not think them, as others do, the only things worth attending to; he thinks religion more important, and mixes it with all other things. It has the first and ruling place among his desires.

2. The next thing is his devotedness to the Holy Scriptures. He humbly and thankfully betakes himself to them, as containing a complete and merciful revelation from God of all that pertains to duty, happiness, and eternity. Conscious of his own insufficiency, he casts himself upon the Scriptures in all his anxieties about religion and his soul, acknowledging no other rule for his faith, and no other guide to his conduct.

3. Another thing which distinguishes him is his piety. Love to God is with him the first and great commandment, to which all the other affections submit, and from which all other duties flow. This regard to the Supreme Being,

exhibited in love, trust, holy fear, and habitual obedience, is an essential trait in the Christian's character.

4. His regard to his Savior is another trait. He thinks often of his holy Master, delighting to remember him and to dwell upon his pure and beautiful character, and his wonderful love to man.

5. He is distinguished by his dispositions towards his fellow-men. His Master has taught him to feel toward them and treat them as brethren. He therefore does unto them as he would have them do unto him. He is kind, mild, patient, and forgiving, not easily provoked, not proud, not censorious, not oppressive. One of the great peculiarities of the gospel lies in the meek and quiet spirit which it inculcates and forms; in the graces of humility, purity, patience, meekness, forbearance, forgiveness, benevolence. It was these which gave such singular eminence to the character of Jesus Christ, and made it so lovely. It was these which he required with particular earnestness in his disciples. It is these which the apostle Paul enumerates with a special distinctness as the *fruits of the Spirit;* "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance." It was these which our Lord singled out for a pointed benediction when he began his ministry, proclaiming, Blessed are the meek, the humble, the pure, the peaceable, the mourning, the persecuted. Dr. Buchanan tells us, that, when he visited the Syrian churches, he found that eminent Christians were distinguished among them as *Men of the Beatitudes* — a beautiful and expressive title! A Christian, then, is A MAN OF THE BEATITUDES. He walks in the gentleness of his Lord's example, in the benignity of his Master's spirit. Neither the fashions of the world, nor the opinions of men, nor the principles of society, nor the solicitations nor example of those around him, can move

him from a determined adherence to these maxims of his Lord. For he is aware, that just so far as he departs from them, he is unworthy the name of his disciple.

6. That he may keep alive in his heart this distrust of himself, this sense of his unworthiness and humility of soul, this reverence for the Scriptures, this devotedness to God, and these holy and benevolent dispositions, he is faithful in waiting on all the appointed means of grace and improvement. He slights not God's worship, neglects not his ordinances, and fails not to be constant and persevering in the private exercises of faith and piety. He does not regard them as the end and summit of all attainment, nor think them worthy of boasting; but they are necessary, he feels, to his life and growth in religion, and they afford his highest satisfactions.

These are some of the main particulars in which the disciple of Christ is distinguished; and we thus learn what it is to be a Christian.

I now come to the next inquiry.

II. How does a man become a Christian?

We shall arrive most satisfactorily at the answer to this inquiry, if we will go back to the infancy of his being, and trace him onward to his full stature in Christian perfection.

When a human being is born into the world, it is an object of its Maker's complacency and love. Its soul is as yet unstained. It has done neither good nor evil. I do not say that it is an object of moral *approbation;* because one receives approbation only for what he has himself done. But if it have done no act of holy obedience, to call for approbation, neither has it been guilty of sinful disobedience, to

merit censure. It is just such as it was fashioned by God—innocent, lovely; therefore an object of God's complacent, kind regard. And if during infancy it be removed from earth, its unblemished spirit flies upward, and is welcomed with a smile to the bosom of its Father's eternal love.

It was in the spirit of such reflections as these, that the Son of God, when he had taken little children in his arms and blessed them, declared that of *such is the kingdom of heaven.* He has thus encouraged us to look upon them as partakers of divine favor, and has authorized us to believe and say, that every infant immortal, when first consigned to this state of discipline and preparation, is a member of the kingdom of heaven. The smiles of early infancy are sweet in the eyes of heaven's King; the death of early infancy is but the fading of a beautiful flower, that is to bloom afresh in the garden of heaven's King; "their angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven: and it is not his will that one of these little ones should perish."

But it is still very evident, that, spotless and lovely as the infant may be, it is yet no Christian. This implies, as we have seen, a knowledge of religion, and a practice of actual goodness, of which its helpless age is incapable. How, then, shall the infant become a Christian?

I answer, in the first place, by instruction and education. He is *now* of the kingdom of heaven; why should he ever leave it? As soon as his reason dawns, let him be taught the knowledge of God and his providence; as soon as his affections open, let them be fixed on the great and infinite source of excellence and happiness; let his earliest lessons be concerning the life and gospel of Jesus Christ, and his earliest steps be made to go in imitation of his example.

May not this be done successfully, so that he shall inevitably and incontrovertibly become a Christian? He never quits the kingdom of heaven, of which he was originally a member, but, as soon as his moral powers begin their exercise, as soon as his moral accountableness commences, he chooses God for his Sovereign, Christ for his Master and Lord, his gospel for his guide, his example for his pattern, his faith and hope for his support, his heaven for his home; he clings to them, lives by them, and, as he grows in stature, grows also in favor with God and man.

The world — blessed be God! — has seen many who thus have joined themselves to the fellowship of Jesus, without the misery and anguish of a late repentance; who have devoted themselves to God from the cradle, and have trodden in no other path than that of purity and truth, so exhibiting the temper of their Master, that all have taken notice of them that they have been with Jesus.

And certainly it is not strange that it should be so. It is the object of life to form man's character for eternity. For this purpose he is exposed in various ways, and to various trials. If some are overcome by these trials, it were to be expected that some also would not be overcome by them. When so many ways are open at the beginning of life, and so many choose evil ways, it is not strange that some should select the good way — that some should follow Christ, when so many follow the world. While such numbers lose the simplicity, openness, humility, and purity of their infant spirits, it cannot be thought surprising that some should retain them.

We do not mean by this that they are faultless, and never sin. By no means. Notwithstanding their good disposition, principles, and resolutions, they doubtless sin often and much. But so do all Christians. The oldest, firmest,

best, sin often and much. I have never heard of a Christian who was past sinning. The imperfection, therefore, of those who have become Christian by education, does not prove them to have no right to the name.

Many imagine it to be essential that a man be converted. But they seem not to consider the distinction between *conversion* and *repentance*. Every man must repent. But I do not see that it is possible for such a one as I have described to be converted, in the proper sense of that term. He, doubtless, has continual need of humility, and repentance for his remaining sinfulness; but so have those who have passed through the soundest and most satisfactory conversion. He may also, at some particular season, feel the sense of this peculiarly burdensome and oppressive, — as I doubt not every religious man has had such a season. But in him I have described, it cannot be considered as the period of conversion; for such periods of humiliation and concern occur to the most established Christians. They do not prove that *they* were no Christians before; neither do they prove that *he* was none; they are not accounted times of regeneration in *them;* neither should they be in *him.* To convert is to turn; to be converted is to be turned, — not partially, from one thing, opinion, or character, to its opposite, but completely. Now, from what would you turn him? The most remarkable thing about him is his uniform regard to God and the gospel. You would not turn him from that. *To* what would you turn him? To the faith of the gospel? to the love of God? to the imitation of Christ? to sobriety, purity, righteousness, true holiness, temperance, and charity? Why, these things he has kept from his youth up; they have been the objects of his solicitude, and pains, and prayers, ever since he knew that

.d a soul. You cannot turn him into what he is already; ıow, then, can he be converted? *

may be thought that the verse Matt. xviii. 3 presents an objec- › what is here offered — *Except ye be converted, and become as :hildren, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* But does not, is evident from the following considerations: —

This verse strikingly corroborates my main position, that all be regarded as at first members of the kingdom of heaven; order that one who is not may become so, he must go back childlike character.

It is probable that our Lord's meaning in this passage is lim- nd not universal. He is rebuking the ambitious temper of ıciples, who desire to know *who is greatest.* His reproof we uppose confined to this temper — *except ye be turned from this ition*, and become as little children; which is made still evident from the next verse — "whosoever, therefore, shall *e himself*, as this little child, the same is the greatest in the ɔm of heaven."

If we suppose the expression applicable to all others in a ıl sense, we must observe that it only states what is neces- ɔ those who are not already Christians; they must return to aracter of childhood. But it leaves us at full liberty to un- nd, that those who have kept that character cannot be in- l, because they cannot go back.

If from this, or other passages, it be inferred that conversion ssential to all in the first age of the gospel, this will not that it is essential now; because it was the only possible of attaining the Christian character *then*, but *now* there is ɜr; for the gospel now is offered to the youngest children.

The Christian character is a certain state of heart and life. vidence of its existence, in any case, is to be found not in a a process of formation, but in the actual state of the man. nay be a Christian, though utterly unable to describe the ı by which he became so. And if he be already all that con- n is intended to make him, conversion is clearly unnecessary. uestion is, *What is he?* not, *Through what scenes has he been ıg?*

The only solid foundation for the doctrine which this text is

We may be satisfied, then, that some men become Christians by education. They never go out from the kingdom of God; but in spite of temptations, and frequent wanderings, and many stains of unworthiness, they are, at heart and in principle, God's servants and children. They grow up Christians.

But there is still a large class of men who have not thus attached themselves to religion, and who, if they ever become Christians, must become so in later life. Instead of taking the gospel for their guide, they have chosen some other leader; and under the control of appetite and passion, or worldly principle, they have left the kingdom of God, thrown off his allegiance, and followed the devices of their own hearts, without regard to his authority or revelation. There are many such in the world; and the question occurs, How shall they become Christians?

There can be but one answer to this question, and that in one word — *By conversion.*

To these men may be applied the description which the apostle gives of the Gentile state of the Ephesians — dead in trespasses and sins; without Christ; having no hope, and without God in the world; alienated from the life of God, and ignorant of heavenly things through the blindness of

thought to support, is the supposition that every one inherits a thoroughly depraved nature, which lies under an eternal curse, and which can be made better only by a *literal* new creation, to which the power of God alone is adequate. This, of course, renders a supernatural regeneration necessary. These two doctrines stand and fall together. The one is an unavoidable consequence of the other. Those who maintain different views of the nature which man has received from God, are not bound to receive a tenet which stands on no ground but that of total depravity — a tenet which is essential to Calvinism, but not to Christianity.

their hearts. So far as this description is applicable to them, they also, like the Ephesians, must put off the old and corrupt man, and be renewed in the spirit of their minds, and put on the new man, who, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness. This is conversion; and nothing short of this can be rightly called conversion. The bad man must become good; the sinful, holy; the irreligious, religious; the thoughtless and worldly, who have lived only for present good, must give their thoughts to God, and live for eternity, — must renew the spirit of their minds, as well as the corruption of the outward man.

Upon this point, I am fearful that we do not think and insist sufficiently. Many, indeed, have a settled dislike to all language of this sort; and when you speak to them of conversion or regeneration, they at once suspect you of fanaticism, and shut their ears to all that can be said. Undoubtedly a great deal of madness and mischief has been practised in the world, under shelter of these names, and the sober part of mankind have become disgusted at the extravagances which they have sanctioned. But certainly it cannot be wise to throw away a doctrine because some have abused it; for the best doctrines have been perverted and abused. The simple question is, What must be done with those men who have passed from infancy to age careless of their souls, and guided by no religious principles? How are such to become Christians, except by conversion or regeneration, or — I am not solicitous about the *name;* call it what you please — without a change of their dispositions, principles, and habits? If you will tell me how, I will urge the matter no further. If you tell me of any method by which a man, selfish, sensual, worldly, ambitious, proud, vicious, impious, can become humble, meek, spiritual, righteous, and devout, without a change of his dis-

positions, without being renewed in the spirit of his mind,—then I will give up the point at once. It is clear as the shadow on the dial that it is impossible. And I fear that we suffer ourselves to think of it too little. We suffer men to grow up in bad habits, their affections devoted to present objects, making an idol of sensual good, and forgetful of their accountableness at last; and then we hope that they will become fit for heaven very easily, will enter on the way of truth, holiness, and salvation, without doing any great violence to their former partialities, or greatly sacrificing their favorite desires. But is not this preposterous? Can there be conceived a greater change than that which they need?—a change of the very object of life, of the very principles of conduct, and of the prevalent dispositions of the soul. It is impossible that this should not be a great work, and important as it is great; and we wrong our fellow-men if we suffer them to imagine it small and easy, and of little consequence. Words cannot express the importance of the Christian character; and we cannot say too much of the importance of that change which is necessary to produce it where it does not exist.

The unwillingness of many to believe that conversion, or regeneration, is necessary to any man, has principally, perhaps wholly, arisen from the injudicious and irrational manner in which the doctrine is oftentimes stated and defended. They have heard it declared that man is entirely incapable of doing any thing in it by his own exertions, and that it is wholly, in its commencement, progress, and completion, the arbitrary and sovereign work of God's spirit, whose influences he imparts or withholds at his pleasure. This statement has appeared to them to take away the guilt of the unconverted, and to destroy the doctrine of accountableness; while, laying great stress upon ardent, rapturous, indefina-

ble feelings, it has invited and encouraged fanaticism, and cherished spiritual pride, by the belief that they were all the result of God's special and distinguishing love. But the objections of a rational mind to *this* doctrine of regeneration, are wholly inapplicable to that which I am contending for, as the doctrine of the gospel. I speak of nothing arbitrary, mysterious, or fanatical; but of a change in dispositions, affections, and character, to which any man is competent in the use of his natural powers, assisted by the means which the religion of Christ puts within his reach, and by those divine influences which are bestowed upon all who need. With the knowledge and faith of the gospel, it is in the power of any man to turn to God, *the spirit helping his infirmities.* If the sinner would attain the Christian character and hope, he must diligently set himself to *work out his own salvation with fear and trembling.* It is then that *God will work in him to will and to do, of his good pleasure.* Without this diligence, the influences of the spirit are as useless, as the sunshine and rain of heaven are to him who leaves his field, uncultivated, to run to waste.

We have thus learned, in answer to our inquiry, that the sincere and true disciples of Jesus Christ are some of them formed by a gradual growth in the regular education and discipline of life; while others are brought out from amidst a vicious world by a change in their views, feelings, dispositions, and principles of action, not different in kind, though less in degree, from that by which heathen sinners were originally called to the church.

III. Our third question is, How SHALL A MAN SATISFY HIMSELF THAT HE IS A CHRISTIAN?

There are many tests of Christian standing presented in the New Testament, differing according to the circum-

stances of those to whom they are applied, which it might be useful to every one to collect and accommodate to his own case. But there is none so often repeated, and with so much emphasis, as that of *obedience*. "*Ye are my friends*," said our Lord, "IF YE DO WHATSOEVER I COMMAND YOU." This saying of Jesus is the more deserving our regard, because it was solemnly uttered during his last interview with his disciples, on the night before he suffered; and he evinced his sense of its importance by repeating it, though in a varied form, not less than five several times.* If it were a sure and sufficient test for his disciples at that time, it must be so for all others.

It is true that, on the same occasion, he told them, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have *love one to another*." To the same purpose the apostle John — "By this do we know that we have passed from death unto life, because *we love the brethren*." These passages would seem to imply that the sure test of Christian standing is brotherly love. But brotherly love is *one of the commandments* of Christ, even his new and special commandment. It is therefore included in the text which I quoted; and this is better as a universal guide, because more comprehensive, comprising every other rule or guide which might be selected or named. It coincides also with the whole spirit and purpose of the New Testament, and with the most frequently repeated declarations both of our Savior and the apostles. When the young ruler inquired, "Good master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?" our Lord's answer was, "*Keep the commandments*." When told that his mother and brethren desired to see him, he replied, "Who is my mother, or my brethren? Whosoever shall *do the will of God*, the

* See John xiv. 15, 21, 23, 24, and v. 8, 14.

same is my sister, and brother, and mother." He declared that the man *who heareth and doeth his sayings* is like him who builds his house upon a rock, which nothing can overthrow; and that it is he only who *doeth the will* of his Father, who shall enter the kingdom of heaven. To the same purpose the apostle Paul — "Not the *hearers* of the law, but the *doers* of it shall be justified." And again he says that eternal life is promised to those who seek it by *patient continuance in well doing*. Passages of this import might be greatly multiplied, which would prove that the test I have selected is but the echo of the universal doctrine of the gospel.

It recommends itself also by its *simplicity and easy application*, as well as by the stress laid upon it by our Lord and the apostles. In the work of self-examination it directs the mind at once. It leaves no room for shuffling or evasion, but presents a direct, *home* question. We can be at no loss how to put it, or how to ascertain the reply. It is on a point which admits of evidence, clear, distinct, positive, undeniable evidence. There is no escaping by means of the obscurity of the thing inquired for, through any vagueness or equivocation. But, *Have I kept the commandments? Do I do whatsoever I am commanded?* are questions so intelligible, plain, and pointed, that we are compelled to see their meaning, and feel the reply.

In all these respects, how greatly has this an advantage over other tests, which are sometimes used for determining our Christian standing! If it be certain *doctrines*, we could not be certain, amidst the unavoidable differences of those who even most nearly agree, that we held them in the right sense, or that they were attained with sufficient fairness of inquiry, or are accompanied by all their right consequences. If it be certain *feelings*, they are something

which we cannot define, or express in words, or measure by any determinate standard, and which may be mixed with a thousand undetected imperfections. If it be certain *ceremonies* or *observances*, or a *comparison* of ourselves with other men, or any past *experience* of religion, it is obvious that they are all very fallacious and uncertain, and leave never-failing room for doubt, uneasiness, and apprehension.

But when we come to the test of *keeping the commandments*, all is clear, settled, and unambiguous. It is only to know what they are, which is easily known, and the question is answered as soon as it is asked. Any man, who looks at his life and character, can tell whether he have kept the commandments or not. Nothing but the most criminal carelessness and unfaithfulness can prevent his discovering it.

It should be considered, too, that this is the only test which is at all difficult, or amounts to an actual trial. External homage, of whatever sort, is easy. The hypocrite can give it. Inflamed zeal may be superficial, or constitutional, or unsanctified passion. Modes of faith may be, and most commonly are, the mechanical result of education or circumstances. They are given a man by his parents and teachers, not by his own efforts or by the Scriptures. There are very few of whom it is not evident, that, if educated in a different way and with other companions, they would have held a different faith. These things, therefore, leave uncertain the real state and character of a man. But *obedience* is by his own personal effort and trial; oftentimes demanding severe and toilsome labor, and requiring occasional sacrifices and privations, which demonstrate his sincerity, and the strength of his principle, and put beyond question the submission of his soul to God. There can be no

doubt concerning the man whose obedience is uniform and universal.

Besides, this rule of our Lord, short as it is, is far more comprehensive than any other. It comprises every thing. It omits nothing. Not a question concerning Christian character or duty can arise which this does not embrace. And here it is important to prevent misapprehension. When we say that a Christian is known by his *keeping the commandments*, there are many ready to object to the assertion, and say that the standard is altogether insufficient; that is going no deeper than the outside; that is neglecting internal principle and purity; for that the commandments may be kept from worldly motives, by a man who possesses nothing of Christian spirituality.

But this objection appears to be wholly founded in mistake. We consider that the internal principle is as much a *part* of the commandment as the outward action, and that no man keeps the commandments of the gospel, who observes only their external requirements. It were absurd to imagine otherwise, because one of the chief and most distinguishing commands is, that the heart be pure and the motive good. Impurity of heart, or a bad motive, breaks the command just as much as murder, or fraud, or false witness. It is a very erroneous notion, therefore, that the "commandments" only relate to external conduct. There are commandments for faith, repentance, humility, heavenly-mindedness, spiritual-mindedness, and every holy thought and exalted spiritual exercise. Every Christian feeling, desire, and disposition, are as much comprehended in them, as sobriety of deportment and honesty in dealings. They are all, consequently, comprised in that test of Christian standing which I have named and recommended. The question, there, is not, Have you done *part* of what I commanded? but, Have you done

whatsoever I commanded? Not, Have you observed the rules which concern external morals? but, Have you observed *all* the rules of Christ's gospel? And surely you would not think of omitting, among these, those rules respecting the inner man, and the conduct and discipline of the soul, which are, in fact, the most peculiar and positive of the whole.

So that the expression is not so confined and limited as might be supposed, but, perhaps, is as extensive as could be chosen. It sets us, in one word, upon inquiry, not only concerning our duties to man, but to God; not only concerning our actions, but our principles and motives; not only concerning the decent regularity of our deportment, but the spiritual state and exercises of our mind.

Thus, when we find an answer to the question we were asking, How shall a man know that he is a Christian? he may know it by finding that *he does whatsoever his Lord commands him.* Let him studiously and faithfully look at himself, and inquire how far his dispositions, feelings, tastes, principles, and mode of life, are regulated by the requirements and spirit of the gospel. Let him examine how far the love of God reigns within him; how far the love of his neighbor directs his conduct toward him; how far he maintains a proper watch, and government, and control, over his passions, propensities, and desires; particularly how far he possesses that peculiar spirit of benevolence, meekness, forbearance, and humility, which so distinguished the character of his Lord and Master. He may be sure that, so far as in these things he goes according to the commands of Christ, just so far he is a Christian, and so far as he is deficient in any of these, just so far he is no Christian.

I am confidently persuaded that every other test than

this is deceitful and inadequate. We may judge ourselves by any other standard, and only be led astray. But if we try ourselves by this, we cannot fail to know ourselves, except we be wilfully blind. When we find that *we have the dispositions and character of disciples*, we may be satisfied that we *are* disciples; but without them, all faith, and knowledge, and zeal, afford not the smallest satisfaction under heaven. This is no question of certain opinions, and doctrines, and forms, and observances, but of spirit and holiness: *if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his: without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* Neither is it a question by what process we obtained this character, or whether we can remember its commencement, and detail its progress. The only important question is, Do we possess it? Every other inquiry is swallowed up in this. For we might repeat the truest stories of once-experienced raptures, and remove mountains by our faith, and overcome kingdoms by our zeal; and yet, if we be not "formed after God, in righteousness and true holiness," we should be much nearer the school of the Pharisees than that of Christ.

In regard to this subject, we have a most important and solemn duty of self-examination — an examination which relates to nothing less than our personal claims to share the name of Christ, and the hope and prospect of our souls for eternity. Of all questions which can come before us, there is none to be compared to this in deep and awful interest; none which it is of any consequence, comparatively speaking, that we should be in haste to settle. Let us, then, put away, for a moment, all indifference and levity, and try ourselves by the standard of Christ, and ascertain whether we be truly his disciples. The question is not whether we believe the Bible, whether we are pagans, or infidels. The

answer to this is easy, and we are too ready to be satisfied with it. But it relates to our personal claims to the hopes and promises of the gospel. "There are," says a certain writer,* "two sorts of Christianity; the one opposed to infidelity, the other opposed to worldly-mindedness." Suppose that we have the first, and hate infidelity; yet what will that avail us, if we have not also the second, and hate worldly-mindedness? Of what use to put the Bible under our arm, and walk forward in the way of sin? Of what use to possess the candle of the gospel, and boast of it, and yet put it under a bushel, and go about our deeds of darkness?

Upon this subject it is necessary to come home to ourselves, and meet the interrogation openly and fairly. It is simply, *Are we Christians?* not, Were we born in a Christian land, and baptized in a Christian church, and can we repeat a Christian creed? not, Have we the Bible in our houses, and do we attend public worship on the Sabbath? Let us not suffer ourselves to be led away by any such evasions. But *are we* CHRISTIANS — in deed and in truth, at heart, in spirit, thoroughly, earnestly? Do we receive from the Scriptures of Jesus their holy teachings, and faithfully follow them in life, conversation, and temper?

It can avail us nothing to temporize in this matter, and strive to stifle the conviction of our deficiencies. The state of things will not be changed by our refusing to see what it is. Better far that the inquiry should disturb us now, than that we should go sluggishly on, satisfied with our general standing and general name, till it is too late to recover ourselves. Let us, then, be honest, and know the truth. It can profit us nothing to have a name to live, while we are yet dead; to walk with the followers of Christ, and yet not be

* H. More's Practical Piety.

numbered with his friends. This is the most dreadful of all delusions, — the more dreadful, because voluntary. God grant, therefore, that by a timely knowledge of ourselves on earth, we may escape the shame and horror, at the last day, of seeing ourselves in our true characters for the first time; and of discovering, that although we have been all our lives long crying out, "Lord, Lord," — yet we must be rejected as strangers, because *we have not done the will of our Father who is in heaven.*

ESSAYS

ON

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

PREFACE.

The following Essays are part of a series, the plan of which was sketched by Mr. Ware a short time before his death. I find a list of subjects for twenty-two essays; but only one appears to have been finished — that entitled "The Importance of Principle in Religion." The two others which are here published, though probably incomplete, are too valuable to be cast aside. One of Mr. Ware's favorite subjects of preaching and conversation was the importance of personal religion; and he would, no doubt, have prepared a most useful volume of essays, by the execution of the plan here alluded to, had his life been prolonged.

C. R.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

It is surprising to observe the indifference of even serious people to personal religion. One would suppose that the personal claims of religion would be first and principally regarded; that men would chiefly recognize it as their own concern, and as having their own guidance and destiny in its keeping. Yet, if we might judge from their general appearance and style of remark, we might conclude that this was the last aspect in which they felt it important to regard it. They treat it as they do the statutes of the commonwealth, which deserve all respect as excellent in themselves and interesting to those whom they concern, but with which it is of no importance to any others to be acquainted. Doubtless the enactments respecting insurance and the decisions on maritime law are very wise and necessary; they regard the public good, and must be matters of great interest to those whose professions and business they regulate; but it is enough for me to know that they exist; I need not know what they are. Thus the community is made of citizens who believe the laws to be necessary and good, but who have no acquaintance with them, excepting as, in some accidental emergency, any of them may become applicable to their own case. The Christian world is full of men who treat the doctrines and laws of religion in precisely this manner. They yield it all honor as the light of the world and the guide of those who need its guidance; they think

that society would be unsafe without its institutions and influences; but as for making themselves familiar with it, attaching themselves to it heartily, and applying to it daily, hourly, for direction and aid, they do not dream of it. They regard it as a general, not a personal, obligation and blessing.

There are too many symptoms of a similar error even among those who esteem themselves decidedly religious persons. They are interested in the affairs of the church, always present at public worship, attentive to the minister, forward in promoting the interests of the society; but their zeal expends itself in these external manifestations; they give no proofs of a hearty interest in the principles of their faith, or of any great desire to subject their lives to its power. They would think it hard that their Christian standing should be questioned; and yet they give no intimation of any higher than a worldly life, and never assign any reason for their conduct excepting a worldly consideration.

There is danger, too, lest some should be drawn away from the culture of personal piety by the call at present made on believers for action in public abroad. Hurried from one plan of enterprise to another, their strength, their thoughts, their time, exhausted in planning, talking, and acting for others, they are in danger of ceasing to plan and act for themselves; and their very devotedness to the outward affairs of religion may hinder their attention to its influence within their own souls.

In these and various other ways is exhibited that indifference to personal religion of which I spoke. Instead of finding it, as we might expect, the subject of all others most absorbing and exciting, it is contemplated coolly, as some very respectable and decorous thing; but it calls up no glow of strong feeling, it rouses no anxious vigilance, it kindles

no desire of higher and higher excellence. Too many Christians are what the state of society in which they live makes them; they are formed by the pressure from without, not by the impulse from within; they would be just what they are, even if they had no religious faith; their virtue is conventional, not personal. It is the result of circumstances, not of effort; it is the secondary effect of Christianity, reflected from the characters around them, not its direct action on their own heart and will. They walk by the general light diffused through the atmosphere of the civilized world; they have lighted no lamp of their own from the great fountain; or, if once they did so, they have ceased to think it essential to keep it trimmed and burning, and it has gone out.

It is sad to perceive how this prevalence of the secondary influence of Christianity is permitted to hinder its primary influence. When it first dawned upon the world and acted by its immediate light upon the soul, when men could receive it only from the direct orb, then the fulness of its efficacy was witnessed, and the disciples were devoted with singleness of heart, in life and in death. But as the gospel became one of the permanent institutions of the world, men came to receive it from one another; to be satisfied with the little which was reflected from their neighbors; to be content with its indirect influences. It was a beautiful arrangement, indeed, of divine wisdom, that the race of man should be thus ameliorated; that they who would not yield themselves, as disciples and confessors, to the immediate control of truth, should, notwithstanding, be unable to escape its indirect control; that that light, as it entered the moral atmosphere of society, should be in so various ways reflected and refracted as to fill the whole circumference of human being, and penetrate every dwelling, and shine upon every

relation, so that none could walk in darkness if he would, so that even they who denied that it was from heaven should yet be partakers of its rays, and it should thus enlighten every man that cometh into the world. The philosopher and the skeptic may boast of their wisdom, and complacently publish their discoveries of intellectual and spiritual truth. They have been guided, though they may not own it, by this universal light which Christianity has diffused, by which society is pervaded, its modes of thinking, feeling, and judging on all subjects modified and colored, and from whose influences no mind in a Christian land can escape, any more than from those of the natural day. We cannot too much admire the provision thus widely made for the advancement and happiness of the world.

But it is attended with the misfortune that multitudes remain content with this remote and weaker action of divine truth, who ought to be seeking and enjoying its immediate and more vigorous influence. They take just that measure of religious character which happens to fall upon them as they move about in this religious community; they are not anxious or ambitious to increase it. They cast an occasional glance, it may be, at the sun above them; they turn a hasty and transient look at the holy record; but to bask in the full glory of the celestial radiance, to surrender their hearts and wills to the very words of the Master, and be guided directly and only by him,—this is not their purpose; this makes no part of their serious concern.

* * * * * *

THE

IMPORTANCE OF PRINCIPLE IN RELIGION.

The Christian community is full of men *partially* religious; of men who are satisfied to embrace the outside of their religion, and observe its forms and laws, without imbuing their hearts with its spirit, or causing its influences to pervade their temper and direct their tone of thought. Men are religious from birth, from education, from habit, from association; they are religious partially, thoughtlessly, coldly; they should be so heartily, devotedly, thoroughly. The chief reason is, they are not so from principle. If the religious life were founded on principle, instead of being left to accident, association, impulse, example, habit, it would be, more frequently than it is, the supreme and governing power in the character.

Principle is a different thing from knowledge, or feeling, or habit. Either of these may exist without it. A man is often seen with fervent affections, or well instructed in duty, or of perfectly correct habits, who yet is not a man of principle. Principle refers to the rule and the motive; it goes back to the origin and beginning. It is what the foundation is to the building, or the root to the tree, or the fountain to the stream. It is to the Christian what his axioms are to the geometrician, what the laws of light, and motion, and

attraction are to the natural philosopher. It is to his soul what the principle of gravitation is to the universe; pervaded by this, all the separate acts of his life keep their place, and all the detail of duty is regularly performed, just as the several bodies of the planetary system, being pervaded by this principle of gravitation, know their places, and run around their orbits, and never depart from the appointed course.

Being thus essential to the Christian character, we naturally trace to the neglect of it the lamentable deficiencies and inconsistencies which are so frequent among those who profess to be most deeply attached to a religious life. The great difficulty appears to lie in this, — and it exposes a copious source of practical error, — that they adopt and endeavor to follow religion, not as one thing — not as a perfect whole springing from one root, the several parts of which are indissolubly joined together, and not to be severed from each other any more than the limbs from the body; but they address themselves to its distinct and separate parts; they attend to a certain set of doctrines, or a certain list of rules, good in themselves, but not when taken up independently of any thing else. When, therefore, a man has learned those doctrines, it does not follow that he conforms to those rules; or he may conform to the rules, yet reject the doctrines. They have no connection with each other in his mind. He has regarded them wholly independent of each other. So, also, where he practises one class of duties, it does not follow that he is equally faithful in another. The motives which prompt him to be honest do not make him temperate; the influences which cause him to love his neighbor do not lead his affections to God; his conscientious punctuality in public worship does not teach him to forgive those who have offended him. He acts on partial motives, and so separates from each other branches of duty which are properly insep-

arable. He wants that great fundamental motive, reason, rule, called *principle*, which would guide, control, regulate every thing — pervading the whole system of thought and action with one uniform, consistent, ever-operating influence, which never relaxes, and from which nothing escapes.

What would be the condition of the sciences and the arts, if their professors were to hold or teach them in this loose method? What would be thought of the geometrician who should know nothing of his science but some of its detached details, a few unconnected problems or modes of operation, without having settled and arranged in his mind the *principles* of the science? How would he succeed in practice if he could not recur instinctively to those principles in every situation of perplexity or novelty? So, too, the chemist, the astronomer, the navigator, — how would they be involved in error and driven into peril who should depend upon any acquaintance with their science gained from insulated experiments and lying in detached parcels, without any common principles in the mind by which they are classed and to which they may be referred! If the right practice of these sciences is inwrought with their principles, so is the practice of religion. How can we hope for consistency and thoroughness where no fundamental axioms are kept in view?

The importance to be attached to this view is evident from a consideration of the nature of religion. Religion is not a prescribed list of duties, a specified catalogue of doctrines, a given round of ceremonies. It is properly a profound sentiment of the relation of ourselves to God and of God to ourselves, attended by the consequences of such a sentiment. To fall short of this is to fall short of religion. The various doctrines, acts, forms, which constitute the

visible and observable exterior of religion, are the consequences of the interior sentiment. If one strive to maintain them independently of that sentiment, he has no security for their genuineness or permanency; they may exist at some times, but there is no certainty that they will at others; or, if always, yet these are not religion, and cannot be transformed into religion. They are but the outward body, destitute of the mysterious vitality which alone gives it beauty and worth.

Religion is essentially spiritual. It commands and requires the performance of all moral acts in the outward life; but it does not consist in those acts: those acts may be performed without it, from other motives, from reasons of expediency, policy, and selfishness; and they are not, and cannot be, acts of the religious man, except they spring from the internal impulse of religious principle.

Hence it is plain that a man cannot become a religious Christian by the bare observation of the detached precepts of Christianity, any more than he can become a patriot by simply conforming to the promulgated laws of his country. This is done by multitudes who make no pretension to the character of patriots. This requires something deeper; it is a matter of the soul. Precepts effect little, except where there is a sentiment within to which they may be attached, and which may enforce obedience. What will you effect by the precept to be humble, in the man who has no faith or love strong enough to subdue his pride? What by the command to forgive injury, or to refrain from revenge, in him who has no settled regard for His authority who commands; but whose principle of honor is stronger than that of religion, and his passions stronger than either? You may set before men the virtues of meekness and temperance, purity and love, generosity and piety, in such winning beauty that all

shall admire and love; but they will be to them as unaffecting as the cold marble images to which the heathen gave the names of the virtues, until there be breathed into them the breath of a living principle.

Agreeable to all this is the method of instruction adopted by our Savior. His teaching, undoubtedly, was in great part preceptive, and consisted much of practical directions for the conduct of life. But a little examination shows us that these are to be regarded, not as unconnected rules, but as so many exemplifications of large principles, and specimens of the right manner of applying them. Thus he laid peculiar stress on the regulation of the heart. He always implied that, if it be kept right, a good life will follow; if unregulated, a bad life will be the consequence. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, thefts, false witness, blasphemy. The same inference is to be drawn from the circumstance that he declares love to God and love to men to be the sum and substance of religion. These two commandments are not so much the injunction of special duties, as the inculcation of a general principle, which, being established in the heart, insures the cultivation of all right dispositions and the performance of all right acts. Love, added Paul, is the fulfilling of the law.

The same inference is to be drawn from the whole mode of instruction adopted in the sacred writings. It has been observed of this volume, that its excellence as a guide of men consists, not in its furnishing a distinct rule for every situation and circumstance of life; — such a guide would be too cumbrous; the multiplicity of its directions would confound rather than aid; — but rather in its inculcating a general, comprehensive spirit, which, being ingrafted in the mind, should serve as a universal index, superior to all rules, and rendering rules unnecessary.

This spirit or principle, thus every where recognized in the sacred writings, appears there under various names and a diversity of descriptions. Sometimes it is called Love, and then it is written, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Sometimes it is Fear, and then, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Sometimes it is Faith, and then it is said to work by love and overcome the world. And this explains to us how it happens that the whole duty of man is represented by so different expressions in different parts of Scripture, — in one place the term fear representing all, in another love, in a third faith, and in a fourth holiness. In all these instances, we perceive that, whatever the word may be, it is used to signify the religious principle; and either of the graces specified is sufficient, and is the whole, because it implies that fundamental principle on which the whole fabric rests.

And there is a great advantage in this mode of representation, since it is adapted to the variety of dispositions and modes of thought existing among men. In human nature, as every where else, it has pleased the Creator to give existence to an infinite variety; and to this variety a regard must be had in the provision which is made for human culture and perfection. That which is most effectual with one man may make little impression on another; and that view of a great truth which commends itself to the acceptance of this, may be a barren and heartless proposition to that. We find, accordingly, that the great truths of religion are set forth in the sacred volume in a great variety of attitudes, that so by all means some may be won to receive them. In this way provision has been made for the diversity of sects which have arisen in the church; and especially the peculiarities of individual temper have been kindly met. One man seizes on the idea of love as the presiding spirit, and it becomes

the one absorbing, leading consciousness of his life; he literally dwells in love, and knows nothing of fear. A man of a different constitution of mind is struck with some other view, and takes it into his mind as the governing thought. Each finds his way to holiness and God, because each is thus brought into immediate and sacred contact with all the truths that constitute religion; as if the holy temple of the soul's immortal life were entered by several beautiful gates, and each should come in at the door opening nearest to his own familiar dwelling; yet all, having entered, find themselves alike in the spacious courts of universal truth, and mingle with equal acceptance in the worship at the sacred altars.

It is not easy to over-estimate the importance of the view I have been considering, to him who is seeking a guide in practical religion. It points out to him what is essential to his consistency and safety. It furnishes to him the clew which will lead him through every perplexing labyrinth of duty. It becomes to him a sort of instinct which decides at once what is right, and delivers him from uncertainty and delay. He who attempts without this to walk the path of virtue, dependent on the letter of the law and the suggestions of his own unaided thought, will often be perplexed in his decisions, and will find his progress uncertain, interrupted, unsatisfactory. His virtue fluctuates with changing circumstances, and is at the mercy of every temptation. He does right from whim, is just by accident, is generous from interest, is pure from selfishness, and is unjust, ungenerous, impure, when circumstances or passion decide it to be advisable. He is blown about by every wind of doctrine, more anxious to seem right than to be so, and to satisfy the expectations and standard of those around him, than to conform to the law of duty in his own mind. If circum-

stances prove favorable, such a man may pass through the world without reproach; but any sudden crisis of affairs may overthrow him in a moment, and disclose the insecurity of his foundation. But he who has built his virtue on principle, is independent of circumstances, and unaffected by external changes. The winds may blow, the floods may come, the rains descend and beat upon him, but he stands amidst all steadfast as a rock.

It is in vain that one would trust the security or the progress of his character to any other ground. He may have ascertained the evidences and the authority of his faith, he may have pursued it by careful investigation to its divine origin, and may have logically demonstrated its everlasting obligation. But it is one thing to know a truth, and quite another to feel its power. And of what avail the study of the records of Christianity, and the most extensive and curious acquaintance with its doctrines and history, if there be no deep-seated sentiment within, which appropriates to itself all that knowledge, and makes application of it to the conscience and the life? Or of what avail his occasional forms of devotion, and acts of charity, if there be not this internal regulator to render them uniform, habitual, permanent? How shall he insure the coëxistence of those virtues which are essential to the completeness of the man, if there dwell not within him this common bond of attraction and union? How will he hope for progress in excellence, if he possess not that perennial fountain within him of excitement and growth? And where will be the satisfaction and peace of his spirit? Even supposing him to maintain a reasonable steadfastness and consistency in external duty, yet what can he know of the peculiar, characteristic happiness of a religious mind, unless the affections be penetrated with this living and glowing sentiment?

If there were no other attendant evils, those who think, and separate the acts of a moral and religious being from the principle they spring from, might find one here sufficient to alarm and check them. They fail of the happiness they seek. Happiness, as daily experience may tell us, depends upon the state of the mind, the frame and temper of the inward man; and he may be rendered miserable by the misrule within, while every requisition of external morality is rigidly observed. Therefore they who place religion in this outward obedience, to the neglecting of the principle that rules within, miserably fail of the felicity of their nature. If man, indeed, were related only to the beings and scenes of this earth, they would be right; but if he be related to the Infinite and Eternal Spirit, with whom he can have no external, but only a spiritual intercourse, — if he be destined for other scenes, for which nothing can fit him but the preparation of a spiritual culture, — then their error is deep and ruinous. If life were only a season of enjoyment, a mere voyage of pleasure, over which no clouds or storms ever pass, then there would be something plausible in their system, which resolves all duty into care for the present convenience and order. But, since it is a season of change and probation, of heavy trials, of sad exposures, and of certain death, they but throw away the staff of their support, and put out the light that should cheer them. There is a gloominess amid the disappointments of the world, which nothing can dissipate but the familiar sentiment of piety, which perceives a faithful and kind hand controlling all, and leans upon a Father's love. But where is the consolation for him who has persuaded himself of the sufficiency of an external regularity, but can turn to no principle within, which recognizes the dealings of the great Parent, and devoutly relies on his equity and love?

Then there is the momentous concern of the preparation for hereafter. When the spirit lies waiting to be gone, and casts its farewell glance at all it knew and loved below, there is, indeed, satisfaction for it in the thought that the duties of life have been done, that no one has been defrauded, and that friends have been kindly treated. We may not undervalue the worth of this testimony of the conscience. But the sinking immortal at that hour looks forward as well as backward; surveys with anxious thought the world he is approaching, as well as that which he is leaving. There, he feels, he is to commence a spiritual existence in new spheres and in higher connections. There he is to meet the God who made him; there he is to see the Savior who redeemed him; there he is to join the spirits of the just made perfect, and the company of the angels. And will he not feel, that, for that scene, and that company, and those enjoyments, he needs a preparation of heart, affection, spirit, which the performance of duties growing out of his temporal relations has not made? Must he not feel that only the possession of an inward principle could fit him for, and enable him to relish, that spiritual state? Without that spiritual relish, not even heaven could give happiness. Let him enter its regions of glory, let him be received to the company of the blessed, give him the crown of glory and the harp of gold, and let the beauty of the throne of God pour its light around his feet, — there is no enjoyment in it all to him; it is only a weariness; for the spiritual relish is wanting; his tastes and habits have been formed on the relations and pleasures of a bodily existence, and none else have any charm for him.

Is it not amazing, when we seriously give ourselves to reflections like these, that we are so content with the worldliness of our common life? Is it not amazing that we can

rest satisfied with this ordinary routine of formal existence, which goes not a step beyond the decent acquittal of the prescribed task of the hour, and gives no heed to the demands of the life within us and beyond us? If there be a spirit in man, virtue cannot be a thing of present expediency and social regularity; it must be an inwoven principle, deep-seated and fervent, affecting the state of mind no less than the conduct. If that spirit is immortal, the holiness which belongs to it can be no mere adaptation to the exigencies and relations of this earthly existence, but must be a high, immortal, insatiable desire, aspiration, passion, for an excellence independent of the body, unrelated to time, such as dwells only in the retirements of heaven, and thirsts for its peculiar joys. Knowledge must cease, prophecies fail, and all earthly possessions decay and disappear; but the ethereal, celestial PRINCIPLE of goodness and felicity survives, indestructible and everlasting. If it dwell in us now, it will conduct us to duty as nothing else can. Then, even on earth, as the apostle says, we shall dwell in God, and finally shall dwell in heaven.

RELIGION

A RESTRAINT AND AN EXCITEMENT.

I HAVE often had occasion to call to mind the remark which once fell from a friend in conversation, to the effect that much practical error arises from men's looking on religion as a restraint alone, instead of considering it as an excitement also. The thoughts suggested by this hint are of most various and extensive application in the whole process of the religious life. What is that process, in fact, but the subjection of the soul to that will of God which restrains from all that is evil and excites to all that is excellent?

Undoubtedly the first aspect in which religion presents itself to man, is that of restraint. Its office is that of prohibition. Its commandments run in the language of denial — Thou shalt *not*. It forbids certain gratifications which nature craves. It insists on the denial of certain propensities, on limiting the indulgence of certain desires, on refraining from certain states of mind, and certain courses of conduct. It requires self-control, circumspection, thoughtfulness. It is thus a universal and ever-present restraint. He who acknowledges its authority feels that neither his body nor his spirit, neither his talents nor his time, are his own; they are the Lord's. He may neither live to himself nor die to himself. His business, his recreations, the emotions of his heart, the purposes and plans of his life, the

accents of his lips, the demeanor of every hour, are to be placed under the control of moral and religious principle.

But for a man to stop here, and fancy his religious culture done, would be a most absurd and pernicious error. This is but the beginning. This is only the negative. He knows what he must not do and be. But what must he do? What must he be? Will not religion teach him this? Religion is therefore an excitement to right action as well as a prohibition from wrong; it urges the heart to attach itself to what is lovely and pure, as well as to avoid what is low and base; it prompts to the glory of doing what is noble, as well as deters from the sin of doing what is mean and vile; it stimulates to action in every way of improvement and goodness. So that nothing can be more erroneous than their opinion who fancy it severe and morose, occupied wholly in checking the flow of the spirits and damping the ardor of the feelings, never speaking but to chide folly, and presenting forever the dark side of things. On the contrary, what more animating than its promises! what more inspiriting than the scenes to which it invites in the future! what more cheerful than its pursuits of useful labor and affectionate toils of beneficence and hours of elevated contemplation! And as to its showing the dark side of things, it is that which alone shows that every thing has a bright side, and unveils it to the eye of desponding humanity. He who sees only the prohibition, and feels only the restraint, without having his heart stirred with a holy purpose of action, and a joy in the anticipation of better things, has learned as yet only the alphabet of religious culture; he is a babe bound about with swaddling clothes, with no use nor enjoyment of a free and active existence.

It is clear, therefore, that wherever there is the true operation of the religious principle, it must perform both of

these functions alike. It must control and impel. No one will throw off the restraint, and impetuously follow the impulse; no one will be satisfied with the restraint alone, but will seek a higher and more active life.

Yet it is equally clear that it will be principally felt as a restraint *in the beginning of the religious career.* When the struggle for ascendency first takes place between the sensual, worldly principle and the religious principle, the latter prevails, if at all, by throwing a restraint over the worldly and sensual. This is the first step. It lays a check on the indulgence of selfish desires, and animal pleasures, and every wrong propensity. Like the voice which was heard in the wilderness, it announces the coming of God's kingdom in the soul by the cry, Repent! Quit these false pleasures; correct your taste for this false happiness; abandon these unworthy habits.

This is unwelcome and irksome. But as the progress of the religious life goes on, as the man becomes better acquainted with its sublime spirit, and is more habitually observant of its laws, he comes to be less sensible to the restraint, and more alive to its quickening and exciting powers. It ceases to be to him a burden, and grows into a pleasure; it is no longer a hardship, it is a delight. The privations which were at first severe, are no longer privations. The duties that were at first hard because new, are now familiar, and he is fond of them. Like the beginner in any new occupation, art, or study, he is for a long time awkward and embarrassed by the strangeness of his position, and by mere unaccustomedness to the rules and routine of his pursuit. The learner on a musical instrument is perplexed and pained by the rules which operate as a distressing restraint upon him; but after a time they become familiar and natural, and nothing can be an apter emblem of freedom than the motion of his flying fingers as they kiss

the strings. So with the young Christian. For a time harassed and discontented by the unusual restraint, he by-and-by feels it no more, but pushes forward with kindled and delighted mind, pursuing the straightest path of right, and conscious only of pursuing his pleasure. The restraint is upon him; it is less possible than ever to cast it off; but it is lighter than ever, because it is willingly borne, and because it helps him to accomplish the object which he now has most devotedly at heart.

There is a striking passage in the First Epistle of John which accords with this statement and helps to illustrate it. There is no fear, he says, in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. Here we have the distinction between the restraining and the exciting principle we have been speaking of. The mind is first impressed with the *fear* of God, of his displeasure, of committing sin, and of the consequences of sin, — a most reasonable fear. This operates as a restraint. It is a check on the heart's sinful propensities and the unprincipled pursuits of the life. But so far there is pain, dissatisfaction, torment; for the soul is as yet reluctant and unwilling. Soon, however, the study of God's character and will unveils that glorious Being in attributes so adorable and amiable, a nearer acquaintance discloses so beautifully his fatherly purposes and grace, that the soul is won to his love, and no longer so much fears his wrath as longs for his friendship. Here is an excitement. The man longs and labors to please this Father, whose excellences are so lovely, and whose will is so beneficent. He comes to forget that he is dreadful; he loses thought of the divine terrors; his *love casts out the fear* which he once trembled under; he glows, burns, rejoices, and presses forward in confidence and hope; and there is no fear, there can be no fear, for he is perfect in love. He is conscious of no restraint; he is sensible of no control; he indulges his

predominant desire; he follows the impulse of his own excited spirit, which, by the power of love, has become conformed to the will of God. He rises as by his own proper motion, as on eagle's wings, as on the easy and familiar pinions of angels. When he first put them on, he was embarrassed by the unaccustomed members, and moved heavily; nothing, perhaps, but the dread of impending evil would have roused him to tempt the upper air. But when the flight has become familiar, and he has reached the purer atmosphere above him, and got a nearer view of the splendors of the upper regions, he feels an excitement which urges him on spontaneously and joyfully; it is rapture to him to press forward; far from enduring any restraint, he is enjoying the most unbounded liberty.

He that feareth, it is added, is not made perfect in love; that is to say, he who feels his religion to be a burdensome affair, and his movements fettered by it, has not attained to that true state of the mind which makes all a delight. He has made but slight progress in the divine life who does his Christian duties only because he is afraid to neglect them, and whose faith is therefore always checking him from doing wrong, instead of urging him to what is right.

All this serves to explain how it happens that so many, with a partial devotion to religion, declare themselves disappointed in the happiness which flows from it. They have looked for the satisfactions and raptures of which others have spoken, but do not find them. Instead of serenity, they meet but uneasiness and despondency. They are ready to abandon in despair a pursuit which does little else than keep them in a state of conscious inquietude.

This is easily explained. The peculiar and boasted happiness of religion belongs to him whose soul is filled with its temper of perfect love; who, under the impulsive excitement of its glorious convictions, in the glow of an affectionate

ardor, moves on without restraint or fear; having no desire, or feeling, or habit, in opposition to duty. Now, the beginner cannot be in this state. He is still under control. The yoke is not so familiar as to be easy; the burden has not been borne long enough to be light. He has but recently undertaken a new system of government over his affections, thoughts, propensities, will, temper, words, actions; it must of necessity be long before they can all be brought perfectly to acquiesce and live under the new law in harmony and peace. If he suffer himself to be swayed by a romantic expectation of sudden and complete bliss, he will be inevitably disappointed. Religious happiness is to be looked for just in proportion to religious attainment. There may be a thrill of rapture upon the soul at the first disclosure to it of divine truth; there may be moments of high feeling and ineffable delight from many occasional experiences in the path of duty; but the equal, uniform, satisfied serenity, "the sober certainty of waking bliss," that nothing interrupts or diminishes, this is the attainment of a long pilgrimage, this is the result of that patient perseverance which leads to experience, and gives birth to the hope that maketh not ashamed.

Hence the remark is obvious, that the great attainments of religious character are made under the exciting impulses of generous feelings and the encouragements of a divine love. The action of fear is altogether insufficient. It stops far short of the true end. It may begin, but it cannot finish. It can do nothing more than restrain from evil; it cannot lift to excellence. They who are actuated by it may take religion for their law, but it cannot be their pleasure; it is the task-work of a slave, not the affectionate compliance of a son. It is in perpetual and irritating opposition to their favorite desires, when it ought to be in conformity with them. It grasps every effort, repines at every sacrifice, and

achieves nothing beyond a poor mediocrity of sluggish and creeping virtue.

How much of sad error is there amongst us through this misapprehension! Instead of giving up ourselves, heartily and wholly, to the generous exhilaration of a devoted soul, we hold back reluctant. What wonder that we are so poor in goodness! We dwarf ourselves by looking only at the prohibition, the watching, and the rebuke; like thoughtless and foolish children, who shrink from every task as an evil, and fancy they make great gain by every lesson they escape. We should be more wise; we should regard religion as our friend and brother, rather than our task-master; it should be more frequently spoken of as such, in terms of affection and cheerfulness, not of hesitation and awe. Let it not be always represented as beginning in terror, and watered by tears, and closing in struggles. Let not the heavenly visitant be always described as pining on a sick bed, or clothed in weeds of mourning, or borne down by calamity, or gasping in the agonies of dissolution; — as if faith were good for nothing but the chambers of disease and the house of sorrow; as if piety were the inseparable companion of life's evils, and not also the hightener and friend of its dearest joys; as if it were the daughter of remorse and the sister of woe, and not rather the companion of all innocent pleasure and the queen of the heart's deepest satisfactions. We must do it more justice; we must array it in its own bright robes; associate it with the most cheerful objects of nature and all the happiest hours of life; we must know it to be that love which casts out all torment and fear, and changes the painfulness of duty into the spontaneous impulse of inclination.

TWO LETTERS,

ON THE

GENUINENESS OF THE VERSE 1 JOHN v. 7,

AND ON THE

SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT

FOR

UNITARIANISM,

ADDRESSED TO THE

REV. ALEXANDER M'LEOD, D. D.

OF NEW YORK.

TWO LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Reverend Sir:

I am sensible that, in addressing these Letters to you, I am taking a liberty which nothing but the importance of the occasion could excuse. The deference and respect which are due to a stranger of your age and standing should have kept me silent, did not a powerful sense of duty to the uncorrupted Word of God, and of my obligations to that system of religious faith which I believe it to contain, urge me to speak. This must be my apology. My persuasion of the importance of Christian truth, and of a careful watch by those who are set for its defence, lest its records should be corrupted, is too strong to suffer me to be silent, when I conceive it to be within my power to render any service, however feeble, to the cause of religious knowledge. I came to this city, as some of my brethren had done before, for the purpose of aiding a small band of Unitarian believers to enjoy the worship and ordinances of the gospel according to the dictates of their consciences; and when, upon attending the religious service of your church, I found not only the principles of their faith assailed, but assailed by the use of a sentence which is generally held to be no part of the Bible, I felt myself bound, in their defence, and in defence of the truth, to make this public address to yourself. I

desire to do it respectfully, for I feel no disrespect; and if, as I fear may be the case, I should express myself with great confidence, I beg you would do me the justice to believe that it is not from the spirit of opposition, but is the religious confidence of one who thinks himself called to support the purity and integrity of God's revelation, in a point where he is convinced there is hardly the shadow of a doubt.

It is not my object to make any general defence of the faith against which you have been preaching; much less to complain at your taking an opportunity to warn your people against what you esteem a dangerous error. Your duty to your conscience and to them required it of you; and I would be the last to advocate any abridgment of the liberty of speech in the pulpit. It is not because you have defended Trinitarianism that I ask to be heard; that you had an unquestionable right to do; but because you defended it upon ground which, it appears to me, you had no right to take. When I went up to worship in your church, on the evening of the last Sabbath in April, nothing could exceed my astonishment at hearing you announce as your text that celebrated verse — *There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.* 1 John v. 7. I did not readily recover from my surprise. The opinion which is universally expressed by the learned respecting this verse came fresh to my recollection; and it was with difficulty I could persuade myself that I had heard it quoted as a part of the Christian Scriptures in that sacred place. It was true I had been told that some ministers had lately quoted it as authentic; but I had taken it for granted they must be uninformed and ignorant men; for I had never yet seen reason to doubt the assertion of an able theologian, "that no man of tolerable learning or

fairness, at the present day, would think of using it." But now I found it adduced by one to whom I could attribute neither ignorance nor unfairness; and what, then, should relieve my wonder?

My surprise at your use of this text has not ceased. The learned of the present day, throughout the religious world, have agreed, after a long and laborious examination, in pronouncing it no part of the original Scriptures. All who are most competent to judge, Trinitarians as well as Unitarians, with one voice, and with scarcely any reserve, declare it to be an unauthorized addition to the Epistle of John; so that it is, with one consent, thrown out of the Trinitarian controversy. I may well, therefore, be astonished, as I am ignorant of the reasons upon which you have made up your mind, that you should argue from it as genuine.

I do not forget that you told us that it had been your object, in a preceding discourse, "to establish its genuineness as a part of Scripture." I could not suspect you, indeed, of omitting, as some have done, so important a consideration; and I cannot but regret that I had not the opportunity of hearing it discussed. For I acknowledge I am at a loss to conjecture whence you could have gathered sufficient proof to outweigh all those circumstances of evidence which have for so long a time put the question at rest. It would be wrong, however, to deal in mere assertion on this subject. I beg leave, therefore, to lay before you the language of a few respectable writers,—all Trinitarians,—whose decisions on this subject, of which they were well able to judge, have been thought conclusive.

Let me first ask your attention to the *Eclectic Review*, the religious character of which is unsuspiciously Orthodox. The passage has been frequently quoted; but the very honorable and decided stand which it takes in behalf of the

purity of the sacred text renders it worthy of perpetual remembrance.

"Upon this," says the writer, "we need not spend many words. It is found in NO Greek manuscript, ancient or modern, except one, to which we shall presently advert; in no ancient version, being interpolated only in the later transcripts of the Vulgate. Not one of the Greek fathers recognizes it, though many of them collect every species and shadow of argument, down to the most allegorical and shockingly ridiculous, in favor of the doctrine of the Trinity; though they often cite the words immediately contiguous, both before and after; and though, with immense labor and art, they extract from the next words the very sense which this passage has in following times been adduced to furnish. Of the *Latin* fathers, not one has quoted it, till Eucherius of Lyons, in the middle of the fifth century; and in his works *there is much reason to believe that it has been interpolated.*"

After this summary of the evidence, the writer proceeds in the following striking and decided tone: "Under these circumstances, we are UNSPEAKABLY ASHAMED that any modern divines should have fought, *pedibus et unguibus*, for the retention of a passage SO INDISPUTABLY SPURIOUS. We could adduce half a dozen, or half a score, passages of ample length, supported by better authority than this, but which are rejected in every printed edition and translation."

The learned Griesbach, another believer in the Trinity, whose ability to judge in questions of this nature will be universally acknowledged, makes use of language equally strong with that just quoted. "If it were worth while," he says, "I would undertake to defend *six hundred of the most futile and universally rejected readings* by testimonies and arguments equally numerous and valid, nay, in general, more

numerous and valid, than those which the advocates of this passage adduce; nor would the defenders of a genuine text have so many and weighty arguments to oppose to such an absurd attempt, as have been produced against the defenders of this verse. I wish those would seriously consider this, who may in future undertake to defend this text."

Bishop Lowth, another learned Trinitarian, is equally decided. "We have some wranglers in theology," he says, "sworn to follow their master, who are prepared to defend any thing, however absurd, should there be occasion. But I believe there is no one among us, in the least degree conversant with sacred criticism, and having the use of his understanding, who would be willing to contend for the genuineness of the verse 1 John v. 7." *

Michaelis, in his most learned and valuable Introduction to the New Testament, says, "It is very extraordinary that any man should *think* of opposing the testimony" in favor of this verse to the testimony against it. And again he says, "One would suppose that no critic, especially if a Protestant, would hesitate a moment to condemn as spurious a passage" supported by such feeble evidence as this. To each of these sentences he adds a summary of the evidence, which it is unnecessary to quote here.

Dr. Middleton, in his elaborate work on the Greek article, tells us that this passage is "now pretty generally abandoned as spurious;" and that if any one will study the controversy, "the probable result will be, that he will close the examination with a *firm belief that the passage is spurious.*" He adds afterward, "In the rejection of the controverted passage, learned and good men are now for the

* See this citation in the Christian Disciple, vol. i. p. 100.

most part agreed; and I contemplate with admiration and delight the gigantic exertions of intellect which have established this acquiescense."

Rosenmuller observes, "It is the opinion of most critics at the present day, that these words are spurious."

Mr. Wardlaw, a late zealous and eloquent defender of the doctrine of the Trinity, is no less positive. "Certainly," he says, "this text should have been entitled to hold the first place, had its genuineness not been disputed, or disputed, as that of many texts has been, on slight grounds. I freely acknowledge, however, that the evidence of the spuriousness of this celebrated passage, even if it were much less conclusive, than, in my mind, it appears to be, would be quite sufficient to prevent me from resting upon it any part of the weight of this argument."

To the same purpose the bishop of Lincoln, in his Elements of Christian Theology, says, "I must own, that, after an attentive consideration of the controversy relative to that passage, *I am convinced that it is spurious.*"

Professor Stuart undoubtedly holds the same opinion respecting this verse; for, in adducing the texts in favor of the doctrine of the Trinity, he omits all mention of this; whereas, if he thought it genuine, he must have given it a conspicuous place. He probably alludes to it, with others, when he says he shall "select only those texts the language of which appears to be genuine, and above the condemnation of textual criticism."

In this place may be added the fact, that the Great Reformer LUTHER uniformly rejected this verse from his translation of the New Testament. He did not admit it to a place in the edition which was publishing at the time of his death; and "he concluded his preface to that edition," says Charles Butler, "with what may be termed *his dying*

request, that *upon no account his translation should be altered, in the slightest instance;*" * which, of course, implies his firm persuasion that this verse does not belong to the Bible.

To these names, some of them amongst the most honored in the church, might be added many more equally well known; it is enough to mention those eminent biblical critics Simon and Wetstein; Benson, Grotius, and Semler, (who, says Michaelis, "not only confuted all the arguments which had been used in favor of this verse, but wrote the most important work which we have on this subject;") Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Herbert Marsh, Archbishop Newcome, and the distinguished Methodist Dr. Adam Clarke; and, finally, that illustrious scholar, Porson, whose letters, by which the controversy concerning the verse was brought to a final conclusion, "are an eternal monument of his erudition, critical sagacity, and wit."

To the extracts already made others might be added, if I were in a situation to have access to the necessary books I have not made them under the idea that you are unacquainted with them, but simply that it might be seen how strong and unqualified is the conviction produced upon the minds of the most competent judges by the evidence against this verse.

Since, however, you have differed from them in your judgment of the case, it is to be presumed that you are possessed of facts or arguments upon the subject which have escaped the research and ingenuity of European learning; or that you have discovered a method of arran-

* I recollect having somewhere read, that Luther made it the subject of *particular request*, that the verse in question might never be inserted in his translation of the New Testament. As, however, I have not the authority by me, I do not mention it with confidence.

ging *their* facts and arguments so as to bring the weight of evidence into the opposite scale. In either case, no one has a right to question your honest conviction. But you must not be surprised if others should have a different persuasion, and should continue to account this passage of no authority, until they are acquainted with, and feel the force of, the reasons which have led you to restore it to its place in the sacred volume. If it *do belong to the volume*, it cannot be for the interest of any one that it should be excluded; * because it is of the utmost importance to us all, of every name, that we should receive THE WHOLE of Scripture without diminution or reserve. And, on the other hand, if it be *not* a part of the records of Christianity, it cannot be for the interest of any one to retain it. The reverence which all profess for the word of life, would prompt every one to strike from its pages the smallest sentence which had crept in and made its home there without authority from God. We should be indignant at the attempt *now* to thrust in even a word, for the support of the most valuable truth of revelation; and how can we more quietly submit to such intrusion, because it has existed for a few hun-

* If any should think it necessary to contend for the genuineness of this verse, under the impression that it is essential to the proof of an essential doctrine, perhaps, after reading the following from Calvin, they will find reason to think otherwise: —

"The expression, '*these three are one*,' does not relate to the *essence*, but to the *agreement* of the persons spoken of. The meaning is, the Father, and his eternal Word and Spirit, harmoniously bear testimony to Christ. Some copies, accordingly, read εἰς ἓν, [i. e., agree in one thing.] But although you read ἓν εἰσιν, [are one,] as it is in other copies, still there is no doubt that the Father, Word, and Spirit, are said to be one, in the same sense as the blood, and water, and spirit, in the verse immediately succeeding." — See *Christ. Disc.*, ubi supra.

dred years? *The truth,* on this subject, *the exact truth,* is the only important consideration, and is equally important to all. The Christian world have heretofore showed a readiness to hear, and be convinced, by fair evidence, however it might interfere with their prejudices. No doubt the same disposition exists still; and if other evidence can be found than has been found, it will be gladly received, and candidly considered.

But until such evidence *is* produced, we must be permitted to believe that the verse was never written by St. John. At present, the evidence of its spuriousness appears to us overwhelming. It is not easy to conceive of a fact, depending upon proof of this kind, susceptible of stronger proof than exists in this case. It has been examined and re-examined, and canvassed and discussed by the partial and the impartial, at different periods and in different countries, with great labor, great learning, and great zeal; and it deserves notice as a remarkable fact in the history of controversies, that this is one of those few points which have been acknowledged on all hands to have been brought to a final decision. Do not, therefore, I entreat you, construe it into any want of respect to yourself, that I protest against its being publicly alleged as part of Scripture. I esteem it a sacred duty to show my supreme regard for the Volume of Divine Truth, by bearing testimony against this manifest addition.

It is only necessary to add, that all the best editions of the New Testament, since the Reformation, have omitted it, or at least have set upon it a mark of suspicion and doubt. Some mark was fixed upon it, in, I believe, all the earliest editions to which it was admitted. If you will look at the first printed English Bibles, you will find the passage either in smaller type or enclosed in brackets. It was so printed

in the edition of 1566. It was not till after that year that it was suffered to stand undistinguished on the page; and by whose authority the distinction was first removed, is not known.

But if it be no part of the genuine Epistle, how, it will naturally be asked, can we account for its ever obtaining a place there?

The answer which is usually given to this question, and which is perfectly simple and satisfactory, I quote almost verbatim, as it is stated by Butler. The mystical interpretation of the *eighth* verse, which some of the fathers adopted, (making "the spirit, the water, and the blood," to stand for the three divine persons,) was frequently inserted in their commentaries, and sometimes *in the margin of their copies.** A transcriber from such copies might easily suppose it to be a verse which had been accidentally omitted, and so introduce it into the text; insensibly it came to be considered as part of the text; at first, it appeared sometimes in one form, and sometimes in another, and was inserted sometimes before, and sometimes after, the eighth verse; at length, the dignity of the subject gave it a precedence over the eighth verse; and thus it came to be considered as the seventh verse of the chapter. The eighth century may be considered as the era of its final settlement in the Latin text; from the Latin it was transplanted into

* "There are, at this day, several manuscripts, both Greek and Latin, which have it in the *margin*. And such insertions of explanatory words or phrases from the margin into the text are common in manuscripts. Jerome, in one of his letters, says that an explanatory note, which he himself had made in the margin of his Psalter, had been incorporated by some transcriber into the text. And Dr. Mill points out many similar instances." — Benson's *Dissertation*. See also Porson, *Letter IV*.

the Greek; the first Greek writer by whom it was quoted lived in the fourteenth century.

In this way it is easy to conceive that a marginal note, or interpretation, might gradually creep into the text, just as the small type, and the brackets of the first English editions, were gradually exchanged for a uniformity with the rest of the chapter.

If it were not for the names of high authority which I have been able to show are united in the opinion for which I contend, I should fear that these remarks might be the occasion of again exposing Unitarians to the charge of mutilating the Bible, and striking from it, at will, such passages as do not suit their views. But, as it is a notorious fact that the most strenuous adversaries of the verse are among those who believe in the doctrine it is supposed to maintain, as it is held to be "indisputably spurious" by men who have the confidence and respect of the whole Christian world, the reproach cannot, on this occasion, be uttered; and I could hope that our brethren would do us the justice to believe, that in every instance the reproach is as little deserved as in this. We have no stronger desire than to ascertain *the true text* of the sacred volume, and to have our opinions tried by that. If brought fairly and honorably to the true text, *and the true text only*, we do not fear that they will be found inconsistent with divine truth. I trust we have as much respect for revelation as our brethren; we have, perhaps, less respect for councils, assemblies, and creeds; but it is because we think "THE BIBLE, *the Bible only*, is the religion of Protestants." And when our fellow-Christians will understand us better, and use only scriptural arguments against us, we believe they will think better of us and of our doctrine.

Permit me to indulge the hope, that you will pardon any

inadvertencies which may have escaped me in this letter, and will candidly consider what I have presumed to offer you, and to conclude with subscribing myself,

Respectfully,

And with Christian salutations,

H. W.

NEW YORK, *May* 9, 1820.

LETTER II.

REVEREND SIR:

THE interest which was excited by the sermon upon which I presumed to address you in a former Letter, led me to your church on the evening of the following Sabbath. Of the discourse which I then heard I should say nothing, had you not alluded expressly to the First Congregational Church in this city, and to the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, in which I had had the happiness of taking part. The manner in which you did this appears to justify, and in some degree to call for, a few remarks, which, I hope, may have the effect to remove from your mind some of the misapprehensions under which it seems to labor, or at least to satisfy you that we have not thrown away our regard for the authority of Scripture, our claim to the title of Christian. In doing this, I must again ask your indulgence, and entreat you to lend a candid and patient attention.

Your discourse commenced thus: "JOHN xvii. 3. ***And this is life eternal; that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.*** When this

text was deposited, on the Saturday of the last week, in the corner-stone of the First Congregational Church, now erecting near us, it is probable that those who were concerned in that transaction *did not rightly understand its meaning.*" These are nearly your very words; and you added afterward, "that, if they had rightly understood it, they would not have made it, as seemed to be their intention, the corner-stone of their opposition to the doctrine of the Trinity."

Now, I acknowledge I had been in the habit of thinking that these words of our blessed Lord do contain a positive and unanswerable argument against that doctrine. I had never yet seen it answered, nor do I recollect having ever met with what could be called a serious attempt to answer it. Your presumption, therefore, that I did not understand it, was calculated to arrest my most earnest attention, and I listened with eagerness for the exposition which you imagined me to need — not a little curious to discover by what possible method this text could be brought to support the doctrine which you were engaged in defending. I do not know whether I am right in the conjecture; but when, after this introduction, which so excited my expectation, instead of proceeding with the immediate purpose of your discourse, you stopped to prepare the minds of your hearers by reading the articles respecting the Trinity, from three or four established confessions or creeds of different churches, — I confess I could not help suspecting that you felt conscious, like myself, that the declaration of your *text* was too directly contrary to the doctrine of your *sermon*, to be ventured before the congregation without some extraneous support. If I was wrong or uncharitable in this, I beg you to forgive me; and my apology must be, that appearances forced upon me such a judgment.

I could not but feel grateful to you (and I take this opportunity, in my own name and in that of the church to which you alluded, to express the obligation) for admitting that we intend to lay this text — a text of the undisputed Bible — as "THE CORNER-STONE OF OUR OPPOSITION to the doctrine of the Trinity." We have been so accustomed to hear it said that we abandon the Scriptures, and found our religious opinions on reason, in opposition to revelation, that it seems an act of especial kindness in a gentleman of your respectable standing, to allow that the corner-stone of our faith is laid in the words of our Lord himself. We do indeed place that verse at the foundation; it is our joy and pride to rest upon the authoritative language of the Son of God; and we confidently trust that the temple of our religious system, standing upon this, stands upon a foundation that cannot be moved. The tempest of human opposition may beat against it, but it will not fall; "for it is founded upon a rock." Till this text can be set aside — till it can be made, by fair and direct interpretation, to speak a language consistent with the idea that *Jesus, who uttered it*, is the same Being with Him whom he addresses as the ONLY TRUE GOD — we do not fear being found in error, or being cast away by God, though we should be rejected by man.

The manner in which you attempted to explain its consistency is to my mind quite unsatisfactory. If I rightly understood it, it was simply the assertion that Jesus uttered his prayer in his mediatorial capacity, in the *human nature only*, and that his *divine nature* took no part in it. I do not think that this solves the difficulty, because, in the first place, it evidently takes for granted the very thing which is to be proved — that he possessed *two distinct natures*, and could act according to one without the participation of the other; a supposition which is founded altogether *on infer-*

ence from detached passages of the New Testament, and adopted for the sake of reconciling difficulties, and which *never has been*, and *never can be*, proved by the express language of the Scriptures. I know that I speak confidently; but I know, too, that I may challenge the whole world to show that my confidence is unfounded. But, in the next place, even taking your own ground, — admitting the supposition to be correct, — the explanation remains equally unsatisfactory. For, at the time of his speaking these words, his divine nature must either have been *present* or *absent*. If *absent*, it was not Jesus Christ who prayed, for he is "TWO natures in one person *forever*." * But if his divine nature were *present*, then, of course, it joined in the prayer, for *both natures together* constitute him what he is; so that it is necessary that wherever he is spoken of by name, both natures should be included. Besides, it is evident the verse does not assert an opposition or distinction solely between the Father and Jesus Christ, but asserts, if it assert any thing, that the Father, *exclusively of all others*, is the Only True God. Put yourself in place of the apostles with whom he was praying; did they understand him to be praying to the same Being with himself? or to be making an exception in favor of a portion of himself? Or, if he had designed to give them a declaration that he was *not* the only true God, could he have framed in language a sentence that should express it more explicitly? So that, after all attempts to explain this text in consistency with the Trinitarian faith, I solemnly believe it to contain a full and express denial, by our Lord himself, of his equality with the Father.

This is not the only text which we think contains such a denial. Others equally strong are to be found, which

* These are the words of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

have equally exercised the ingenuity of Orthodox exposition. I will take the liberty of laying a few of these before you, that you may not only see the "corner-stone," but a few of the other stones of the building, and so judge whether "the Lord have not built the house."

Let me ask your first attention to 1 Cor. viii. 6. "To us there is but ONE GOD — THE FATHER — of whom are all things, and we in him; and ONE LORD — JESUS CHRIST — by whom are all things, and we by him." Are words capable of declaring more explicitly that the Father is the one God, and that Jesus is *not?* It seems to me that such an assertion cannot be made in any words, if these words of Paul did not contain it.

1 Tim. ii. 5 is equally expressive. "There is ONE GOD, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Who is the *one* God of whom Paul speaks here? Is it Jesus? Is not this rather a formal denial of his supreme divinity? There is one God — but Jesus Christ is not he. I beg that the sentence may be weighed, and I believe Paul will be found to have declared the Unitarian's faith.

Take once more the words of our Lord himself. Mark xiii. 32. "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither* THE SON, but the Father." Here we are told, almost in so many words, by Jesus himself, that he is not God: — *not even the Son* knoweth when that day shall come; yet if he were God, he must have known it.

The conclusion from these passages is irresistible. And let me ask, are we to be accounted as denying the Word of God, when our faith rests on such explicit, *unanswered* passages? We reasonably ask for *one passage* which shall assert (now that the verse from John's Epistle is satisfac-

torily proved to be no Scripture) that there are three persons in one God, or there are two natures in Jesus Christ, as explicitly as these, which I have quoted, assert that the Father alone is God. I do not know, I cannot conceive, by what method they are to be made consistent with the popular theory. I have never seen them fairly reconciled; I have examined the attempts which have been made to do it, candidly, I trust, and fairly, for I have felt that if on that side lay the truth, it was of immense importance for me to discover it; yet I always have risen from such examination with my faith strengthened rather than shaken. It has appeared to me that these passages were evaded, and not answered; and they have continued to inspire my mind with triumphant confidence in the correctness of the Unitarian sentiment. And I confess to you, that when I see the corner-stone of the truth in which I rejoice, laid in the holy words of our beloved Master himself, and the corner-stone of the opposite system laid in a verse which is found to have been inserted in the Bible without authority, I cannot hesitate to declare my thorough confidence in the divine support and sure triumph of the doctrine I profess, and to feel grateful that I am permitted, however feebly, to bear witness to it in the world.

But the scriptural support of our faith is not confined to the few passages which I have cited above; indeed, it could not be contained within the limits to which I must confine myself. Permit me, however, to add a few more, for the sake of those who have been taught to believe that Unitarianism receives no countenance from revelation; some of whom may, perhaps, be led to think better of those who profess it, when they shall learn that they can, and do, plead *the same Bible* in its defence, which *they* are accustomed to use. Let such ask themselves whether they have

ever stopped to weigh expressions like the following, and have reflected whether they are, or are not, consistent with the doctrine we oppose.

Jesus says, *The Son of himself can do nothing.* Does this imply the possession of infinite, underived power? Is it possible it can be God who speaks thus of himself?

As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father. Can we suppose him who used this language, denying that he lives *by himself*, to be the self-existent God, possessed of independent life?

Again. *I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I myself, but he sent me.* Is it God who speaks thus? who says he came not of himself, but was *sent?* Yet if you will read the Gospels attentively, you will find this to be Christ's perpetual language.

He is called, in the Epistles, the *image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature.* Is it possible the apostle would call him the *image* of God, or the *first-born*, if he were himself God? or, as in another place, *the express image* of his person?

Equally decisive, as it appears to us, are all those passages which say that Jesus was *made* Lord and Christ; *made* heir of all things; that authority to execute judgment was *committed* to him; that power was *given* to him. All these expressions, when duly considered, are utterly irreconcilable with the idea that he was possessed of infinite, independent, original power; i. e., that he was God.

Nothing is more frequent than passages of this sort. They occur so frequently as to give a complexion to the whole New Testament. Indeed, our confidence in the opinion we hold on this subject does not rest so much on single detached sentences and insulated expressions, however decisive, as upon the general character

running throughout the volume, which we are unable to account for, or comprehend, upon any other supposition. I am so convinced of this, that I can hardly conceive it possible for a man to read the New Testament through, attentively considering what aspect every part bears upon the question of the divine nature, without being convinced that it is impossible the doctrine of the Trinity should be true. The general mode of expression and of thought utterly contradict it; and though some passages might seem to favor it, yet he would think it more probable that he misunderstood these, than that they should contain a doctrine at variance with the general tenor of the Scriptures.

Although I have been able, at this time, to present only a bare sketch of our argument from Scripture, it is yet sufficient to afford some idea of the mode by which we are convinced that the doctrine of the Trinity is contradicted by the express voice of revelation, and, like the word itself,* and the famous text, by which it has been supported, derives its origin from human sources.

Having this firm persuasion that ours is *the faith once delivered to the saints*, we must be permitted, on all proper occasions, *earnestly to contend for it;* especially since we

* The dislike expressed to this word by the reformers Luther and Calvin is well known, but, I am informed by a friend, was not accurately expressed in the note to my former edition. Calvin's language is, "The common prayer, 'Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy upon us,' displeases me, and altogether savors of barbarism." Luther says, "The word *Trinity* is nowhere used by the sacred writers, but is entirely of human invention. Whence it has an exceeding frigid sound, [*omnino frigide sonat*,] and it were much better to call the Almighty *God*, than Trinity." It is said, too, that he erased the prayer, "Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy upon us," from his litany.

find it connected with opinions upon other subjects which appear to be most favorable to genuine Christian holiness, and the excellence of the gospel. I know that this is strenuously denied; and it is, perhaps, to be expected that every denomination of believers should imagine its own peculiar sentiments to be of the best practical tendency, for the simple reason, that it believes them to be *truth*. The real fact probably is, that the most important and powerful principles of virtuous action are common to believers of every name; so that the true question to be decided between them is, Whose peculiarities of sentiment offer least opposition, or afford most assistance, to these fundamental and universally accepted principles? If, indeed, we were justly liable to the charge which you brought against us in nearly the following words, — *It is a notorious fact, that our Socinian brethren* (for so you were pleased to call Unitarians, but unjustly, for they have no right to the name) *are Universalists, who hold that the wicked, and vile, and base, and profligate, and criminal, shall be equal partakers of the happiness of heaven with the saints,* — if this unfounded, this cruel accusation were just, then, indeed, it would be time for us to pause, and reflect upon the moral tendency of our opinions. But I have the happiness to inform you, (and I doubt not that, as a Christian, you will rejoice at the removal of such a reproach from your brethren,) that it is thoroughly false. Our sentiments upon this head have been basely misrepresented to you, and it is to be regretted that you should have thought yourself authorized to repeat so injurious a slander. It is probable, indeed, that the great body of Unitarian Christians would dissent from any description which your church might give of the nature and degree of future punishment; but when you are acquainted with them, you will know that the doctrine of a tremendous retribution, inconceivable and

indescribable, awaiting the wicked in a future world, is a part of their creed, and of their preaching, no less than of your own.

I regret being compelled to add, that there appeared to be other passages in your discourses, beside this, less calculated to throw light upon the subject of your discussion, or to promote a spirit of candid attention to it, than to create prejudice, and make men *afraid* of candidly attending to it. This, however, is not a novel thing, or by any means peculiar to yourself; and I certainly am not disposed to doubt that it results from a strong persuasion, that it is your *duty*, *by every means*, to render obnoxious, and strive to crush, what you believe to be a fatal error. But it serves to strengthen our conviction, that the real weight of *argument* is on our side; otherwise there would be less anxious effort to enlist the prejudices of men against us. We believe it to be only because such a violent odium has been excited, and industriously maintained, as effectually to forbid an impartial inquiry into our sentiments, that they have not more generally prevailed; and this belief is confirmed by the fact, that wherever Christian communities have been left to themselves, undisturbed by the alarms and outcries of *heresy*, and at liberty quietly to follow the light of the Scriptures, without being led at every step by a creed or a master, *there* these opinions have ceased to excite terror, and have gradually gained ground. It is the fear of this result, unconsciously indulged, perhaps, which can alone account for the perpetual endeavors that are made to render them odious. And the well-grounded fear of this result was strongly expressed in a celebrated Orthodox Magazine, which admitted that the omission to inculcate the points of Orthodox theology for some time, would occasion them to be looked upon with unbelief and aversion. If I mistake not, a similar appre-

hension was expressed in the discourse of which I have been speaking.

It is not surprising, therefore, that our faith should be confirmed, rather than shaken, by the obloquy which is cast upon it. There is but one bad consequence to be apprehended from it; and that is, that it should excite in us feelings of ill-will and uncharitableness; that we should be made to forget the charity *which endureth all things*, and return railing for railing. This would be doing us a serious injury; for the spirit of the gospel is the Christian's most valuable possession. By provoking him to part with it, you rob him of that *which not enriches you, and makes him poor indeed.* I trust that the members of the rising congregation are aware of their exposure to this danger, and will guard themselves against this, the greatest injury that can be done them. At present, they certainly are far from a censorious or retaliating spirit. They have united for the security of their personal religious rights, and of such an administration of the worship and ordinances of the gospel as shall not be inconsistent with their views of divine truth. They wish neither to molest nor to be molested; they have no enmity to any, and they wish well to all.

Their views and feelings, I have reason to think, are fairly represented in the Address which was made at the laying of the corner-stone of their intended church; and as you were pleased to take some interest in that ceremony, I copy it for your perusal.

Christian Friends:

We have assembled upon an occasion of no small interest. The erection of a new temple to the honor of Almighty God demands of us the religious acknowledgment of his providence, and earnest supplications for his

blessing. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Confident, therefore, in the uprightness and purity of our intentions, humbly trusting that we sincerely seek his glory in the promotion of that blessed religion which he has so mercifully sent to guide us to eternal salvation, we have come now, under the open eye of Heaven, to consecrate to him the beginning of our labors, and to ask of him their prosperous completion. To him we submit the judgment of our spirits; and, conscious as we are, that the way in which we worship the God of our fathers is by many called heresy, and every where spoken against, it is our consolation and joy to be permitted to appeal to him, and to believe that he who looketh not on the *outward appearance*, but on the *heart*, will approve our purpose, and graciously accept our humble offering. It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment; he who judgeth us is the Lord.

As, therefore, the tribe of Gad and the half-tribe of Manasseh, — who, when they had built an altar for themselves on the other side of Jordan, were accused by their brethren of revolting from the true worship of God, — answered in that bold appeal, and said, "The Lord, God of Gods — the Lord, God of Gods, he knoweth, and all Israel shall know, if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, that we have built us an altar,"* — so, Christian friends, if any of our brethren should imagine that this, our altar, is erecting in opposition to the truth, or the influence of our common Christianity, let us make the same appeal; not doubting that they will receive it with the same ready candor. For, although we have been led by the dictates of our conscience, and our honest understanding of the Scrip-

* Judges xxii. 22.

tures of truth, to withdraw from their temples, it is *not* in the spirit of rebellion or hostility; though we are about erecting another altar, it is not on the other side of Jordan, and need not destroy their confidence or friendship. We place ourselves under the broad banner of those Protestant principles which are the present glory of Christendom. We claim — and in this land the claim will not be denied us — to have our rights of conscience respected, and to be left accountable to God only; and we trust that we are ready freely and fully to extend to others the invaluable privilege so dear to ourselves.

It is true that we differ in some points, and, as we conceive, in some important points, of religious faith, from many of the disciples of our common Lord. The church has in every age had divisions. It is not strange that finite minds should vary in their judgments respecting infinite things. While we see darkly, it is to be expected that we should see differently; and this difference cannot be sinful, unless it overthrow the foundations of holiness and piety, or occasion the destruction of the spirit of the gospel. It is they who have *not the spirit* of Christ that are none of his. While, therefore, our allegiance to conscience, to truth, and to God, compels us to rear these walls of separate worship, we have unspeakable joy in the belief that the great body of Christians are serving the same universal Sovereign — pursuing the same holy end; and that, when we shall leave this abode of imperfect knowledge for that blessed state in which imperfection shall be done away, then, all, seeing as they are seen, and knowing as they are known, shall unite in one worship, in the one temple of which God himself shall be the light and glory. In that day, when, according to our ascended Savior's prediction, "All shall be one even as he and the Father are one" — in that day, it shall be our

happiness to understand alike the nature of that union of the blessed Jesus with our heavenly Father, concerning which we are now at variance. It is with such feelings and anticipations that we proceed to lay the corner-stone of our religious edifice.

I have now completed the task which I assigned myself. I again beg of you to excuse inadvertencies, and to pardon me if, perchance, any of my language should appear improperly confident or disrespectful. All such, if any such there should seem to be, I regret and disclaim.

I am, respectfully,

And with Christian salutations,

Yours, &c.

NEW YORK, *May* 11, 1820.

NOTE. — An attempt has been made in England to revive the question respecting the text of the three witnesses, since the first publication of these Letters. It may be well, therefore, to add to the list of *Orthodox authorities* against it that of the Quarterly Review, as Orthodox as any. This Journal (January, 1822) contains a learned examination of a work published by the bishop of St. David's, in defence of this spurious passage. A few sentences from this article will show that, in the judgment of these Trinitarian reviewers, the passage is as evidently spurious as before.

They express their "surprise" and "astonishment" that any attempt should be made to defend the verse, and their "pain and grief that recourse should be had to a plan of warfare in which they cannot coöperate."

They confute the bishop's arguments in detail, and on his declaration that there is no doubt left on his mind "that we have in this verse the authentic words of St. John," they remark, *We have the most sincere respect for the bishop of St. David's, but we cannot peruse the declaration without astonishment.*

They add, "The arguments of the learned author are, to our

minds, not at all more convincing than those which had previously been employed in the same cause. If the evidence against the text preponderated before the tract was written, we are quite sure that the scale has not been turned in its favor."

They also remark, very justly, "that whatever censures may be justly due to those who would *reject any text which really forms a portion of the sacred volume*, may, with equal propriety, be directed against those who would *introduce a text which is not proved really to belong to it*."

We trust that this question is forever put to rest. No man, probably, will be found to defend the verse again, who is not capable of thinking it a good argument to say, with the bishop of St. David's, *If the verse has not yet been found in any Greek manuscripts, it may be hereafter!*

A

LETTER

TO

REV. NEHEMIAH. ADAMS,

OCCASIONED BY HIS SERMON ENTITLED

"INJURIES DONE TO CHRIST."

LETTER.

SIR:

I HAVE read attentively the affectionate expostulation which you addressed to me and others in a recent sermon at the Essex Street meeting-house. Although not present to hear it, I appreciate the fidelity and kindness which caused you so to care for my and their welfare, as to plead with us, though absent. It is not usual to preach to absent people with the idea of benefiting them; but as you say that you did "feel constrained to make a solemn appeal to" us, we are happy to receive and ponder it in the same spirit of love and candor in which it was addressed to us.

The subject of your discourse, "*Injuries done to Christ*," is one of deepest interest. The treatment which our holy Master receives from any of those whom he came to redeem, is a matter that deeply affects all who are his followers. We cannot look on with indifference when he is despised and rejected. His injuries are ours. But you place *us*, not among his followers, but his persecutors. You rank us with Saul of Tarsus before his conversion. Your whole plea against the injuries done to Christ is an accusation of us Unitarians, as being the most injurious of all men. In this you wrong us. We are not persecutors, but followers of Jesus. Therefore your pathetic expostulations are vain; they are founded on an erroneous assumption, and do not reach us. We see no more reason why you should thus take for granted your own acceptance with Christ, and

then argue with us as injurious and lost, than why we should take for granted that we are accepted, and treat you as the injurious and lost. For, as was long ago said, you seem to forget that you differ from us just as much as we differ from you.

I can easily understand that your feelings are hurt by the prevalence of views so opposite to your own as those which other Christians hold; but then our feelings also are wounded by the views which you hold. Your feelings are hurt, undoubtedly, whenever your favorite opinions are spoken of with harshness; but certainly *our* feelings are no less hurt by the scorn and loathing with which our opinions are sometimes spoken of. It is not in the nature of man, that he should hear reproaches uttered against the truth which is dear to his soul, and remain unmoved. You think that, because your feelings are thus wounded, those of the Savior must be too; but here you seem to be exposed to the remark, "Thou thoughtest me to be altogether such a one as thyself." But, however this may be, since we think it is possible that you may be in error, we cannot allow that your representation does justice to the feelings of that gracious Being. We rather suppose, that, knowing both the infirmity and the honesty of our hearts, knowing, as he does and you do not, our desire to honor and follow him, and our purpose to give ourselves to the truth as we find it by inquiry, — if, after all, we have groped in vain, and are mistaken, he will compassionate us; and instead of being absorbed in the idea of injury done to himself, he will but wait for our freedom from the flesh, to show us, as he showed to Saul, the truth which we have sought, but not found.

Meantime we are grateful for the interest you are pleased to show for our enlightenment. It is but a duty in a Chris-

n to manifest that interest even towards scoffers. And ıile the air is full of anathemas, it is especially grateful to tch the sound of something like a gentle entreaty and ·ying prayer. I should not, however, trouble you with y remarks on the subject, were it not that your statement your feelings serves to revive in my bosom the similar ·lings, which I have often experienced towards my Calıistic and Trinitarian brethren. Not of envy, not of :terness, not prompting to clamor, defamation, and scorn, t feelings of grief, of sad lamentation, prompting to en-:aty, and expostulation, and tears. If the walls which ɔarate us could fairly be thrown down, and soul meet ıl in naked simplicity, I doubt not that on both sides we ɔuld find existing this fraternal solicitude; each would :n understand the real state of the other, and exchange ·giveness and blessing.

These feelings being thus revived in my bosom, I cannot :rain from giving them vent; and doubt not that you will :eive their expression in the same simplicity and kindness which you have made your own. Perhaps I may do as ıch to undeceive you in some particulars, and to enlighten u on others, as you have done to enlighten and undeceive :. For I believe that, in every instance in which you plead th me concerning a wrong done by me to my holy Master, :an present to your notice a similar and equal wrong done your part either to him personally, or to his ever-blessed ıther, or the Holy Spirit of truth. Do not let this ex-ession offend you; — but observe, I pray you, that I but e the privilege, of which you have set me an example, of owing how my own deep convictions and religious sensiities are affected by the doctrines which you and some ıer Christians hold. And I am sure that a man of the rness of mind that you profess will not deny the right

which you yourself have exercised. Indeed, you invite me expressly to this, when you say, "If you have any similar apprehensions in regard to us, and will express them earnestly and kindly, we will love you as our most faithful friends."

I am extremely happy, however, not to be able to begin, as you have done, by likening those who think differently from myself respecting Christ, to Saul the persecutor, and Judas the traitor. As this is a gross injustice on your part, I not only will not in any way imitate it, but am happy to say that there is no ground for it; though I think I *might* find ground for it, if I esteemed my own power of interpreting God's word infallible. But I will do no more than affectionately suggest to you, whether it is fair, ingenuous, just, to place those who profess Christ and preach him, and propose to honor and spread his cause, in the same category with a determined persecutor, and to represent them as exercising toward him more "ignominious treatment" than Judas who betrayed, or the soldiers who mocked him. For this you have done in express terms. You say you have done it with personally kind feelings; and I will not doubt it. There is nothing of the air of a *personal* ill-will in any thing you say. But I assure you that I take it as a personal grievance; and if I should retort upon you in a similar strain, you would perceive that I had reason so to take it. But what would be the use of such retort? You will doubtless see, the moment your attention is directed to the passage, that you have been guilty of an unhappy oversight.

"Men in other days, who had been taught by their religious guides that Christ was an impostor, knew not what they did when they crucified him. Saul of Tarsus

was ignorant in his unbelief. *Would that there were more reason to think that, of some who now reject the deity and atonement of Christ, we ought to say, They know not what they do!*"

As if any thing could be more monstrous than this supposition, that any persons KNOWING that Christ is God should reject him as such, and yet preach his gospel! I am sure that you knew "not what you did" when you penned that sentence. If you had, you would rather have cut off your hand than written it.

From this introduction you proceed to your plea. You urge that we do the "greatest possible injury to Christ, by denying his Godhead and atoning sacrifice."

Even if these be true doctrines, I am not sure that your position is correct. I am not certain that the denial of these two doctrines would be the greatest wound to the "*personal feelings*" of Christ. Does that holy and benevolent Being care more for his own honor in the sight of fallible men, than for the honor of his Father and our Father? than for the salvation of the human family? than for the glory of the divine government throughout eternity? Nay, he has taught us on this point, when he said that the injury of blasphemy against himself should be forgiven, but not that against the spirit of God. So that, even if I hold these doctrines to be true, I should think your proposition wrong.

But are those doctrines true? My dear sir, you know very well that it is possible they may not be; and in that case, all the pathos of your appeal — and it is really pathetic — falls to the ground. I am quite as sure that they are not true as you can be that they are. Instead, therefore, of feeling that I injure, I protest, before God and the universe,

that I HONOR Christ by denying them. In doing so, I follow his command, I comply with his teaching. You say that we reject Christ, and that we do it against light and knowledge — without the excuse of "bigoted Jews, Roman soldiers, and pharisaic zealots." Reject Christ! — I will forgive you this wrong. So long as you suppose it impossible that any should be accepted of God who does not think as you do on these points, so long, of course, you will esteem a rejection of your views to be a rejection of Christ; nay, the worst form of rejection, worse, you say, "than common infidelity;" for that leaves the sinner a hope, but this "shuts the last door upon him." When such things are said by a sane man, in a tone of apparent sincerity and sadness, we can only express our amazement at the extent of human infatuation, and appeal from the fallible judgment which condemns us, to that high tribunal of God which cannot err.

At the same time, let me say, I sympathize with you in those remarks which you make, in deprecation of the bitter language which is sometimes used by those who think your favorite doctrines unscriptural. I agree with you that the religious views of conscientious men ought always to be treated as things sacred, — with seriousness and tenderness. A man's religious faith is his most precious possession, and should be treated as such. I feel for you when you say, —

"Our highest and most sacred religious joys, our richest Christian experience, spring from him whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood. To a *spiritual believer* nothing is *so precious as the Savior.* You have no conception of this; but you may know that it is true, from martyrologies, and from the memoirs of

evangelical Christians every where, and in all times. We know that you verily think and feel that you ought to say what you believe (or disbelieve) about Christ, but we *pray you* to consider the *feelings of Christian believers*, and, if possible, spare them the pain of hearing their Redeemer degraded, and his blood of atonement counted an unholy thing. O, think, when you are inclined to write and speak bitter things about Christ's Godhead and atonement, think, as David said, when he was tempted to indiscreet words, 'If I say, I will speak thus, behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.'" Ps. lxxiii. 15.

This is properly said. I am sorry for whatever occasion you may have had to say it. But, unhappily, men are so taken up with their own views and feelings, that they are too careless of doing justice to others. And I solemnly appeal to you, whether *we* have not cause to make a similar complaint. Have not our feelings been disregarded and outraged? Is not obloquy and derision cast on our most holy faith and dear convictions? We, too, have our "sacred religious joys and Christian experience." We have our worship of the Infinite and Benevolent Father, "whose love and compassion toward us is beyond the highest thought;—our repentance of sin, our hope of pardon, our efforts to overcome evil, our expectations of preserving grace, of peace and support in death," and of a happy immortality in heaven, are all founded in his love and grace. To us, as well as to others, he has sent his Son, Jesus Christ, whom we receive and honor in faith and love, holding it a precious and unspeakable privilege to bear his name and look for his appearing. You have no conception of this, perhaps; for you recognize no experience but your own. You verily think and feel that you ought to

stigmatize all this as infidelity, degrading Christ, doing him a greater injury than Saul or Judas, trusting in our own righteousness, the pride of reason, &c. We have borne much of this; we bear much; our professions are mocked, our opinions ridiculed and nicknamed, and our most sacred and dearest convictions scoffed at. You think you ought to do so, you say; but I pray you consider the feelings of Christian believers, and, if possible, spare them. O, think, when you are inclined to write and speak bitter things, think, as David did, when he was tempted to indiscreet words, "If I say, I will speak thus, behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children."

You found your plea on the assertion, that "to a spiritual believer in Christ nothing is so precious as the Savior." We found ours on this — that to a true child of God nothing is so dear and precious as the Father. Precious and dear as the Savior is, we dare not say that nothing is so dear, so long as we know that the FATHER *sent* the Son to be the Savior of the world. This Father is all love, as well as power and truth; and no words can utter the fulness of that reverence and affection with which his children would fain regard and serve him. Must it not wound them, think you, to hear any thing that would degrade him from his supremacy? that would cast suspicion on his character? that would detract from the perfect justice, the immaculate purity, the equal and impartial love of the everlasting Father? Yet what are we condemned to hear? That this perfect Being brings men into existence condemned already; under his wrath and curse; incapable of all good, and yet expected to do good; some elected out of the mass and saved; yet to be saved only because an infinite "vicarious sacrifice" has satisfied divine justice; which sacrifice, though infinite, yet saves but a small portion of

the numberless condemned. All this is said of the Father, whom we adore. Can loving children hear this said of a Father, and not feel aggrieved? Could your children hear such things reported of you, and not feel aggrieved? Yet such things do we hear continually of our Father in heaven. We know that you verily think and feel that you ought to say what you believe about God; but we pray you to consider the feelings of his children, and spare them the pain of hearing their Father's character degraded. Think as David did, "If I say, I will speak thus, behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children."

I do, therefore, earnestly expostulate with you and your brethren on this point. "I give utterance to my feelings in a solemn and affectionate appeal." My feelings are wounded in this matter, as you say that yours have been. And I am sure that you cannot look seriously at the subject, in the light in which I have placed it, without perceiving that we have on our part quite as just cause for sadness and complaining as you have on yours. How can it be a greater trial to you to find a Savior "degraded," as you express it, by being placed in a rank below that of Supreme Divinity, than it must be to us to find a Father degraded by being placed, in point of character, below the standard of common equity and morality?

There is another point to which I must give a moment's attention. It is that which stands first in your "solemn and affectionate appeal," and relates to the use which should be made of certain texts of Scripture. You must not be surprised if I say, that I expected something a little different from a scholar, and a man who had once been honored with election to a professor's chair in a distinguished seminary. In your whole discourse, you professedly appeal to

the feelings, and not to argument.* This is very well. But an appeal to feeling on a question of *facts in criticism* is not very well. And consequently you have addressed the prejudices and passions of the uninformed. I think this may be complained of. You say, "In order to disprove these truths, you are *obliged to pronounce many passages of Scripture to be 'interpolated'* and *'spurious texts.'*" Not exactly so. The fact is this;—we find that the learned critics—TRINITARIAN AND ORTHODOX critics, *as you know*—have "pronounced" that certain texts are interpolations, and spurious; and therefore, as honest men, we say they are to be left out of the argument. That is all. I ask you, on your conscience, whether, as honest men, we could quote or obey as Scripture what has been proved to be not Scripture? If we did, should we not be accessory to fraud, imposition, and deception? And are we to be blamed, are we to be flouted at, are we to be cried down before the Christian world, in solemn denunciation and awful tones of warning, because we cling to the true word, and will not allow its corruptions? Sir, we have a right to complain of such treatment. And I confess that I am amazed and grieved beyond expression, at finding a man like you vindicating, as a matter of policy, the upholding of passages as part of the Bible which you know are no part of it. I thank God devoutly that I have too much confidence in his word to believe that it needs the support of such equivocal policy.

I think, also, you must be aware that you give too much the impression that our whole scriptural argument lies

* "It may be said, Why not meet them with argument? This has been done. My wish now is, to *give utterance to my feelings in a solemn and affectionate appeal.*"

"wholly or chiefly" in these passages; whereas, as you well know, this is but a small part of it; it covers a much wider ground; so that, as you are aware, many excellent men, arguing from the English Bible just as it is, have yet maintained the Unitarian doctrine.

Before I close, there is another topic to which I must advert. True to your purpose of addressing only the feelings, you make an appeal on the subject of "*the dreadful consequences hereafter*," which must follow, if we withhold our assent to your Orthodox doctrines. I hardly know how this sort of thing should be received. That it may produce an effect on some minds, is not unlikely, for it is solemn and personal, and some minds are timid. But that in sober earnest a man should write such a passage, and not perceive that there is another side to the subject, which ought to restrain his rash hand, is almost inconceivable. However, you have done it, and I dare say have done it in simplicity and good faith. Let it have its effect. But suffer me, in the same simplicity and good faith, to suggest to you, that if, after all, (which you cannot deny to be possible — which you even intimate to be possible,) you should prove to be wrong, and we to be right, then you have rashly subjected yourself to solemn accountability, by your over confidence and dogmatism, both in the statement of our opinions, and in your treatment of those who dissent.

Let me seriously ask your attention to this; to which I would not have presumed to call it, except it were thus made necessary. The case is this: Two bodies of men, equally sincere in their purposes, have come to different opinions on certain great religious matters. They appear at the judgment-seat. Those who are found to have erred, according to you, are without hope, and are to be cast off from the divine love. About this you express no doubt

whatever. You take it for granted that these wretches will be the Unitarians, and hence your concern and your awful admonition. But suppose it should be otherwise; suppose the Orthodox shall be found to be wrong. Do you not see that, on that supposition, we have as solemn ground for addressing an admonition to you? You have uttered your own condemnation. For where shall you appear at that day, if, as we conscientiously think, the doctrines you love are deeply injurious to God the Father, being misrepresentations of his glorious character, and tending to detract from his glory, and to elevate another above him in the affections of his children? Suppose it should appear that you had all along erred, and by your favorite doctrines, so pertinaciously held, and with such a tone of spiritual superiority, had been injurious to the divine economy of grace. Then, according to the principles of your sermon, none of your sincerity, and hearty devotedness, and strong faith, would avail you; but your mistake would be your everlasting ruin. This is what you say of us; and the saying recoils on yourselves. Blessed be God, we cannot take this view of the divine equity. We believe that God accepts those who love and serve him, notwithstanding they may happen to misunderstand some portions of the mysteries of his kingdom. And I pray that you may have the comfort to see this, before your eyes are opened to it at the last great day.

Allow me to add, in response to your glowing expression of the wish that the Unitarian preachers may become preachers of Calvinism, that *I* could wish no higher or better joy to you in return, than *that you and your brethren may become preachers of Unitarianism.* I have known some who have made the change; — men educated in the bosom of old Puritanism; who drank in her milk from their

›yhood; who preached acceptably and honorably in Ortho-
›x pulpits; who have been led, by the devoted study of
e Scriptures, and much thinking and prayer, to leave all
at holy body, and devote themselves to what seemed a
uer, juster, happier form of Christian doctrine. You
ɔuld smile at my simplicity if I were to express a hope
at *you* might enjoy the same privilege and happiness.
ertainly I will not seem to insult you by intimating such
change to be possible. God give you peace and salvation
the service you have chosen! But I do hope, pray, and
:pect, that others besides those I have named will come
the true light, and preach the supremacy and love of the
ather who sent his Son for the salvation of the world.
hey would "bring the long and painful experience of
ror to assist them in defending the truth;" and would
: "welcomed into the company of the believers and
'eachers" of the ONE GOD AND THE ONE MEDIATOR
:TWEEN GOD AND MAN.

I subscribe myself your brother in Christ,

A UNITARIAN.

HINTS

ON

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

Maximus vero studiorum fructus est, et velut præmium quoddam amplissimum longi laboris, *ex tempore dicendi facultas.*

QUINCT.

PREFACE.

It is the object of this little work to draw the attention of those who are preparing for the Christian ministry, or who have just entered it, to a mode of preaching which the writer thinks has been too much discountenanced and despised; but which, under proper restrictions, he is persuaded, may add greatly to the opportunities of ministerial usefulness. The subject has hardly received the attention it deserves from writers on the pastoral office, who have usually devoted to it but a few sentences, which offer little encouragement, and afford no aid. Burnet in his Treatise on the Pastoral Care, and Fenelon in his dialogues on Eloquence, have treated it more at large, but still very cursorily. To their arguments and their authority, which are of great weight, I refer the more distinctly here, because I have not quoted them so much at large as I intended when I wrote the beginning of the second chapter. Besides these, the remarks of Quinctilian, x. 7, on the subject of speaking ex tempore, which are full of his usual good sense, may be very profitably consulted.

It has been my object to state fully and fairly the advantages which attend this mode of address in the pulpit, and at the same time to guard against the dangers and abuses to which it is confessedly liable. How far I may have succeeded, it is not for me to determine. It would be something to persuade but one to add this to his other talents for doing good in the church. Even the attempt to do it, though unsuccessful, would not be without its reward, since it could not be fairly made without a most salutary moral and intellectual discipline.

It is not to be expected, nor do I mean by any thing I have said to intimate, that every man is capable of becoming an accomplished

preacher in this mode, or that every one may succeed as well in this as in the ordinary mode. There is a variety in the talents of men, and to some this may be peculiarly unsuited. Yet this is no good reason why *any* should decline the attempt, since it is only by making the attempt that they can determine whether or not success is within their power.

There is at least one consequence likely to result from the study of this art and the attempt to practise it, which would alone be a sufficient reason for urging it earnestly. I mean, its probable effect in breaking up the constrained, formal, scholastic mode of address, which follows the student from his college duties, and keeps him from immediate contact with the hearts of his fellow-men. This would be effected by his learning to speak from his feelings, rather than from the critical rules of a book. His address would be more natural, and consequently better adapted to effective preaching.

BOSTON, *January*, 1824.

To the third edition have been added several notes, and a few paragraphs in the third chapter.

CAMBRIDGE, *November*, 1830.

HINTS

ON

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

CHAPTER I.

ADVANTAGES OF EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

It is a little remarkable that, while some classes of Christians do not tolerate the preaching of a written discourse, others have an equal prejudice against all sermons which have not been carefully precomposed. Among the latter are to be found those who favor an educated ministry, and whose preachers are valued for their cultivated minds and extensive knowledge. The former are, for the most part, those who disparage learning as a qualification for a Christian teacher, and whose ministers are consequently not accustomed to exact mental discipline, nor familiar with the best models of thinking and writing. It might seem, at first view, that the least cultivated would require the greatest previous preparation, in order profitably to address their fellow-men, and that the best informed and most accustomed to study might be best trusted to speak without the labor of written composition. That it has been thought otherwise, is probably owing, in a great measure, to the solicitude for literary exactness and

elegance of style, which becomes a habit in the taste of studious men, and renders all inaccuracy and carelessness offensive. He who has been accustomed to read and admire the finest models of composition in various languages, and to dwell on those niceties of method and expression which form so large a part of the charm of literary works, acquires a critical delicacy of taste, which renders him fastidiously sensitive to those crudities and roughnesses of speech which almost necessarily attend an extemporaneous style. He is apt to exaggerate their importance, and to imagine that no excellences of another kind can atone for them. He therefore protects himself by the toil of previous composition, and ventures not a sentence which he has not leisurely weighed and measured. An audience also, composed of reading people, or accustomed to the exactness of written composition in the pulpit, acquires something of the same taste, and is easily offended at the occasional homeliness of diction and looseness of method which occur in extemporaneous speaking; whereas those preachers and hearers, whose education and habits of mind have been different, know nothing of this taste, and are insensible to these blemishes; and, if there be only a fluent outpouring of words, accompanied by a manner which evinces earnestness and sincerity, are pleased and satisfied.

It is further remarkable that this prejudice of taste has been suffered to produce this effect in no profession but that of the ministry. The most fastidious taste never carries a written speech to the bar or into the senate. The very man who dares not ascend the pulpit without a sermon diligently arranged, and filled out to the smallest word, if he had gone into the profession of the law, would, at the same age and with no greater advantages, address the bench and the jury in language altogether unpremeditated. Instances are not

wanting in which the minister, who imagined it impossible to put ten sentences together in the pulpit, has found himself able, on changing his profession, to speak fluently for an hour.

I have no doubt that to speak ex tempore is easier at the bar, and in the legislature, than in the pulpit. Our associations with this place are of so sacred a character, that our faculties do not readily play there with their accustomed freedom. There is an awe upon our feelings which constrains us. A sense, too, of the importance and responsibility of the station, and of the momentous consequences depending on the influence he may there exert, has a tendency to oppress and embarrass the conscientious man, who feels it as he ought. There is also, in the other cases, an immediate end to be attained, which produces a powerful immediate excitement, — an excitement increased by the presence of those who are speaking on the opposite side of the question, and in assailing or answering whom the embarrassment of the place is lost in the interest of the argument; whereas in the pulpit there is none to assault, and none to refute; the preacher has the field entirely to himself, and this is sufficiently dismaying. The ardor and self-oblivion which present debate occasions do not exist; and the solemn stillness and fixed gaze of a waiting multitude serve rather to appal and abash the solitary speaker, than to bring the subject forcibly to his mind, or cause his attention to be absorbed in it. Thus every external circumstance is unpropitious, and it is not strange that relief has been sought in the use of manuscripts.

But still, these difficulties, and others which I shall have occasion to mention in another place, are by no means such as to raise that insuperable obstacle which many suppose. They may all be overcome by resolution and perseverance.

As regards merely the use of unpremeditated language, it is far from being a difficult attainment. A writer, whose opportunities of observation give weight to his opinion, says, in speaking of the style of the younger Pitt, "This profuse and interminable flow of words is not in itself either a rare or remarkable endowment. It is wholly a thing of habit, and is exercised by every village lawyer with various degrees of power and grace." * If there be circumstances which render the habit more difficult to be acquired by the preacher, they are still such as may be surmounted; and it may be made plain, I think, that the advantages which he may thus insure to himself are so many and so great, as to offer the strongest inducement to make the attempt.

That these advantages are real and substantial, may be safely inferred from the habit of public orators in other professions, and from the effects which they are known to produce. There is more natural warmth in the declamation, more earnestness in the address, greater animation in the manner, more of the lighting up of the soul in the countenance and whole mien, more freedom and meaning in the gesture; the eye speaks, and the fingers speak; and when the orator is so excited as to forget every thing but the matter on which his mind and feelings are acting, the whole body is affected, and helps to propagate his emotions to the hearer. Amidst all the exaggerated coloring of Patrick Henry's biographer, there is doubtless enough that is true to prove a power in the spontaneous energy of an excited speaker, superior in its effects to any thing that can be produced by writing. Something of the same sort has been witnessed by every one who is in the habit of attending in the courts of justice, or the chambers of legislation. And

* Europe, &c., by a citizen of the United States.

this not only in the instances of the most highly eloquent, but inferior men are found thus to excite attention and produce effects which they never could have done by their pens. In deliberative assemblies, in senates and parliaments, the larger portion of the speaking is necessarily unpremeditated; perhaps the most eloquent is always so; for it is elicited by the growing heat of debate; it is the spontaneous combustion of the mind in the conflict of opinion. Chatham's speeches were not written, nor those of Fox, nor that of Ames on the British treaty. They were, so far as regards their language and ornaments, the effusions of the moment, and derived from their freshness a power which no study could impart. Among the orations of Cicero, which are said to have made the greatest impression, and to have best accomplished the orator's design, are those delivered on unexpected emergencies, which precluded the possibility of previous preparation. Such were his first invective against Catiline, and the speech which stilled the disturbances at the theatre. In all these cases, there can be no question of the advantage which the orators enjoyed in their ability to make use of the excitement of the occasion, unchilled by the formality of studied preparation. Although possibly guilty of many rhetorical and logical faults, yet these would be unobserved in the fervent and impassioned torrent which bore away the minds of the delighted auditors.

It is doubtless very true that a man of study and reflection, accustomed deliberately to weigh every expression and analyze every sentence, and to be influenced by nothing which does not bear the test of the severest examination, may be most impressed by the quiet, unpretending reading of a well-digested essay or dissertation. To some men the concisest statement of a subject, with nothing to adorn the naked skeleton of thought, is most forcible. They are even

impatient of any attempt to assist its effect by fine writing, by emphasis, tone, or gesture. They are like the mathematician, who read the Paradise Lost without pleasure, because he could not see that it proved any thing. But we are not to judge from the taste of such men of what is suitable to affect the majority. The multitude are not mere thinkers or great readers. From their necessary habits they are incapable of following a long discussion, except it be made inviting by the circumstances attending it, or the manner of conducting it. Their attention must be roused and maintained by some external application. To them

> "Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than their ears."

It is a great fault with intellectual men, that they do not make sufficient allowance for the different modes of education and habits of mind in men of other pursuits. It is one of the infelicities of education at a university, that a man is there trained in a fictitious scene, where there are interests, associations, feelings, exceedingly diverse from what prevail in the society of the world, and where he becomes so far separated from the habits and sympathies of other men, as to need to acquire a new knowledge of them, before he knows how to address them. When a young man leaves the seclusion of a student's life to preach to his fellow-men, he is likely to speak to them as if they were scholars. He imagines them to be capable of appreciating the niceties of method and style, and of being affected by the same sort of sentiment, illustration, and cool remark, which affects those who have been accustomed to be guided by the dumb and lifeless pages of a book. He therefore talks to them calmly, is more anxious for correctness than impression, fears to make more noise or to have more motion than the very letters on his manuscript; addressing himself, as he thinks,

to the intellectual part of man; but he forgets that the intellectual man is not very easy of access, and must be approached through the senses, and affections, and imagination.

There was a class of rhetoricians and orators at Rome in the time of Cicero, who were famous for having made the same mistake. They would do every thing by a fixed and almost mechanical rule, by calculation and measurement. Their sentences were measured, their gestures were measured, their tones were measured; and they framed canons of judgment and taste, by which it was pronounced an affront on the intellectual nature of man to assail him with epithets, and exclamations, and varied tones, and emphatic gesture. They censured the free and flowing manner of Cicero as "tumid and exuberant" — *inflatus et tumens, nec satis pressus, supra modum exultans et superfluens.** They cultivated a more guarded and concise style, which might indeed please the critic or the scholar, but was wholly unfitted to instruct or move a promiscuous audience; as was said of one of them, *Oratio — doctis et attente audientibus erat illustris; a multitudine autem et a foro, cui nata eloquentia est, devorabatur.* The taste of the multitude prevailed, and Cicero was the admiration of the people, while those who pruned themselves by a more rigid and philosophical law,

"Coldly correct and critically dull,"

"were frequently deserted by the audience in the midst of their harangues." †

We may learn something from this. There is one mode of address for books and for classical readers, and another for the mass of men, who judge by the eye and ear, by the fancy and feelings, and know little of rules of art or of an

* Tac. de Oratoribus Dial. c. 18.

† *Middleton's* Life of Cicero, iii. 32A.

educated taste. Hence it is that many of those preachers who have become the classics of a country, have been unattractive to the multitude, who have deserted their polished and careful composition for the more unrestrained and rousing declamation of another class. The singular success of Chalmers seems to be in a considerable measure owing to his attention to this fact. He has abandoned the pure and measured style, and adopted a heterogeneous mixture of the gaudy, pompous, and colloquial, offensive to the ears of literary men, but highly acceptable to those who are less biased by the authority of a standard taste and established models. We need not go to the extreme of Chalmers — for there is no necessity for inaccuracy, bombast, or false taste — but we should doubtless gain by adopting his principle. The object is, to address men according to their actual character, and in that mode in which their habits of mind may render them most accessible. As but few are thinkers or readers, a congregation is not to be addressed as such; but, their modes of life being remembered, constant regard must be had to their need of external attraction. This is most easily done by the familiarity and directness of extemporaneous address; for which reason this mode of preaching has peculiar advantages in its adaptation to their situation and wants.

The truth is, indeed, that it is not the weight of the thought, the profoundness of the argument, the exactness of the arrangement, the choiceness of the language, which interest and chain the attention of even those educated hearers who are able to appreciate them all. They are as likely to sleep through the whole as others. They can find all these qualities in much higher perfection in their libraries; they do not seek these only at church. And as to the large mass of the people, they are to them hidden

things, of which they discern nothing. It is not these so much as the attraction of an earnest manner, which arrests the attention and makes instruction welcome. Every day's observation may show us, that he who has this manner will retain the attention of even an intellectual man with common-place thoughts, while, with a different manner, he would render tedious the most novel and ingenious disquisitions. Let an indifferent reader take into the pulpit a sermon of Barrow or Butler, and all its excellence of argument and eloquence would not save it from being accounted tedious; while an empty declaimer shall collect crowds to hang upon his lips in raptures. And this manner, which is so attractive, is not the studied, artificial enunciation of the rhetorician's school, but the free, flowing, animated utterance, which seems to come from the impulse of the subject; which may be full of faults, yet masters the attention by its nature and sincerity. This is precisely the manner of the extemporaneous speaker—in whom the countenance reflects the emotions of the soul, and the tone of voice is tuned to the feelings of the heart, rising and falling with the subject, as in conversation, without the regular and harmonious modulation of the practised reader.

In making these and similar remarks, it is true that I am thinking of the *best* extemporaneous speakers, and that all cannot be such. But it ought to be recollected at the same time, that all cannot be excellent *readers;* that those who speak ill, would probably read still worse; and that therefore those who can attain to no eminence as speakers, do not on that account fail of the advantages of which I speak, since they escape at least the unnatural monotony of bad reading; than which nothing is more earnestly to be avoided.

Every man utters himself with greater animation and

truer emphasis in speaking than he does, or perhaps can do, in reading. Hence it happens that we can listen longer to a tolerable speaker than to a good reader. There is an undescribable something in the natural tones of him who is expressing earnestly his present thoughts, altogether foreign from the drowsy uniformity of the man that reads. I once heard it well observed, that the least animated mode of communicating thoughts to others is the reading from a book the composition of another; the next in order is the reading one's own composition; the next is delivering one's own composition *memoriter;* and the most animated of all is the uttering one's own thoughts as they rise fresh in his mind. Very few can give the spirit to another's writings which they communicate to their own, or can read their own with the spirit with which they spontaneously express themselves. We have all witnessed this in conversation, when we have listened with interest to long harangues from persons who tire us at once if they begin to read. It is verified at the bar and in the legislature, where orators maintain the unflagging attention of hearers for a long period, when they could not have read the same speech without producing intolerable fatigue. It is equally verified in the history of the pulpit; for those who are accustomed to the reading of sermons are for the most part impatient even of able discourses, when they extend beyond the half hour's length; while very indifferent extemporaneous preachers are listened to with unabated attention for a full hour. In the former case, there is a certain uniformity of tone, and a perpetual recurrence of the same cadences, inseparable from the manner of a reader, from which the speaker remains longer free. This difference is perfectly well understood, and was acted upon by Cecil, whose success as a preacher gives him a right to be heard, when he advised

young preachers to "limit a written sermon to half an hour, and one from notes to forty minutes." * For the same reason, those preachers whose reading comes nearest to speaking, are universally more interesting than others.

Thus it is evident that there is an attractiveness in this mode of preaching which gives it peculiar advantages. He imparts greater interest to what he says, who is governed by the impulse of the moment, than he who speaks by rule. When he feels the subject, his voice and gesture correspond to that feeling, and communicate it to others as it can be done in no other way. Though he possess but indifferent talents, yet if he utter himself with sincerity and feeling, it is far pleasanter than to listen to his cold reading of what he wrote perhaps with little excitement, and delivers with less.

In thus speaking of the interest which attends an extemporaneous delivery, it is not necessary to pursue the subject into a general comparison of the advantages of this mode with those of reading and of reciting from memory. Each has prevailed in different places and at different periods, and each undoubtedly has advantages and disadvantages peculiar to itself. These are well though briefly stated in the excellent article on Elocution in Rees's Cyclopædia, to which it will be sufficient to refer, as worthy attentive perusal. † The question at large I cannot undertake to discuss. If I should, I could hardly hope to satisfy either others or myself. The almost universal custom of reading in this part of the world, where recitation from memory is scarcely known, and extemporaneous speaking is practised by very

* Cecil's Remains — a delightful little book.

† See also Bridge's Christian Ministry, part iv. ch. 5, sec. 2, — a work first published in 1829.

few except the illiterate, forbids any thing like a fair deduction from observation. In order to institute a just comparison, one should have had extensive opportunities of watching the success of each mode, and of knowing the circumstances under which each was tried. For in the inquiry, which is to be preferred in the pulpit, we must consider, not which has most excellences when it is found in perfection, but which has excellences attainable by the largest number of preachers; not which is first in theory or most beautiful as an art, but which has been, and is likely to be, most successful in practice. These are questions not easily answered. Each mode has its advocates and its opponents. In the English church there is nothing but reading, and we hear from every quarter complaints of it. In Scotland, the custom of recitation prevails; but multitudes besides Dr. Campbell * condemn it. In many parts of the continent of Europe, no method is known, but that of a brief preparation and unpremeditated language; but that it should be universally approved by those who use it, is more than we can suppose.

The truth is, that either method may fail in the hands of incompetent or indolent men, and either may be thought to succeed, by those whose taste or prejudices are obstinate in its favor. All that I contend for, in advocating unwritten discourse, is, that this method claims a decided superiority over the others in some of the most important particulars. That the others have their own advantages, I do not deny, nor that this is subject to disadvantages from which they are free. But whatever these may be, I hope to show that they are susceptible of a remedy; that they are not greater than those which attend other modes; that they are balanced

* See his fourth Lecture on Pulpit Eloquence.

by equal advantages; and that, therefore, this art deserves to be cultivated by all who would do their utmost to render their ministry useful. There can be no good reason why the preacher should confine himself to either mode. It might be most beneficial to cultivate and practise all. By this means, he might impart something of the advantages of each to each, and correct the faults of all by mingling them with the excellences of all. He would learn to read with more of the natural accent of the speaker, and to speak with more of the precision of the writer.

The remarks already made have been designed to point out some of the general advantages attending the use of unprepared language. Some others remain to be noticed, which have more particular reference to the preacher individually.

It is no unimportant consideration to a minister of the gospel, that this is a talent held in high estimation among men, and that it gives additional influence to him who possesses it. It is thought to argue capacity and greatness of mind. Fluency of language passes with many, and those not always the vulgar, for affluence of thought; and never to be at a loss for something to say, is supposed to indicate inexhaustible knowledge. It cannot have escaped the observation of any one accustomed to notice the judgments which are passed upon men, how much reputation and consequent influence are acquired by the power of speaking readily and boldly, without any other considerable talent, and with very indifferent acquisitions; and how a man of real talents, learning, and worth, has frequently sunk below his proper level, from a mere awkwardness and embarrassment in speaking without preparation. So that it is not simply superstition which leads so many to refuse the name of preaching to all but extemporaneous harangues; it is in

part owing to the natural propensity there is to admire, as something wonderful and extraordinary, this facility of speech. It is undoubtedly a very erroneous standard of judgment. But a minister of the gospel, whose success in his important calling depends so much on his personal influence, and the estimation in which his gifts are held, can hardly be justified in slighting the cultivation of a talent which may so innocently add to his means of influence.

It must be remembered, also, that occasions will sometimes occur, when the want of this power may expose him to mortification, and deprive him of an opportunity of usefulness. For such emergencies one would choose to be prepared. It may be of consequence that he should express his opinion in an ecclesiastical council, and give reasons for the adoption or rejection of important measures. Possibly he may be only required to state facts which have come to his knowledge. It is very desirable to be able to do this readily, fluently, without embarrassment to himself, and pleasantly to those who hear; and in order to do this, a habit of speaking is necessary. In the course of his ministrations amongst his own people, occasions will arise when an exhortation or address would be seasonable and useful, but when there is no time for written preparation. If, then, he have cultivated the art of extemporaneous speaking, and attained to any degree of facility and confidence in it, he may avail himself of the opportunity to do good, which he must otherwise have passed by unimproved. Funerals and baptisms afford suitable occasions of making good religious impressions. A sudden providence, also, on the very day of the Sabbath, may suggest most valuable topics of reflection and exhortation, lost to him who is confined to what he may have previously written, but choice treasure to him who can venture to speak without writing. If it were only

to avail himself of a few opportunities like these in the course of his life, or to save himself but once the mortification of being silent when he ought to speak, is expected to speak, and would do good by speaking, it would be well worth all the time and pains it might cost to acquire it.

It is a further advantage, not to be forgotten here, that the excitement of speaking in public strikes out new views of a subject, new illustrations, and unthought-of figures and arguments, which perhaps never would have presented themselves to the mind in retirement. "The warmth which animates him," says Fenelon, "gives birth to expressions and figures which he never could have prepared in his study." He who feels himself safe in flying off from the path he has prescribed to himself, without any fear lest he should fail to find his way back, will readily seize upon these, and be astonished at the new light which breaks in upon him as he goes on, and flashes all around him. This is according to the experience of all extemporaneous speakers. "The degree in which," says Thomas Scott,* who practised this method constantly, "after the most careful preparation for the pulpit, new thoughts, new arguments, animated addresses, often flow into my mind, while speaking to a congregation, even on very common subjects, makes me feel as if I was quite another man than when poring over them in my study. There will be inaccuracies; but generally the most striking things in my sermons were unpremeditated."

Then, again, the presence of the audience gives a greater seeming reality to the work; it is less like doing a task, and more like speaking to men, than when one sits coolly writing at his table. Consequently there is likely to be greater plainness and directness in his exhortations, more closeness in his appeals, more of the earnestness of genuine feeling in

* Life, p. 268.

his expostulations. He ventures, in the warmth of the moment, to urge considerations which, perhaps, in the study seemed too familiar, and to employ modes of address which are allowable in personal communion with a friend, but which one hesitates to commit to writing, lest he should infringe the dignity of deliberate composition. This forgetfulness of self, this unconstrained following the impulse of the affections, while he is hurried on by the presence and attention of those whom he hopes to benefit, creates a sympathy between him and his hearers, a direct passage from heart to heart, a mutual understanding of each other, which does more to effect the true object of religious discourse than any thing else can do. The preacher will in this way have the boldness to say many things which ought to be said, but about which, in his study, he would feel reluctant and timid. And granting that he may be led to say some things improperly, yet if his mind be well disciplined and well governed, and his discretion habitual, he will do it exceedingly seldom; while no one, who estimates the object of preaching as highly as he should, will think an occasional false step any objection against that mode which insures, upon the whole, the greatest boldness and earnestness. He will think it a less fault than the tameness and abstractness which are the besetting sins of deliberate composition. At any rate, what method is secure from occasional false steps?

Another consideration, which recommends this method to the attention of preachers, though at the same time it indicates one of its difficulties, is this — that all men, from various causes, constitutional or accidental, are subject to great inequality in the operations of their minds; sometimes laboring with felicity, and sometimes failing. Perhaps this fact is in no men so observable as in preachers, because no others are so much compelled to labor, and exhibit their

labors, at all seasons, favorable and unfavorable. There is a certain quantity of the severest mental toil to be performed every week; and as the mind cannot be always in the same frame, they are constantly presenting proofs of the variation of their powers. An extemporaneous speaker is of course exposed to all this inequality, and must expect to be sometimes mortified by ill success. When the moment of speaking arrives, his mind may be slow and dull, his thoughts sluggish and impeded; he may be exhausted by labor, or suffering from temporary indisposition. He strives in vain to rally his powers, and forces his way, with thorough discomfort and chagrin, to the end of an unprofitable talk. But, then, how many men *write* under the same embarrassments, and are equally dissatisfied; with the additional mortification of having spent a longer time, and of being unable to give their poor preparation the interest of a forcible manner, which the very distress of an extemporaneous effort would have imparted!

But, on the other hand, when his mind is bright and clear, and his animal spirits lively, he will speak much better after merely a suitable premeditation, than he can possibly write. "Every man," says Bishop Burnet, "may thus rise far above what he could ever have attained in any other way." We see proof of this in conversation. When engaged in unrestrained and animated conversation with familiar friends, who is not conscious of having struck out brighter thoughts and happier sayings than he ever put upon paper in the deliberate composition of the closet? It is a common remark concerning many men, that they pray much better than they preach. The reason is, that their sermons are made leisurely and sluggishly, without excitement; but in their public devotions they are strongly engaged, and the mind acts with more concentration and vivacity. The same thing has

been observed in the art of music. "There have been organists, whose abilities in unstudied effusions on their instruments have almost amounted to inspiration, such as Sebastian Bach, Handel, Marchand, Couperin, Kelway, Stanley, Worgan, and Keeble; several of whom played better music ex tempore than they could write with meditation."*

It is upon no different principle that we explain, what all scholars have experienced, that they write best when they write rapidly, from a full and excited mind. One of Roscommon's precepts is, "to write with fury and correct with phlegm." The author of Waverley tells us, "that the works and passages in which he has succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity." The same author is understood to have said, that of his principal poems, only one, the Lady of the Lake, was written over a second time, and that this was completed in six weeks. Johnson's best Ramblers and his admirable Rasselas were hurried wet and uncorrected to the press. The celebrated Rockingham Memorial, at the commencement of the late war, is said to have been the hasty composition of a single evening. And it will be found true, I believe, of many of the best sermon writers, that they revolve the subject till their minds are filled and warmed, and then put their discourse upon paper at a single sitting. Now, what is all this but *extemporaneous writing?* and what does it require but a mind equally collected and at ease, equally disciplined by practice, and interested in the subject, to insure equal success in *extemporaneous speaking?* Nay, we might anticipate occasional superior success; since the thoughts sometimes flow, when at the highest and most passionate excitement, too rapidly and profusely for any thing slower than the tongue to afford them vent.

* Rees's Cyclopædia.

There is one more consideration in favor of the practice I recommend, which I think cannot fail to have weight with all who are solicitous to make progress in theological knowledge; namely, that it redeems time for study. The labor of preparing and committing to paper a sermon or two every week, is one which necessarily occupies the principal part of a minister's time and thoughts, and withdraws him from the investigation of many subjects, which, if his mind were more at leisure, it would be his duty and pleasure to pursue. He who *writes* sermons is ready to consider this as the chief object, or perhaps the sole business, of his calling. When not actually engaged in writing, yet the necessity of doing it presses upon his mind, and so binds him as to make him feel as if he were wrong in being employed on any thing else. I speak of the tendency, which certainly is to prevent a man from pursuing, very extensively, any profitable study. But if he have acquired that ready command of thought and language, which will enable him to speak without written preparation, the time and toil of writing are saved, to be devoted to a different mode of study. He may prepare his discourses at intervals of leisure, while walking or riding; and having once arranged the outlines of the subject, and ascertained its principal bearings and applications, the work of preparation is over. The language remains to be suggested at the moment.

I do not mean by this that preparation for the pulpit should ever be made slightly, or esteemed an object of small importance. It doubtless demands, and should receive, the best of a man's talents and labors. What I contend for is, that a habit of mind may be acquired, which shall enable one to make a better and more thorough preparation at less expense of labor and time. He may acquire, by discipline, that ease and promptitude of looking into subjects and

bringing out their prominent features, which shall enable him at a glance, as it were, to seize the points on which he should enlarge.* Some minds are so constituted as "to look a subject into shape" much more readily than others. But the power of doing it is in a great measure mechanical, and depends upon habit. All may acquire it to a certain extent. When the mind works with most concentration, it works at once most quickly and most surely. Now, the act of speaking ex tempore favors this concentration of the powers more than the slower process of leisurely writing—perhaps more than any other operation; consequently, it increases, with practice, the facility of dissecting subjects, and of arranging materials for preaching. In other words, the completeness with which a subject is viewed and its parts arranged, does not depend so much on the time spent upon it, as on the vigor with which the attention is applied to it. That course of study is the best which most favors this vigor of attention; and the habit of extemporaneous speaking is more than any thing favorable to it, from the necessity which it imposes of applying the mind with energy, and thinking promptly.

The great danger in this case would be, that of substituting an easy flow of words for good sense and sober reflection, and becoming satisfied with very superficial

* I would here refer the student to Whately's valuable work, Elements of Rhetoric, which has appeared since the first publication of this treatise. "A perfect familiarity," he says, "with the rules laid down in the first part of his work, would be likely to give the extemporaneous orator that habit of *quickly methodizing* his thoughts on a given subject, which is essential (at least where no very long premeditation is allowed) to give to a speech something of the weight of argument and clearness of arrangement which characterize good writing."

thoughts. But this danger is guarded against by the habit of study, and of writing for other purposes. If a man should neglect all mental exertion, except so far as would be required in the meditation of a sermon, it would be ruinous. We witness its disastrous effects in the empty wordiness of many extemporaneous preachers. It is wrong, however, to argue against the practice itself, from their example; for all other modes would be equally condemned, if judged by the ill success of indolent and unfaithful men. The minister must keep himself occupied, — reading, thinking, investigating; thus having his mind always awake and active. This is a far better preparation than the bare writing of sermons, for it exercises the powers more, and keeps them bright. The great master of Roman eloquence thought it essential to the true orator that he should be familiar with all sciences, and have his mind filled with every variety of knowledge. He, therefore, much as he studied his favorite art, yet occupied more time in literature, philosophy, and politics, than in the composition of his speeches. His preparation was less particular than general. So it has been with other eminent speakers. When Sir Samuel Romilly was in full practice in the High Court of Chancery, and at the same time overwhelmed with the pressure of public political concerns, his custom was, to enter the court, to receive there the history of the cause he was to plead, thus to acquaint himself with the circumstances for the first time, and forthwith proceed to argue it. His general preparation and long practice enabled him to do this without failing in justice to his cause. I do not know that in this he was singular. The same sort of preparation would insure success in the pulpit. He who is always thinking, may expend upon each individual effort less time, because he can think at once

fast and well. But he who never thinks, except when attempting to manufacture a sermon, (and it is to be feared there are such men,) must devote a great deal of time to this labor exclusively; and after all, he will not have that wide range of thought or copiousness of illustration, which his office demands, and which study only can give.

In fact, what I have here insisted upon is exemplified in the case of the extemporaneous *writers* whom I have already named. I would only carry their practice a step farther, and devote an hour to a discourse, instead of a day. Not to all discourses; for some ought to be written for the sake of writing, and some demand a sort of investigation, to which the use of the pen is essential. But, then, a very large proportion of the topics on which a minister should preach, have been subjects of his attention a thousand times. He is thoroughly familiar with them; and an hour to arrange his ideas and collect illustrations is abundantly sufficient. The late Thomas Scott is said for years to have prepared his discourses entirely by meditation on the Sunday, and thus to have gained leisure for his extensive studies and great and various labors. This is an extreme on which few have a right to venture, and which should be recommended to none. It shows, however, the power of habit, and the ability of a mind to act promptly and effectually, which is kept upon the alert by constant occupation. He who is always engaged in thinking and studying, will always have thoughts enough for a sermon, and good ones too, which will come at an hour's warning.

The objections which may be made to the practice I have sought to recommend, I must leave to be considered in another place. I am desirous, in concluding this chapter, to add the favorable testimony of a writer, who expressly disapproves the practice in general, but who allows its

excellence when accompanied by that preparation which I would every where imply.

"You are accustomed," says Dinouart,* "to the careful study and imitation of nature. You have used yourself to writing and speaking with care on different subjects, and have well stored your memory by reading. You thus have provided resources for speaking which are always at hand. The best authors and the best thoughts are familiar to you; you can readily quote the Scriptures, you express yourself easily and gracefully, you have a sound and correct judgment on which you can depend, method and precision in the arrangement of proofs; you can readily connect each part by natural transitions, and are able to say all that belongs, and precisely what belongs, to the subject. You may then take only a day, or only an hour, to reflect on your subject, to arrange your topics, to consult your memory, to choose and to prepare your illustrations, — and then appear in public. I am perfectly willing that you should. The common expressions which go to make up the body of the discourse will present themselves spontaneously. Your periods, perhaps, will be less harmonious, your transitions less ingenious; an ill-placed word will sometimes escape you; but all this is pardonable. The animation of your delivery will compensate for these blemishes, and you will be master of your own feelings and those of your hearers. There will, perhaps, be apparent throughout a certain disorder, but it will not prevent your pleasing and affecting me; your action, as well as your words, will appear to me the more natural."

* Sur l'Eloquence du Corps, ou l'Action du Prédicateur.

CHAPTER II.

DISADVANTAGES — OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

Against what has been advanced in the preceding pages many objections will be urged, and the evils of the practice I recommend be declared more than sufficient to counterbalance its advantages. Of these it is necessary that I should now take notice, and obviate them as well as I may.

It should be first of all remarked, that the force of the objections commonly made lies against the exclusive use of extemporaneous preaching, and not against its partial and occasional use. It is of consequence that this should be considered. There can be no doubt that he would preach very wretchedly who should always be haranguing without the corrective discipline of writing. The habit of writing is essential. Many of the objections which are currently made to this mode of address fall to the ground when this statement is made.

Other objections have been founded on the idea that by *extemporaneous* is meant *unpremeditated*. Whereas there is a plain and important distinction between them, the latter word being applied to the thoughts, and the former to the language only. To preach without premeditation is altogether unjustifiable; although there is no doubt that a man of habitual readiness of mind may express himself to great advantage on a subject with which he is familiar, after very little meditation.

Many writers on the art of preaching, as well as on eloquence in general, have given a decided judgment unfavorable to extemporaneous speaking. There can be no fairer way of

answering their objections, than by examining what they have advanced, and opposing their authority by that of equal names on the other side.

Gerard, in his Treatise on the Pastoral Charge, has the following passage on this subject: —

"He will run into trite, common-place topics; his compositions will be loose and unconnected; his language often coarse and confused; and diffidence, or care to recollect his subject, will destroy the management of his voice." At the same time, however, he admits that "it is very proper that a man should be able to preach in this way, when it is necessary; but no man ought always to preach in this way." To which decision I have certainly nothing to object.

Mason, in his Student and Pastor, says to the same effect, that the "inaccuracy of diction, the inelegance, poverty, and lowness of expression, which is commonly observed in ex tempore discourses, will not fail to offend every hearer of good taste."

Dinouart, who is an advocate for recitation from memory, says, that "experience decides against extemporaneous preaching, though there are exceptions; but these are very few; and we must not be led astray by the success of a few first-rate orators."

Hume, in his Essay upon Eloquence, expresses an opinion that the modern deficiency in this art is to be attributed to "that extreme affectation of ex tempore speaking which has led to extreme carelessness of method."

The writer of an article on the Greek Orators, in the Edinburgh Review,* observes, that "among the sources of the corruption of modern eloquence may clearly be distinguished, as the most fruitful, the habit of ex tempore speak-

* No. lxxxi. p. 82.

ing, acquired rapidly by persons who frequent popular assemblies, and, beginning at the wrong end, attempt to speak before they have studied the art of oratory, or even duly stored their minds with the treasures of thought and language, which can only be drawn from assiduous intercourse with the ancient and modern classics."

These are the prominent objections which have been made to the practice in question. Without denying that they have weight, I think it may be made to appear that they have not the unquestionable preponderance which is assumed for them. They will be found, on examination, to be the objections of a cultivated taste, and to be drawn from the examples of undisciplined men, who ought to be left entirely out of the question.

1. The objection most urged is that which relates to style. It is said, the expression will be poor, inelegant, inaccurate, and offensive to hearers of taste.

To those who urge this it may be replied, that the reason why style is an important consideration in the pulpit is, not that the taste of the hearers may be gratified, — for but a small part of any congregation is capable of taking cognizance of this matter, — but solely for the purpose of presenting the speaker's thoughts, reasonings, and expostulations distinctly and forcibly to the minds of his hearers. If this be effected, it is all which can reasonably be demanded. And I ask if it be not notorious, that an earnest and appropriate elocution will give this effect to a poor style, and that poor speaking will take it away from the most exact and emphatic style. Is it not also notorious that the peculiar earnestness of spontaneous speech is, above all others, suited to arrest the attention and engage the feelings of an audience? and that the mere reading of a piece of fine composition, under the notion that careful thought and finished diction are the

only things needful, leaves the majority uninterested in the discourse, and free to think of any thing they please? "It is a poor compliment," says Blair, "that one is an accurate reasoner, if he be not a persuasive speaker also." It is a small matter that the style is poor, so long as it answers the great purpose of instructing and affecting men. So that, as I have more fully shown in a former place, the objection lies on an erroneous foundation.

Besides, if it were not so, it will be found quite as strong against the *writing* of sermons. For how large a proportion of sermon-writers have these same faults of style! what a great want of force, neatness, compactness, is there in the composition of most preachers! what weakness, inelegance, and inconclusiveness! and how small improvement do they make, even after the practice of years! How happens this? It is because they do not make this an object of attention and study; and some might be unable to attain it if they did. But that watchfulness and care which secure a correct and neat style in writing would also secure it in speaking. It does not naturally belong to the one more than to the other, and may be as certainly attained in each by the proper pains. Indeed, so far as my observation has extended, I am not certain there is not as large a proportion of ex tempore speakers, whose diction is exact and unexceptionable, as of writers — always taking into view their education, which equally affects the one and the other. And it is a consideration of great weight, that the faults in question are far less offensive in speakers than in writers.

It is apparent that objectors of this sort are guilty of a double mistake; first, in laying too great stress upon mere defects of style, and then in taking for granted that these are unavoidable. They might as well insist that defects of written style are unavoidable. Whereas they are the con-

sequence of the negligent mode in which the art has been studied, and of its having been given up, for the most part, to ignorant and fanatical pretenders. Let it be diligently cultivated by educated men, and we shall find no more cause to expel it from the pulpit than from the forum or the parliament. "Poverty, inelegance, and poorness of diction," will be no longer so "generally observed," and even hearers of taste will cease to be offended.

2. A want of order, a rambling, unconnected, desultory manner, is commonly objected; as Hume styles it, "extreme carelessness of method;" and this is so often observed, as to be justly an object of dread. But this is occasioned by that indolence and want of discipline to which we have just alluded. It is not a necessary evil. If a man have never studied the art of speaking, nor passed through a course of preparatory discipline, — if he have so rash and unjustifiable a confidence in himself, that he will undertake to speak, without having considered what he shall say, what object he shall aim at, or by what steps he shall attain it, — the inevitable consequence will be confusion, inconclusiveness, and wandering. Who recommends such a course? But he who has first trained himself to the work, and, whenever he would speak, has surveyed his ground, and become familiar with the points to be dwelt upon, and the course of reasoning and track of thought to be followed, will go on from one step to another, in an easy and natural order, and give no occasion to the complaint of confusion or disarrangement.

"Some preachers," says Dinouart, "have the folly to think that they can make sermons impromptu. And what a piece of work they make! They bolt out every thing which comes into their head. They take for granted what ought to be proved, or perhaps they state half the argu-

ment, and forget the rest. Their appearance corresponds to the state of their mind, which is occupied in hunting after some way of finishing the sentence they have begun. They repeat themselves; they wander off in digression. They stand stiff without moving; or if they are of a lively temperament, they are full of the most turbulent action; their eyes and hands are flying about in every direction, and their words choke in their throats. They are like men swimming who have got frightened, and throw about their hands and feet at random, to save themselves from drowning."

There is doubtless great truth in this humorous description. But what is the legitimate inference? That extemporaneous speaking is altogether ridiculous and mischievous? or only that it is an art which requires study and discipline, and which no man should presume to practise until he has fitted himself for it?

3. In the same way I should dispose of the objection, that this habit leads to barrenness in preaching, and the everlasting repetition of the same sentiments and topics. If a man make his facility of speech an excuse for the neglect of study, then doubtless this will be the result. He who cannot resist his indolent propensities, had best avoid this occasion of temptation. He must be able to command himself to think, and industriously prepare himself by meditation, if he would be safe in this hazardous experiment. He who does this, and continues to learn and reflect while he preaches, will be no more empty and monotonous than if he carefully wrote every word.

4. But this temptation to indolence, in the preparation for the desk, is urged as in itself a decisive objection. A man finds, that after a little practice, it is an exceedingly easy thing to fill up his half-hour with declamation which

shall pass off very well: and hence he grows negligent in previous meditation, and insensibly degenerates into an empty exhorter, without choice of language, or variety of ideas. This is undoubtedly the great and alarming danger of this practice. This must be triumphed over, or it is ruinous. We see examples of it wherever we look among those whose preaching is exclusively ex tempore. In these cases, the evil rises to its magnitude in consequence of their total neglect of the pen. The habit of writing a certain proportion of the time would, in some measure, counteract this dangerous tendency.

But it is still insisted that man's natural love of ease is not to be trusted; that he will not long continue the drudgery of writing in part; that when he has once gained confidence to speak without study, he will find it so flattering to his indolence, that he will involuntarily give himself up to it, and relinquish the pen altogether; that consequently there is no security, except in never beginning.

To this it may be replied, that they who have not principle and self-government enough to keep them industrious, will not be kept so by being compelled to write sermons. I think we have abundant proof, that a man may write with as little pains and thinking as he can speak. It by no means follows, that because it is on paper, it is therefore the result of study. And if it be not, it will be greatly inferior, in point of effect, to an unpremeditated declamation; for in the latter case there will probably be at least a temporary excitement of feeling, and consequent vivacity of manner, while in the former the indolence of the writer will be made doubly intolerable by his heaviness in reading.

It cannot be doubted, however, that if any one find his facility of extemporaneous invention likely to prove destructive to his habits of diligent application, it were advisable

that he refrain from the practice. It could not be worth while for him to lose his habits of study and thinking for the sake of an ability to speak, which would avail him but little after his ability to think has been weakened or destroyed.

As for those whose indolence habitually prevails over principle, and who make no preparation for duty, excepting the mechanical one of covering over a certain number of pages, — they have no concern in the ministry, and should be driven to seek some other employment, where their mechanical labor may provide them a livelihood, without injuring their own souls, or those of other men.

If the objection in question be applied to conscientious men, whose hearts are in their profession, and who have a sincere desire to do good, it certainly has very little weight. The minds of such men are kept active with reflection, and stored with knowledge, and warm with religious feeling. They are therefore always ready to speak to the purpose, as well as write to the purpose; and their habitual sense of the importance of their office, and their anxiety to fulfil it in the best manner, will forbid that indolence which is so disastrous. The objection implies that the consequence pointed out is one which cannot be avoided. Experience teaches us the contrary. It is the tendency; but a tendency which may be — for it has been — counteracted. Many have preached in this mode for years, and yet have never relaxed their diligence in study, nor declined in the variety, vigor, and interest of their discourses; sometimes dull, undoubtedly; but this may be said with equal truth of the most faithful and laborious writers.

5. Many suppose that there is a certain natural talent, essential to success in ex tempore speaking, no less than in poetry; and that it is absurd to recommend the art to those

who have not this peculiar talent, and vain for them to attempt its practice.

In regard to that ready flow of words, which seems to be the natural gift of some men, it is of little consequence whether it be really such, or be owing to the education and habits of early life and vain self-confidence. It is certain that diffidence and the want of habit are great hinderances to fluency of speech; and it is equally certain that this natural fluency is a very questionable advantage to him who would be an impressive speaker. It is quite observable that those who at first talk easiest do not always talk best. Their very facility is a snare to them. It serves to keep them content; they make no effort to improve, and are likely to fall into slovenly habits of elocution. So that this unacquired fluency is so far from essential, that it is not even a benefit, and it may be an injury. It keeps from final eminence by the very greatness of its early promise. On the other hand, he who possesses originally no remarkable command of language, and whom an unfortunate bashfulness prevents from well using what he has, is obliged to subject himself to severe discipline, to submit to rules and tasks, to go through a tedious process of training, to acquire by much labor the needful sway over his thoughts and words, so that they shall come at his bidding, and not be driven away by his own diffidence, or the presence of other men. To do all this is a long and disheartening labor. He is exposed to frequent mortifications, and must endure many grievous failures, before he attain that confidence which is indispensable to success. But, then, in this discipline, his powers, mental and moral, are strained up to the highest intenseness of action; after persevering practice, they become habitually subject to his control, and work with a precision, exactness, and energy, which can never

be the possession of him who has depended on his native, undisciplined gift. Of the truth of this, examples are by no means wanting, and I could name, if it were proper, more than one striking instance within my own observation. It was probably this to which Newton referred, when he said, that he never spoke well till he felt that he could not speak at all. Let no one, therefore, think it an obstacle in his way that he has no readiness of words. If he have good sense, and no deficiency of talent, and is willing to labor for this as all great acquisitions must be labored for, he needs not fear but that in time he will attain it.

We must be careful, however, not to mistake the object to be attained. It is not a high rank in oratory, consummate eloquence. If it were, then, indeed, a young man might pause till he had ascertained whether he possessed all those extraordinary endowments of intellect, imagination, sensibility, countenance, voice, and person, which belong to few men in a century, and without which the great orator does not exist. He is one of those splendid formations of Nature which she exhibits but rarely; and it is not necessary to the object of his pursuit that the minister be such. The purposes of his office are less ambitious, — to impart instruction and do good; and it is by no means certain that the greatest eloquence is best adapted to these purposes in the pulpit. But any man, with powers which fit him for the ministry at all, — unless there be a few extraordinary exceptions, — is capable of learning to express himself clearly, correctly, and with method; and this is precisely what is wanted, and no more than this. I do not say eloquently; for, as it is not thought indispensable that every writer of sermons should be eloquent, it cannot be thought essential that every speaker should be so. But the same powers which have enabled him to write, will, with

sufficient discipline, enable him to speak; with every probability that when he comes to speak with the same ease and collectedness, he will do it with a nearer approach to eloquence.* Without such discipline he has no right to hope for success; let him not say that success is impossible, until he has submitted to it.

I apprehend that these remarks will be found not only correct in theory, but agreeable to experience. With the exceeding little systematic cultivation of the art which there is amongst us, and no actual instruction, we find that a great majority of the lawyers in our courts, and not a small portion of the members of our legislatures, are able to argue and debate. In some of the most popular and quite numerous religious sects, we find preachers enough, who are able to communicate their thoughts and harangue their congregations, and exert very powerful and permanent influence over large bodies of the people. Some of these are men of as small natural talents and as limited education as any that enter the sacred office. It should seem, therefore, that no one needs to despair.

In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, this accomplishment was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than amongst us; but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence, and yet slight this art.* The commanders of

* It is often said that extemporaneous speaking is the distinction of modern eloquence. But the whole language of Cicero's rhetorical works, as well as particular terms in common use, and anecdotes recorded of different speakers, prove the contrary; not to mention Quinctilian's express instructions on the subject. Hume, also, tells us from Suidas, that the writing of speeches was unknown until the time of Pericles.

their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by actual practice. But they served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long and laborious discipline — *infinitus labor et quotidiana meditatio.** They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticized, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their unrivalled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging artificial process. Demosthenes combated an impediment in speech and ungainliness of gesture, which at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed at first through weakness of lungs, and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. Cicero exiled himself from home, and, during his absence in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise; seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed. Such, too, was the education of their other great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators; orators, not by nature or accident, but by education; formed in a strict process of rhetorical training; admired and followed even

* Tac. de Or. Dial. c. 30.

while Demosthenes and Cicero were living, and unknown now only because it is not possible that any but the first should survive the ordeal of ages.

The inference to be drawn from these observations is, that, if so many of those who received an accomplished education became accomplished orators, because to become so was one purpose of their study, then it is in the power of a much larger proportion amongst us to form themselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied until proved false by experiment. Let this art be made an object of attention, and young men train themselves to it faithfully and long, and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found at last incapable of expressing themselves in continued and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of the Christian ministry, then, and not till then, let it be said that a peculiar talent or natural aptitude is requisite, the want of which must render effort vain; then, and not till then, let us acquiesce in this indolent and timorous notion, which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity, and all the experience of the world. Doubtless, after the most that can be done, there will be found the greatest variety of attainment; "men will differ," as Burnet remarks, "quite as much as in their written compositions;" and some will do but poorly what others will do excellently. But this is likewise true of every other art in which men engage, and not least so of writing sermons; concerning which no one will say, that as poor are not written as it would be possible for any one to speak. In truth, men of small talents and great sluggishness, of a feeble sense of duty and no zeal, will, of course, make poor sermons, by whatever process they may do it, let them write or let them speak. It is doubtful, concerning some, whether they would even steal good ones.

The survey we have now taken renders it evident, that the evils, which are principally objected against as attending this mode of preaching, are not necessary evils, but are owing to insufficient study and preparation before the practice is commenced, and indolence afterward. This is implied in the very expressions of the objectors themselves, who attribute the evil to "beginning at the wrong end, attempting to speak before studying the art of oratory, or even storing the mind with treasures of thought and language." It is, also, implied in this language, that study and preparation are capable of removing the objections. I do not, therefore, advocate the art, without insisting on the necessity of severe discipline and training. No man should be encouraged or permitted to adopt it, who will not take the necessary pains, and proceed with the necessary perseverance.

This should be the more earnestly insisted upon, because it is from our loose and lazy notions on the subject, that eloquence in every department is suffering so much, and that the pulpit especially has become so powerless; where the most important things that receive utterance upon earth are sometimes read like schoolboys' tasks, without even the poor pains to lay emphasis on the right words, and to pause in the right places; and this, because we fancy that, if Nature have not designed us for orators, it is vain to make effort, and if she have, we shall be such without effort. True, that the noble gifts of mind are from nature; but not language, or knowledge, or accent, or tone, or gesture; these are to be learned, and it is with these that the speaker is concerned. These are all matters of acquisition, and of difficult acquisition; possible to be attained, and well worth the exertion that must be made.

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove

how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator has lived, but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise. For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles, and only after the most laborious process dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before his eye. But the extemporaneous speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression! And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without

study or practice; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind forever that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Demosthenes and Cicero, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them. Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in their delivery! How unworthy of one who performs the high function of a religious instructor — upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiment, and final character, of many fellow-beings — to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner which he has taken no

pains to render correct, impressive, or attractive, and which, simply through want of that command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling! It has been said of the good preacher, that "truths divine come mended from his tongue." Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

CHAPTER III.

RULES.

The observations contained in the preceding chapter make it sufficiently evident, that the art of extemporaneous speaking, however advantageous to the Christian minister, and however possible to be acquired, is yet attended with embarrassments and difficulties, which are to be removed only by long and arduous labor. It is not enough, however, to insist upon the necessity of this discipline. We must know in what it consists, and how it is to be conducted. In completing, therefore, the plan I have proposed to myself, I am now to give a few hints respecting the mode in which the study is to be carried on and obstacles to be surmounted. These hints, gathered partly from experience and partly from observation and books, will be necessarily incomplete, but not, it is hoped, altogether useless to those who are asking some direction.

1. The first thing to be observed is, that the student, who would acquire facility in this art, should bear it constantly in mind, and have regard to it in all his studies, and in his whole mode of study. The reason is very obvious. He that would become eminent in any pursuit must make it the primary and almost exclusive object of his attention. It must never be long absent from his thoughts, and he must be contriving how to promote it, in every thing he undertakes. It is thus that the miser accumulates, by making the most trifling occurrences the occasions of gain; and thus the ambitious man is on the alert to forward his purposes of advancement by little events which another would pass unobserved. So, too, he, the business of whose life is preaching, should be on the watch to render every thing subservient to this end. The inquiry should always be, how he can turn the knowledge he is acquiring, the subject he is studying, this mode of reasoning, this event, this conversation, and the conduct of this or that man, to aid the purposes of religious instruction. He may find an example in the manner in which Pope pursued his favorite study. "From his attention to poetry," says Johnson, "he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression, more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion, and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time." By a like habitual and vigilant attention, the preacher will find scarce any thing but may be made to minister to his great design, by either giving rise to some new train of thought, or suggesting an argument, or placing some truth in a new light, or furnishing some useful illustration. Thus none of his reading will be lost; every

poem and play, every treatise on science, and speculation in philosophy, and even every ephemeral tale may be made to give hints toward the better management of sermons, and the more effectual proposing and communicating of truth.

He who proposes to himself the art of extemporaneous speaking, should in like manner have constant regard to this particular object, and make every thing coöperate to form those habits of mind which are essential to it. This may be done, not only without any hinderance to the progress of his other studies, but even so as to promote them. The most important requisites are rapid thinking and ready command of language. By rapid thinking I mean, what has already been spoken of, the power of seizing at once upon the most prominent points of the subject to be discussed, and tracing out, in their proper order, the subordinate thoughts which connect them together. This power depends very much upon habit; a habit more easily acquired by some minds than by others, and by some with great difficulty. But there are few who, should they have a view to the formation of such a habit in all their studies, might not attain it in a degree quite adequate to their purpose. This is much more indisputably true in regard to fluency of language.

Let it, therefore, be a part of his daily care to analyze the subjects which come before him, and to frame sketches of sermons. This will aid him to acquire a facility in laying open, dividing, and arranging topics, and preparing those outlines which he is to take with him into the pulpit. Let him also investigate carefully the method of every author he reads, marking the divisions of his arrangement, and the connection and train of his reasoning. Butler's preface to his Sermons will afford him some fine hints on this way of study. Let this be his habitual mode of reading, so that he

shall as much do this, as receive the meaning of separate sentences, and shall be always able to give a better account of the progress of the argument and the relation of every part to the others and to the whole, than of merely individual passages and separate illustrations. This will infallibly beget a readiness in finding the divisions and boundaries of a subject, which is one important requisite to an easy and successful speaker.

In a similar manner, let him always bear in mind the value of a fluent and correct use of language. Let him not be negligent of this in his conversation; but be careful ever to select the best words, to avoid a slovenly style and drawling utterance, and to aim at neatness, force, and brevity. This may be done without formality, or stiffness, or pedantic affectation; and when settled into a habit, is invaluable.

2. In addition to this general cultivation, there should be frequent exercise of the act of speaking. Practice is essential to perfection in any art, and in none more so than in this. No man reads well, or writes well, except by long practice; and he cannot expect without it to speak well — an operation which is equivalent to the other two united. He may, indeed, get along, as the phrase is, but not so well as he might do and should do. He may not always be able even to get along. He may be as sadly discomfited as a friend of mine, who said that he had made the attempt, and was convinced that for him to speak ex tempore was impossible; he had risen from his study table, and tried to make a speech, proving that virtue is better than vice, but stumbled and failed at the very outset. How could one hope to do better in a first attempt, if he had not considered beforehand what he should say? It were as rational to think he could play on the organ without having learned, or translate from a language he had never studied.

It would not be too much to require of the student, that he should exercise himself every day, once at least, if not oftener, and this on a variety of subjects, and in various ways, that he may attain a facility in every mode. It would be a pleasant interchange of employment to rise from the subject which occupies his thoughts, or from the book which he is reading, and repeat to himself the substance of what he has just perused, with such additions and variations, or criticisms, as may suggest themselves at the moment. There could hardly be a more useful exercise, even if there were no reference to this particular end. How many excellent chapters of valuable authors, how many fine views of important subjects, would be thus impressed upon his mind! and what rich treasures of thought and language would be thus laid up in store! And, according as he should be engaged in a work of reasoning, or description, or exhortation, or narrative, he would be attaining the power of expressing himself readily in each of these various styles. By pursuing this course for two or three years, "a man may render himself such a master in this matter," says Burnet, "that he can never be surprised;" and he adds, that he never knew a man faithfully to pursue the plan of study he proposed, without being successful at last.

3. When, by such a course of study and discipline, he has attained a tolerable fluency of thoughts and words, and a moderate confidence in his own powers, there are several things to be observed in first exercising the gift in public, in order to insure comfort and success.

It is advisable to make the first efforts in some other place than the pulpit. The pulpit, from various causes already alluded to, is the most embarrassing place from which a man can speak. One may utter himself fluently in a spot of less sanctity and dignity, who should be unable to summon

his self-possession or command his thoughts in that desk, which he never names or contemplates but "filled with solemn awe." Let the beginner, therefore, select some other field until he have become accustomed to the exercise, and disciplined to self-command. Let him, in the familiar lectures of the Sunday school, or in classes for the biblical instruction of young people, or in private meetings for social religious worship, when there is less restraint upon his powers, and he is warmed by near contact with those whom he addresses — let him, in such scenes, make the first rude trial of his gifts. Practice there will give him confidence and facility; and he may afterward make the more hazardous and responsible attempt before a Sabbath congregation.

4. It has been generally recommended to beginners, that their first experiments should be hortatory; and, for this end, that after having written the body of the discourse, the application and conclusion should be left to the moment of delivery. Then, it is said, the hearer and speaker having become engaged and warm in the subject, the former will less observe any blemishes and inexactness of language, and the latter will have a freedom and flow of utterance, which he would be less likely to enjoy at an earlier and colder moment; besides that the exhortation is a much easier achievement than the body of the discourse.

It is probable that for some persons this rule may be found best; though, if I were to give one founded on my own experience, it would be directly opposed to it. I should esteem it a much safer and more successful mode, to attempt ex tempore the commencement, than the close of a discourse. The commencement, if the sermon be worth preaching, is laid out in an orderly succession of ideas, which follow one another in a connected train of illustration, or argument, or narrative; and he who is familiar with

the train will find its several steps spontaneously follow one another, and will have no difficulty in clothing them in ready and suitable terms. But the application is a matter which cannot so well be thus arranged, and the parts of which do not so closely adhere to each other. This makes the actual effort of mind at the moment of delivery more severe. And, besides this, it will generally be found more difficult, I apprehend, to change the passive state of mind which exists in reading, for the action and ardor of extemporaneous address, than to start with this activity at the beginning, when the mind, in fact, is already acting under the excitement of a preparation to speak; not to forget, that a young man, who is modest because of his youth as much as he is bold because of his office, is naturally intimidated by the attempt to address with direct exhortation those whom he sees around him so much older than himself, and many of whom he feels to be so much better.

I am persuaded, too, that it is a great mistake to imagine a closing exhortation easier work than the previous management of the discourse. I know nothing which requires more intense thought, more prudent consideration, or more judicious skill, both in ordering the topics and selecting the words. One may, indeed, very easily dash out into exclamations, and make loud appeals to his audience. But to appeal pungently, weightily, effectually, in such words and emphasis that the particular truth or duty shall be driven home and fastened in the mind and conscience — this is an arduous, delicate, anxious duty, which may well task a man's most serious and thoughtful hours of preparation. It is only by giving such preparation that he can hope to make that impression which God will bless; and he that thinks it the easiest of things, and harangues without fore-

thought, must harangue without effect. Is it not probable, that much of the vapid and insignificant verbiage which is poured out at the close of sermons, originates in this notion, that exhortation is a very simple affair, to which any body is equal at any time?

Nevertheless, it must be remembered that minds are differently constituted. Some may find that mode the best for themselves, which to me seems the worst. It remains, therefore, for every one to try himself, and decide, from a proper acquaintance with the operations of his own mind, in what method he shall most probably be successful.

5. It is recommended, by Bishop Burnet and others, that the first attempts be made by short excursions from written discourses; like the young bird that tries its wings by short flights, till it gradually acquires strength and courage to sustain itself longer in the air. This advice is, undoubtedly, judicious. For one may safely trust himself in a few sentences, who would be confounded in the attempt to frame a whole discourse. For this purpose, blanks may be left in writing, where the sentiment is familiar, or only a short illustration is to be introduced. As success in these smaller attempts gives him confidence, he may proceed to larger; till, at length, when his mind is bright, and his feelings engaged, he may quit his manuscript altogether, and present the substance of what he had written, with greater fervor and effect than if he had confined himself to his paper. It was once observed to me by an interesting preacher of the Baptist denomination, that he had found from experience this to be the most advisable and perfect mode, since it combined the advantages of written and extemporaneous composition. By preparing sermons in this way, he said, he had a shelter and security if his mind should be dull at the time of delivery; and if it were active, he was able to

leave what he had written, and obey the order of his feelings, and go forth on the impulse of the moment, wherever his spirit might lead him. A similar remark I heard made by a distinguished scholar of the Methodist connection, who urged, what is universally asserted by those who have tried this method with any success, that what has been written is found to be tame and spiritless, in comparison with the animated glow of that which springs from the energy of the moment.

There are some persons, however, who would be embarrassed by an effort to change the operation of the mind from reading to inventing. Such persons may find it best to make their beginning with a whole discourse.

6. In this case, there will be a great advantage in selecting for first efforts expository subjects. To say nothing of the importance and utility of this mode of preaching, which render it desirable that every minister should devote a considerable proportion of his labors to it, it contains great facilities and relieds for the inexperienced speaker. The close study of a passage of Scripture which is necessary to expounding it, renders it familiar. The exposition is inseparably connected with the text, and necessarily suggested by it. The inferences and practical reflections are, in like manner, naturally and indissolubly associated with the passage. The train of remark is easily preserved, and embarrassment, in a great measure, guarded against, by the circumstance that the order of discourse is spread out in the open Bible, upon which the eyes may rest and by which the thoughts may rally.

7. A similar advantage is gained to the beginner, in discourses of a different character, by a very careful and minute division of the subject. The division should not *only* be logical and clear, but into parts as numerous as

possible. The great advantage here is, that the partitions being many, the speaker is compelled frequently to return to his minutes. He is thus kept in the track, and prevented from wandering far in needless digressions — that besetting infirmity of unrestrained extemporizers. He also escapes the mortifying consequences of a momentary confusion and cloudiness of mind, by having it in his power to leave an unsatisfactory train at once, before the state of his mind is perceived by the audience, and take up the next topic, where he may recover his self-possession, and proceed without impediment. This is no unimportant consideration. It relieves him from the horror of feeling obliged to go on, while conscious that he is saying nothing to the purpose; and at the same time secures the very essential requisite of right method.

8. The next rule is, that the whole subject, with the order and connection of all its parts, and the entire train of thought, be made thoroughly familiar by previous meditation. The speaker must have the discourse in his mind as one whole, whose various parts are distinctly perceived as other wholes, connected with each other, and contributing to a common end. There must be no uncertainty, when he rises to speak, as to what he is going to say; no mist or darkness over the land he is about to travel; but, conscious of his acquaintance with the ground, he must step forward confidently, not doubting that he shall find the passes of its mountains, and thread the intricacies of its forests, by the paths which he has already trodden. It is an imperfect and partial preparation, in this respect, which so often renders the manner awkward and embarrassed, and the discourse obscure and perplexed. *Nemo potest de ea re, quam non novit, non turpissime dicere.* But, when the preparation is faithful, the speaker feels at home; being under

no anxiety respecting the ideas or the order of their succession, he has the more ready control of his person, his eye, and his hand, and the more fearlessly gives up his mind to its own action, and casts himself upon the current. Uneasiness and constraint are the inevitable attendants of unfaithful preparation, and they are fatal to success.

It is true, that no man can attain the power of self-possession so as to feel at all times equally and entirely at ease. But he may guard against the sorest ills which attend its loss, by always making sure of a train of thought, — being secure that he has ideas, and that they lie in such order as to be found and brought forward in some sort of apparel, even when he has, in some measure, lost the mastery of himself. The richness or meanness of their dress will depend on the humor of the moment. It will vary as much as health and spirits vary, which is more in some men than in others. But the thoughts themselves he may produce, and be certain of saying *what* he intended to say, even when he cannot say it *as* he intended. It must have been observed, by those who are at all in the habit of observation of this kind, that the mind operates in this particular like a machine, which, having been wound up, runs on by its own spontaneous action, until it has gone through its appointed course. Many men have thus continued speaking, in the midst of an embarrassment of mind which rendered them almost unconscious of what they were saying, and incapable of giving an account of it afterward; while yet the unguided, self-moving intellect wrought so well, that the speech was not esteemed unwholesome or defective by the hearers. The experience of this fact has doubtless helped many to believe that they spoke from inspiration. It ought to teach all, that there is no sufficient cause for that excessive apprehension, which so often unmans them, and which,

though it may not stop their mouths, must deprive their address of all grace and beauty, of all ease and force.

9. We may introduce in this place another rule, the observance of which will aid in preventing the ill consequences resulting from the accidental loss of self-possession. The rule is, Utter yourself very slowly and deliberately, with careful pauses. This is, at all times, a great aid to a clear and perspicuous statement. It is essential to the speaker, who would keep the command of himself, and, consequently, of his hearers.

One is very likely, when, in the course of speaking, he has stumbled on an unfortunate expression, or said what he would prefer not to say, or for a moment lost sight of the precise point at which he was aiming, to hurry on with increasing rapidity, as if to get as far as possible from his misfortune, or cause it to be forgotten in the crowd of new words. But instead of thus escaping the evil, he increases it; he entangles himself more and more, and augments the difficulty of recovering his route. The true mode of recovering himself is by increased deliberation. He must pause, and give himself time to think; — *ut tamen deliberare non hæsitare videatur.* He need not be alarmed lest his hearers suspect the difficulty. Most of them are likely to attribute the slowness of his step to any cause rather than the true one. They take it for granted, that he says and does precisely as he intended and wished. They suppose that he is pausing to gather up his strength. It excites their attention. The change of manner is a relief to them. And the probability is, that the speaker not only recovers himself, but that the effort to do it gives a spring to the action of his powers, which enables him to proceed afterward with greater energy.

10. In regard to language, the best rule is, that no prep-

aration be made. There is no convenient and profitable medium between speaking from memory and from immediate suggestion. To mix the two is no aid, but a great hinderance, because it perplexes the mind between the very different operations of memory and invention. To prepare sentences, and parts of sentences, which are to be introduced here and there, and the intervals between them to be filled up in the delivery, is the surest of all ways to produce constraint. It is like the embarrassment of framing verses to prescribed rhymes; as vexatious, and as absurd. To be compelled to shape the course of remark so as to suit a sentence which is by-and-by to come, or to introduce certain expressions which are waiting for their place, is a check to the natural current of thought. The inevitable consequence is constraint and labor, the loss of every thing like easy and flowing utterance, and, perhaps, that worst of confusion which results from a jumble of ill-asserted, disjointed periods. It is unavoidable that the subject should present itself in a little different form and complexion in speaking, from that which it took in meditation; so that the sentences and modes of expression, which agreed very well with the train of remark as it came up in the study, may be wholly unsuited to that which it assumes in the pronunciation.

The extemporaneous speaker should therefore trust himself to the moment for all his language. This is the safe way for his comfort, and the only sure way to make all of a uniform piece. The general rule is certain, though there may be some exceptions. It may be well, for example, to consider what synonymous terms may be employed in recurring to the chief topic, in order to avoid the too frequent reiteration of the same word. This will occasion no embarrassment. He may, also, prepare texts of Scripture to be

introduced in certain parts of the discourse. These, if perfectly committed to memory, and he be not too anxious to make a place for them, will be no encumbrance. When a suitable juncture occurs, they will suggest themselves, just as a suitable epithet suggests itself. But, if he be very solicitous about them, and continually on the watch for an opportunity to introduce them, he will be likely to confuse himself. And it is better to lose the choicest quotation, than suffer constraint and awkwardness from the effort to bring it in. Under the same restrictions he may make ready, pithy remarks, striking and laconic expressions, pointed sayings and aphorisms, the force of which depends on the precise form of the phrase. Let the same rule be observed in regard to such. If they suggest themselves, (which they will do if there be a proper place for them,) let them be welcome. But never let him run the risk of spoiling a whole paragraph in trying to make a place for them.

Many distinguished speakers are said to do more than this, — to write out with care and repeat from memory their more important and persuasive parts; like the *de bene esse's* of Curran, and the splendid passages of many others. This may, undoubtedly, be done to advantage by one who has the command of himself which practice gives, and has learned to pass from memory to invention without tripping. It is a different case from that mixture of the two operations, which is condemned above, and is, in fact, only an extended example of the exceptions made in the last paragraph. With these exceptions, when he undertakes, *bona fide*, an extemporaneous address, he should make no preparation of language. Language is the last thing he should be anxious about. If he have ideas, and be awake, it will come of itself, unbidden and unsought for. The best language flashes upon the

speaker as unexpectedly as upon the hearer. It is the spontaneous gift of the mind, not the extorted boon of a special search. No man who has thoughts, and is interested in them, is at a loss for words — not the most uneducated man; and the words he uses will be according to his education and general habits, not according to the labor of the moment. If he truly feel, and wish to communicate his feelings to those around him, the last thing that will fail will be language; the less he thinks of it and cares for it, the more copiously and richly will it flow from him; and when he has forgotten every thing but his desire to give vent to his emotions, and do good, then will the unconscious torrent pour, as it does at no other season. This entire surrender to the spirit which stirs within, is indeed the real secret of all eloquence. "True eloquence," says Milton, "I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, — when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places." Rerum enim copia (says the great Roman teacher and example) verborum copiam gignit; et, si est honestas in rebus ipsis de quibus dicitur, existit ex rei natura quidam splendor in verbis. Sit modo is, qui dicet aut scribet, institutus liberaliter educatione doctrinaque puerili, et flagret studio, et a natura adjuvetur, et in universorum generum infinitis disceptationibus exercitatus; ornatissimos scriptores oratoresque ad cognoscendum imitandumque legerit; — næ ille haud sane, quemadmodum verba struat et illuminet, a magistris istis requiret. Ita facile in rerum abundantia ad

orationis ornamenta, sine duce, natura ipsa, si modo est exercitata, labetur.*

11. These remarks lead to another suggestion, which deserves the student's consideration. He should select for this exercise those subjects in which he feels an interest at the time, and in regard to which he desires to engage the interest of others. In order to the best success, extemporaneous efforts should be made in an excited state of mind, when the thoughts are burning and glowing, and long to find vent. There are some topics which do not admit of this excitement. Such should be treated by the pen. When he would speak, he should choose topics on which his own mind is kindling with a feeling which he is earnest to communicate; and the higher the degree to which he has elevated his feelings, the more readily, happily, and powerfully will he pour forth whatever the occasion may demand. There is no style suited to the pulpit, which he will not more effectually command in this state of mind. He will reason more directly, pointedly, and convincingly; he will describe more vividly from the living conceptions of the moment; he will be more earnest in persuasion, more animated in declamation, more urgent in appeals, more terrible in denunciation. Every thing will vanish from before him, but the subject of his attention; and upon this his powers will be concentrated in keen and vigorous action.

If a man would do his best, it must be upon subjects which are at the moment interesting to him. We see it in conversation, where every one is eloquent upon his favorite topics. We see it in deliberative assemblies, where it is those grand questions, which excite an intense interest, and absorb and agitate the mind, that call forth those bursts of elo-

* De Or. iii. 31.

quence by which men are remembered as powerful orators, and that give a voice to men who can speak on no other occasions. Cicero tells us of himself, that the instances in which he was most successful, were those in which he most entirely abandoned himself to the impulses of feeling. Every speaker's experience will bear testimony to the same thing; and thus the saying of Goldsmith proves true, that "to feel one's subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence." Let him who would preach successfully remember this. In the choice of subjects for extemporaneous efforts, let him have regard to it, and never encumber himself nor distress his hearers with the attempt to interest them in a subject which excites at the moment only a feeble interest in his own mind.

This rule excludes many topics which it is necessary to introduce into the pulpit — subjects in themselves interesting and important, but which few men can be trusted to treat in unpremeditated language, because they require an exactness of definition, and nice discrimination of phrase, which may be better commanded in the cool leisure of writing than in the prompt and declamatory style of the speaker. The rule, also, forbids the attempt to speak, when ill health, or lowness of spirits, or any accidental cause, renders him incapable of that excitement which is requisite to success. It requires of him to watch over the state of his body — the partial derangement of whose functions so often confuses the mind — that, by preserving a vigorous and animated condition of the corporeal system, he may secure vigor and vivacity of mind. It requires of him, finally, whenever he is about entering upon the work, to use every means, by careful meditation, by calling up the strong motives of his office, by realizing the nature and responsibility of his undertaking, and by earnestly invoking the blessing of

God, to attain that frame of devout engagedness which will dispose him to speak zealously and fearlessly. One who has been particularly successful in extemporaneous efforts, once said to me, "My only rules are to study my subject thoroughly, and seek for feeling on my knees."

12. Another important item in the discipline to be passed through, consists in attaining the habit of self-command. I have already adverted to this point, and noticed the power which the mind possesses of carrying on the premeditated operation, even while the speaker is considerably embarrassed. This is, however, only a reason for not being too much distressed by the feeling when only occasional; it does not imply that it is no evil. It is a most serious evil; of little comparative moment, it may be, when only occasional and transitory, but highly injurious if habitual. It renders the speaker unhappy, and his address ineffective. If perfectly at ease, he would have every thing at command, and be able to pour out his thoughts in lucid order, and with every desirable variety of manner and expression. But when thrown from his self-possession, he can do nothing better than mechanically string together words, while there is no soul in them, because his mental powers are spell-bound and imbecile. He stammers, hesitates, and stumbles; or, at best, talks on without object or aim, as mechanically and unconsciously as an automaton. He has learned little effectually, till he has learned to be collected.

This, therefore, must be a leading object of attention. It will not be attained by men of delicacy and sensibility, except by long and trying practice. It will be the result of much rough experience, and many mortifying failures. And, after all, occasions may occur, when the most experienced will be put off their guard. Still, however, much may be done by the control which a vigorous mind has over

itself, by resolute and persevering determination, by refusing to shrink or give way, and by preferring always the mortification of ill-success to the increased weakness which would grow out of retreating.

There are many considerations besides, which, if kept before the mind, would operate not a little to strengthen its confidence in itself. Let the speaker be sensible that, if self-possessed, he is not likely to fail; that, after faithful study and preparation, there is nothing to stand in his way but his own want of self-command. Let him heat his mind with his subject, endeavor to feel nothing, and care for nothing, but that. Let him consider, that his audience takes for granted that he says nothing but what he designed, and does not notice those slight errors which annoy and mortify him; that, in truth, such errors are of no moment; that he is not speaking for reputation and display, nor for the gratification of others by the exhibition of a rhetorical model, or for the satisfaction of a cultivated taste; but that he is a teacher of virtue, a messenger of Jesus Christ, a speaker in the name of God, whose chosen object it is to lead men above all secondary considerations and worldly attainments, and to create in them a fixed and lasting interest in spiritual and religious concerns; that he himself, therefore, ought to regard other things as of comparatively little consequence while he executes this high function; that the true way to effect the object of his ministry, is, to be filled with that object, and to be conscious of no other desire but to promote it. Let him, in a word, be zealous to do good, to promote religion, to save souls, and little anxious to make what might be called a fine sermon; let him learn to sink every thing in his subject and the purpose it should accomplish — ambitious rather to do good, than to do well; — and he will be, in a great measure, secure from

the loss of self-command and its attendant distress. Not always — for this feeble vessel of the mind seems to be sometimes tossed to and fro, as it were, upon the waves of circumstances, unmanageable by the helm, and disobedient to the wind. Sometimes God seems designedly to show us our weakness, by taking from us the control of our powers, and causing us to be drifted along whither we would not. But under all ordinary occurrences, habitual piety and ministerial zeal will be an ample security. From the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak. The most diffident man in the society of men is known to converse freely and fearlessly when his heart is full, and his passions engaged; and no man is at a loss for words, or confounded by another's presence, who thinks neither of the language, nor the company, but only of the matter which fills him. Let the preacher consider this, and be persuaded of it, — and it will do much to relieve him from the distress which attends the loss of self-possession, which distils in sweat from his forehead, and distorts every feature with agony. It will do much to destroy that incubus which sits upon every faculty of the soul, and palsies every power, and fastens down the helpless sufferer to the very evil from which he strives to flee.

After all, therefore, which can be said, the great essential requisite to effective preaching, in this method, (or indeed in any method,) is a devoted heart. A strong religious sentiment, leading to a fervent zeal for the good of other men, is better than all rules of art; it will give him courage, which no science or practice could impart, and open his lips boldly, when the fear of man would keep them closed. Art may fail him, and all his treasures of knowledge desert him; but if his heart be warm with love, he will "speak right on," aiming at the heart, and reaching the heart, and

satisfied to accomplish the great purpose, whether he be thought to do it tastefully or not.

This is the true spirit of his office, to be cherished and cultivated above all things else, and capable of rendering all its labors comparatively easy. It reminds him that his purpose is not to make profound discussions of theological doctrines, or disquisitions on moral and metaphysical science; but to present such views of the great and acknowledged truths of revelation, with such applications of them to the understanding and conscience, as may affect and reform his hearers. Now, it is not study only, in divinity or in rhetoric, which will enable him to do this. He may reason ingeniously, yet not convincingly; he may declaim eloquently, yet not persuasively. There is an immense, though indescribable difference between the same arguments and truths, as presented by him who earnestly feels and desires to persuade, and by him who designs only a display of intellectual strength, or an exercise of rhetorical skill. In the latter case, the declamation may be splendid, but it will be cold and without expression; tickling the ear, and diverting the fancy, but leaving the feelings untouched. In the other, there is an air of reality and sincerity, which words cannot describe, but which the heart feels, that finds its way to the recesses of the soul, and overcomes by a powerful sympathy. This is a difference which all perceive, and all can account for. The truths of religion are not matters of philosophical speculation, but of experience. The heart and all the spiritual man, and all the interests and feelings of the immortal being, have an intimate concern in them. It is perceived at once whether they are stated by one who has felt them himself, is personally acquainted with their power, is subject to their influence, and speaks from actual experience; or whether they come from

one who knows them only in speculation, has gathered them from books, and thought them out by his own reason, but without any sense of their spiritual operation.

But who does not know how much easier it is to declare what has come to our knowledge from our own experience, than what we have gathered coldly, at second hand, from that of others! — how much easier it is to describe feelings we have ourselves had, and pleasures we have ourselves enjoyed, than to fashion a description of what others have told us! — how much more freely and convincingly we can speak of happiness we have known, than of that to which we are strangers! We see, then, how much is lost to the speaker by coldness or ignorance in the exercises of personal religion. How can he effectually represent the joys of a religious mind, who has never known what it is to feel them? How can he effectually aid the contrite, the desponding, the distrustful, the tempted, who has never himself passed through the same fears and sorrows? Or how can he paint, in the warm colors of truth, religious exercises and spiritual desires, who is personally a stranger to them? Alas! he cannot at all come in contact with those souls which stand most in need of his sympathy and aid. But if he have cherished in himself, fondly and habitually, the affections he would excite in others, if he have combated temptation, and practised self-denial, and been instant in prayer, and tasted the joy and peace of a tried faith and hope, — then he may communicate directly with the hearts of his fellow-men, and win them over to that which he so feelingly describes. If his spirit be always warm and stirring with these pure and kind emotions, and anxious to impart the means of his own felicity to others, how easily and freely will he pour himself forth! and how little will he think of the embarrassments of the presence of

mortal man, while he is conscious only of laboring for the glory of the ever-present God!

This, then, is the one thing essential to be attained and cherished by the Christian preacher. With this he must begin, and with this he must go on to the end. Then he never can greatly fail; for he will FEEL HIS SUBJECT THOROUGHLY, AND SPEAK WITHOUT FEAR.

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